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LIBERTY AND SOVEREIGNTY

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The great question is to discover, not what governments prescribe, but what they ought to prescribe; for no prescription is valid against the conscience of mankind.

— LORD ACTON

I

SERIOUS consideration of the legal or the moral duty of a citizen to obey or disobey an act of Congress is possible only after some semblance of order has been restored in the arena where the partisans are contending. Any real national issue is bound to engender propaganda, misinformation, and an extraordinary amount of heat, and the Prohibition question is the first one which has become really national since the Civil War. For this reason, if for no other, it is worth discussing, for all the bored attitude affected by the ladies at dinner parties, or the dignified pronouncements of the Protestant clergy that the matter is now closed and further argument smacks of sedition or indicates collusion with the liquor interests.

It makes no difference whether drinking is sinful, or whether working-men are 'better off' (whatever that means), or whether savings of money have increased, or whether drunkenness has diminished. It makes no difference whether all the bootleggers are supporting Prohibition, or whether it

was attained by corrupt use of Mr. Rockefeller's money, or whether it is unconstitutional. As Attorney-General Sargent remarked lately in New York: 'We face a condition and not a theory.' The amendment is written into the Constitution, the Enforcement Act is on the statute books; over very large areas and among vast and important masses of the population the enforcement of the law has become a farce, and there is no indication that the Federal Government has either the means or the will to make enforcement effective.

The United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, after a year in office, estimates that he could enforce the law in that state if given an appropriation of \$15,000,000 with which to pay 5000 agents at \$3000 each, and if also given 250 Federal police-court judges with power to try cases without a jury — which would, of course, involve another amendment to the Constitution. For this plain speaking he was bitterly denounced by the dries, who omitted, however, to

disprove his facts or explain in what respect his conclusions were incorrect — mere statement of the difficulties involved being, to their way of thinking, a kind of treason.

Even if the United States Attorney were given what he demands, however, it is doubtful whether the law would be enforced in a community like New York. In the recent newspaper poll the votes against Prohibition in the city ran more than fifty to one, and were cast with an enthusiasm and intensity of moral fervor which make it appear probable that real enforcement in New York would result in a majority of the population being imprisoned. Such a situation would inevitably contain the elements of its own destruction, and is not worth contemplating seriously. If it is possible for a people to keep only ten per cent of the population in the field in time of war, there is no reason to suppose a much larger proportion can be kept in jail in time of peace.

Now the Attorney-General asks: 'What are you going to do about it?'

II

First, let us consider the legal basis of authority in the State and of the duty of obedience.

Law is a system of philosophy, and like all philosophy it trails human experience in an attempt to formulate and explain what it finds. Governments reflect the possibilities of social control and are a result of the practical needs of society rather than a cause of phenomena. The government under the Constitution was declared in effect on the first Wednesday of March, 1789, and in those days sovereignty was supposed to flow from a social contract originally entered into by men when they were in a 'state of nature.'

Under the social-contract theory, men as individuals possessed in the state of nature certain inherent and inalienable 'rights.' On whom rested the duties correlative to these rights is not clear, but, once the compact was entered into, then the duty was laid upon society not to impinge on these fundamental rights; for, being inalienable, they were never surrendered by the contracting parties. If, then, the State did infringe upon these reserved and inherent rights of man, it broke the covenant, and released the constituents from further duty to obey.

To-day schoolboys, reflecting the dominant ideas of the moment, are accustomed to speak scornfully of the social-contract theory of government, and Locke and Rousseau have come in for considerable ridicule; but no one can read the debates in the Constitutional Convention, Madison's papers, the Kentucky Resolutions, the Virginia Resolutions, and the early opinions of the Supreme Court without realizing that the social-compact method of thought was literally the only one accepted or adopted in explaining the nature of the new government at that time or in justifying the Revolution, although in the details of application there were various differences — some holding it was a compact between the states, others between the people, others between the states and the Federal Government.

The theory of the nature of the State accepted by modern philosophic publicists and writers on political science is that it is organic — that is, an entity. Sovereignty may be incarnate in a prince, or it may be found in an oligarchy, or in the demos. Hegel and Austin developed this theory in the nineteenth century, and the latter, on examining the political organization of the United States, came to the

conclusion that sovereignty ultimately resided 'in the states' governments as forming one aggregate body: meaning by a state's government, not its ordinary legislature, but the body of citizens which appoints its ordinary legislature, and which, the union apart, is properly sovereign therein.'

T. H. Green remarks that this is probably news to Americans. Anyway, when the analysis becomes so complicated, only scholars in the subject can follow it intelligently, and, in the face of practical experience, logic is relatively of little importance. While retrospective explanations of political phenomena are helpful in understanding what has taken place, the conclusions must be drawn from the facts and not from the theories. Everybody knows that some rebellions are justified, that some laws have enjoined unethical conduct, that other laws are unjust, and that frequently acts have been written into the statute books which no power on earth can enforce.

In the face of such facts it becomes somewhat academic, to say the least, for politicians to contend that breach of the law of the land is also, ipso facto, an act of immorality. 'Jus est quod jussum est,' Hobbes insisted in the seventeenth century; and in 1926 Bishop Freeman, of Washington, says that 'law is divine and therefore we must obey it.' There may be good reasons why a law should be obeyed, but the attribute of divinity is not one of them — not since the Battle of Naseby. Nor does it make sense to say that the sovereign is omnipotent or omniscient. It is daily demonstrated otherwise. No amount of meditation in barber chairs or bishops' seats can produce as much truth as actual observation of the government in action, and it is to history rather than to philosophy that we should turn for information.

III

'We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.'

The Irreconcilables of those days were mistrustful. What if the leviathan thus projected got out of hand? What if it attempted to go beyond the limited purposes set forth in the preamble?

Madison took his pen and wrote enough to put him in jail in Kansas: 'But ambitious encroachments of the Federal government, on the authority of the state governments, would not excite the opposition of a single state, or of a few states only. They would be signals of general alarm. Every government would espouse the common cause. A correspondence would be opened. Plans of resistance would be concerted. One spirit would animate and conduct the whole. The same combination, in short, would result from an apprehension of the Federal, as was produced by the dread of a foreign yoke; and unless the projected innovations should be voluntarily renounced, the same appeal to a trial of force would be made in the one case as in the other.'

The distance we have traveled since 1788 is vividly brought out by comparing Madison's suggestion with the accusation of the forces of Prohibition that the State of New York is guilty of treason when it refuses to pass a state enforcement law putting into effect the moral philosophy of the Middle West. The fact is, these gentlemen believe there is something magical in writing enactments into the Constitution — as though, perhaps, men's

very natures were changed thereby. Some captains of industry used to have the same idea about injunctions in labor disputes: that they settle something. The will of the nation does not arise from the statute book—it is merely recorded there; and if it is recorded wrongly the record should be corrected as soon as possible, for it has no validity unless it is right.

Sovereignty really resides in the will of the citizens,—not necessarily in a mere majority, for numbers may be counterbalanced by determination, or passion, or intelligence, or education,—and if the will of the citizens is not sufficiently predominant to overcome opposition and reasonably enforce the Government's mandates, then they cannot be considered as decrees of the sovereign. The realm is full of such dead-letter laws, which have been nullified in whole or in part by the resistance of citizens, but never formally repealed.

James C. Carter, writing in 1903, discussed, in *Law: Its Origin and Function*, the attempts to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment:—

'The legislative bodies of the several Southern states, still composed of white men only, proceeded to enact laws embodying various devices which would, and did, practically nullify the gift of the ballot. This provoked a more energetic determination by the General Government to enforce the right of freedmen to the ballot and to a general equality with the whites before the law. A formidable mass of legislation was enacted in pursuance of this determination, crowned by an amendment of the Constitution itself, prohibiting all political discrimination of every form between citizens, based upon the distinctions of color or race. The legislative devices by which white men had been enabled to baffle the gift of political equality to the freed-

men being thus rendered ineffective, they took the only course remaining to them, and resorted to such forms of force and fraud as seemed best calculated to defeat the Constitution and Congressional enactments.

'In some places terror was produced among the Negroes by a general and noisy display of firearms previous to and at the time of the elections, by which the Negroes were intimidated and abstained from voting through fear; in others, where they ventured to vote, the ballot was fraudulently tampered with so as to render their votes ineffective. To such an extent had this almost unconcealed practice of force and fraud by whole communities proceeded as to alarm the more moral elements of the communities guilty of it, and excite the fear that all distinctions between right and wrong would become obliterated and society itself fall into anarchy. Not even this suggested a withdrawal of their opposition to the Federal legislation, but only more ingenious contrivances by which they might avoid the grosser practices of fraud and violence and borrow the appearance of legality in their effort to deprive the black race of political equality. To this end constitutional provisions defining and qualifying the right of suffrage have been contrived and adopted in some states, and are likely to be further extended, whereby, without open discrimination, the practical exclusion of the inferior race from political power is secured. The validity of these constitutional provisions has been challenged at the bar of the Supreme Court, and it is not easy to see how they can escape judicial condemnation, but thus far that tribunal has avoided the questions thus thrust upon it, and there is an apparent disposition among the judges to escape them altogether. Should this disposition prevail, the whole of the mighty Federal

legislation contrived to give political equality to the blacks will be practically annulled, leaving behind, however, the great constitutions of states, which should be models of openness, directness, and dignity, deeply marked by the evidences of concealment and deceit.

‘I do not discuss the question whether political equality *ought* to be bestowed upon a race to which social equality cannot be extended. Even tyranny may be beneficent in its aims, but never in its results, and the attempt to compel a community of men to do right by legislative command, when they do not think it to be right, is tyranny. It is Force in conflict with Order. Force will not gain its end, but will superinduce a mass of evil and suffering which was the last thing it desired or expected.

‘Many other instances might be given showing the impotence of legislation when put in conflict with custom, and refuting the notion that Law is now tending, or ever will tend, to become the creature of Force rather than of Order. Conduct will forever follow the great governing influences proceeding from the constitution of man and the environment in which he is placed. It will change as these influences change, and not otherwise.’

IV

Since, then, there appears no doubt that there are limits to sovereignty in practice, no matter what are the requirements of legal theory, is there any formula by which we can tell in prospect whether or not a proposed enactment will exceed the powers of the government? Obviously the literal language of the Constitution is no guide, for some acts enjoined by it have proved in practice outside the scope of enforceable authority. John Stuart Mill attempted such a formula in his essay on Liberty:

‘The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the action of any of their number, is self-protection. The only purpose for which power can rightfully be exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to produce evil to someone else. The only part of the conduct of anyone, for which he is answerable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.’

So, also, Mr. Carter: ‘There is a guide which, when kept clearly and constantly in view, sufficiently informs us what we should aim to do by legislation and what should be left to other agencies. This is what I have so often insisted upon as the sole function both of law and legislation, namely, to secure to each individual the utmost liberty which he can enjoy consistently with the preservation of like liberty to all others. Liberty, the first of blessings, the aspiration of every human soul, is the supreme object. Every abridgment of it demands an excuse, and the only good excuse is the necessity of preserving it. Whatever tends

to preserve this is right, all else is wrong. To leave each man to work out in freedom his own happiness or misery, to stand or fall by the consequences of his own conduct, is the true method of human discipline. For myself, I reject that view of the cosmical scheme which would regard society as the unit for the well-being of which our efforts should be immediately directed, even though individual happiness and perfection were thereby sacrificed. The society most perfect, as a whole, will be that alone which is composed of the most perfect and happy individuals.'

The application of these principles in the modern State is extremely difficult because of the increasing complexity in human relations produced by the development of the industrial system and the concomitant movement of the organization of society away from individualism and toward collectivism. This movement, indeed, is astonishing. At the beginning of the nineteenth century English landowners still placed spring guns on their private premises to repel or kill trespassers. The courts finally held the landowner liable in damages even without a statute. For a century, no one with the aid of the law laid traps to kill another, and then the right denied to the landowners was assumed by the Government of the United States. Ten poisoning plants are operated to-day by the Federal authorities in the City of New York alone for the purpose of poisoning grain alcohol. In 1925 more than five hundred of the inhabitants were killed in this way,¹ besides those blinded and otherwise crippled. The fact is patent that matters of public and private

¹ It is interesting to note that Defoe recommended hanging Dissenters without a trial in the eighteenth century, but even Machiavelli never suggested poisoning the subjects of his Prince — probably not because of moral scruples, but because he felt it was unwise to kill subjects who might prove useful in case of war.

interest are tending more and more to become interdependent, and as the Government arrogates to itself, one after another, functions which formerly were discharged by private individuals, it refuses to be bound by the standards, either moral or legal, to which it formerly required those individuals to conform.

In other words, as the Government extends the sphere of its activities into business or religion or education, or the thousand and one matters which a century ago were supposed to be outside the scope of its authority, it finds that the rules which bound the individuals who formerly performed these duties are irksome and impracticable. Private persons may no longer repel trespassers with spring guns, but the State may poison nonconformists with wood alcohol and the victim or his widow may not sue the State for the injuries done him.

This has resulted in some very bad law. The Government, in its efforts to enforce Prohibition, has resorted to every conceivable form of lawlessness in procuring evidence; thereupon the Supreme Court, observing that all our lives and safeties were in jeopardy from this reign of terror, held that evidence obtained unlawfully — that is, from torturing witnesses, entering houses without search warrants, arresting citizens without probable cause, and so forth — was not available for use in the criminal prosecution of the prisoner whose rights had thus been violated. This judicial decision was the direct result of the lawlessness of the bureaucrats, but it was a wrong and ridiculous result — although all, perhaps, that the Supreme Court could do to ameliorate the condition of the citizens. Heretofore such evidence has always been admissible, but the prisoner has an action against the lawbreaking official for damages, including damages

for being convicted of a crime — the conviction being the direct consequence of the unlawful act of the official. The difficulty, of course, is to procure a fair civil trial for a criminal. In New York and England evidence illegally obtained is admissible.

It is not fair, perhaps, to heap all the obloquy on the courts and the bureaus. The President and the Senate have provided that the law itself shall be broken by some in order to be enforced against others, by providing, in the so-called twelve-mile treaty with Great Britain, that British ships may bring liquor into port provided British ships suspected of trafficking in liquor may be seized within twelve miles of shore. Obviously, if it is against the law and contrary to the Constitution for American ships to have liquor in their ships' stores in American ports, then the Government cannot constitutionally license the act by British ships, and the treaty is unconstitutional, and so unlawful.

Whatever the formula by which the validity of laws may be tested beforehand, after their enactment they are tried in the crucible of men's wills. The South passed the Fugitive Slave Law and the North nullified it finally by going to war. Then the North passed the Fifteenth Amendment, and the South from the outset nullified it with a grim obstinacy which has deterred any man in his senses from proposing to try to enforce it. The Eighteenth Amendment is now in process of being nullified by the cities of the land at a staggering cost in corruption and debauchery. Eventually, if for no other reason than that the cities are rapidly gaining population in proportion to the rural communities, the nullification will be accomplished; but meanwhile what is the duty of an honest citizen? Should he read the writing on the wall or the writing in the statute book?

V

Man is not meaningless except as part of some social unit. Whatever the necessities of governmental theory, no man, in actual fact, surrenders his whole being to the State. A State is only a State when it is composed of men; there cannot be a State where the citizens are dogs or steam engines, which respond without question to the fiat of the Government.

Man has a sense of right and wrong. If the State — or its instruments — goes too consistently against that sense, he is stimulated, first to antagonism, and then to resistance. The State is for him sovereign only when his conscience is not stirred against its performance, and whatever brings the conscience of man into opposition to the State must, for the State, be sacred ground — not only by reason of man's duty to himself, but also because of his duty to the State. For in a democracy every citizen must share the responsibility for the development of the government and the compelling of it to do right and to discharge properly its function of so ordering society as to afford the citizens the best possible opportunity to live the good life. He cannot discharge this duty by blind obedience without examination of the aims and methods of the State; to do so is to fail not only in his duty to himself — for to postulate infallibility for the fiats of the State is to relieve ourselves from any requirement of thought whatever — but also in his duty to the State; because any Government which is sure that none of the citizens will ever resist tyranny by force is certain to drift into despotism, and so be in danger. As Mill said: 'The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a State which postpones the interests of *their* mental expansion and elevation,

to a little more of administrative skill . . . a State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes — will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might run more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.'

If, by definition, a law is a statute enacted by the Government, then to disobey that statute is obviously unlawful, and there is no *legal* justification for such disobedience. The courts are concerned with nothing beyond this. But the whole duty of the citizen cannot be compassed with such a formula, unless infallibility on all questions be conceded to the second-rate lawyers who sit in our legislatures; and such a doctrine, if carried to its ultimate logical conclusion, would preclude the repeal of enactments or the amendments of constitutions.

While the citizen has no right to act with indifference to the well-being of the social whole, nevertheless both his duty to himself and his duty to society may exact resistance to attempted decrees of the sovereign. His very oath to support the Constitution may require that he oppose an attempt to enforce part of it; for such an attempt, if ill-advised, may result in bringing the whole structure of the government crashing down in a welter of debauchery or violence which will jeopardize the continuance of the very fundamental principles on which the organic law is founded. Nor can the inert and docile citizen escape, by passive obedience, his share in the responsibility for such a disaster. There is no place for Pontius Pilate in the modern scheme of things, and men are held to as high a liability

and accountability for their omissions as for their acts. The consequences of doing nothing are just as inevitable and far-reaching as the consequences of affirmative action. He who obeys a law which is wrong contributes by that to the final debacle, the intensity of which is increased, because delayed, by that obedience.

Says Harold J. Laski, in *A Grammar of Politics*: 'My duty, therefore, to the State, is, above all, my duty to the ideal the actual State must seek to serve. There are, then, circumstances in which resistance to the State becomes an obligation if claims to right are to be given validity. We can lay down no general rules, either of time or situation. Anyone who studies at all carefully the history of revolution will be convinced that the element of chance is too large to admit the entrance of prediction. We can only say that a general order becomes moral only in the degree to which it is built in the conscience of the citizens. Antagonism to the demands of authority will always be the exception in history; but those demands will win their way from inert acceptance rather than active consent unless, over a period of time, they offer service to the theoretic purpose of the State. For any social order which fails consistently to recognize the claims of personality is built upon a foundation of sand. Sooner or later it will provoke the dissent of those whose nature is frustrated by its policy. Its disasters will become their opportunity. For to deny the claims of right is to sacrifice the claim to allegiance. The State can exercise moral authority upon no other basis.'

The violence done to the Constitution by an unwise amendment may be pregnant with greater potential dangers to our form of government than any amount of resistance to its enforcement. We may be — and probably are —

moving, in theory, from individualism toward collectivism, but that does not imply an acceptance of the principle of government by revelation. Men must think, or sink to the condition of beasts. If they are to be allowed to think, it is no answer to their problems to say, as did the Attorney-General, 'We face a condition and not a theory. What are you going to do about it?' If a large number of citizens are convinced that the National Prohibition Act compels them to live lives of hypocrisy, cowardice, and servility, they will feel no moral obligation to observe the law. On the contrary, they will develop an esprit and morale in the breaking of it in the name of patriotism, as the people of northern Europe dealt with the Church in the name of religion. 'The time has come,' says Dicey, in his *Law of the Constitution*, 'when the fact ought to be generally admitted that the amount of government — that is, of coercion — of individuals or classes by the State, which is necessary to the welfare or even to the existence of a civilized community, cannot permanently coexist with the effective belief that deference to public opinion is in all cases the sole or the necessary basis of a democracy.'

In short, for every law there must be a moral sanction, or it is a moral nullity. Nor do the peculiar tenets of deportment to which members in good standing of the Methodist Church subscribe constitute any criterion of what is moral in this sense. To be moral is to know what you are doing. Plato said that the moral life is not the life one *ought* to lead, but the life that, after solemn reflection and self-examination, one really *wants* to lead. An automaton is not moral, though sinless. Our first duty is to our conscience, — the 'inner voice' of Socrates, the 'still small voice' of Elijah, — not to the howling of the pack. There is a silent referendum

in the hearts and minds of men on every important enactment by a legislature and on every important decision by a court which involves a fundamental principle of civil liberty, and, without a favorable issue in that referendum, the statute and decision alike are writ in water.

In this country, where the people have for long been accustomed to consider whether a matter may be lawful rather than whether it may be right, courts have acquired an immense prestige largely at the expense of the legislative branch of government. The legislature has contributed to this not a little by its own acts, and distinctly recognized its own inferiority in the provisions of the Prohibition Act.

The only method of enforcement now possible to put into operation in the Southern District of New York is the so-called padlocking process. Although selling liquor is made a statutory crime, there is still in the Constitution the guaranty of a jury trial for one accused of criminal breach of the injunctions of Congress. No such guaranty exists, however, for one accused of breach of the injunction of a court. The statute, therefore, provides that a court can issue an injunction forbidding the sale of liquor in designated premises. If a sale subsequently occurs, this will constitute a breach of the judicial injunction, and the offender and his landlord are tried, without a jury, by the judge whose dignity has been affronted by the illegal sale — and, of course, convicted. This denial of a jury trial is a most important element of attempted enforcement of the law in communities like New York City, where grand juries have refused to indict, and petty juries to convict, no matter what evidence is offered, or how many stool pigeons testify.

Even John Hampden, when he refused to pay ship money, was given

a trial by jury — though Charles had packed it, and picked the judges. To say the least, the denial of a jury to the accused is a departure from the ancient rights supposed to be fundamental in our system of government, which cannot be contemplated without apprehension. The extension of the scheme for the purpose of coercing large and recalcitrant sections of the citizenry into the observance of customs supposed to be for their good, but distasteful to them, will inevitably follow, if this instance proves successful.

VI

If, then, trial by jury is at stake, and the experiment involves an attempt to substitute Mosaic government by revelation for government resting on the moral sense of the electorate, how is it that a million men, in the words of the late Mr. Bryan, do not spring to arms between sunrise and sunset? It is because the real issues have not yet emerged so as to be comprehensible to the ordinary citizen. The school-teachers and the Protestant clergy, in an attempt to maintain the status quo in which men will listen to them, and they shall be important, have preached obedience from the outset. The great employers of labor, conceiving it is immoral for distillers to take the money of the workingman, have no such scruples when he spends his surplus on movies, motor cars, and silk shirts, the profits from which go into their own pockets. The rural communities, contented with the special exemptions which permit them the beverages to which they are accustomed, are glad to bring unhappiness and discontent to the cities, which they hate and envy.

A stew must simmer a time before it is cooked. The danger to liberty is rather that the storm will break too soon, before it has really gathered

strength, and so result in some dishonest working compromise between the parties which is based simply on expediency instead of principle. It is more important to remove this cancer from the Constitution than to suppress the visible symptoms of revolt by legislating that light wines and beer are not intoxicating. It makes no serious difference whether men drink or not; but if the attempted abolition of the jury trial goes unrebutted and is successful, then the great safety valve which protects us from the legislative idiocies of the moment is gone, and we shall have to send a very different type of man to Congress from the type we have been sending.

Eventually the leaders will be found for the task. The nullification of the Fugitive Slave Law developed men like William Lloyd Garrison, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, John Brown, Amos Lawrence, Abraham Lincoln, and Charles Sumner, who were not afraid to do what they conceived to be right no matter how many Dred Scott decisions were handed down by the Supreme Court. The nullification of ship money produced Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, John Pym, Harry Vane, and the Regicides. The nullification of England's tax laws produced George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, Henry Lawrence, and a host of others who feared anarchy less than they hated injustice. In this connection Burke remarked: 'Pursuing the same plan of punishing by the denial of the exercise of government to still greater lengths, we wholly abrogated the ancient government of Massachusetts. We were confident that the first feeling, if not the very prospect of anarchy, would instantly enforce a complete submission. The experiment was tried. A new, strange, unexpected face of things appeared. Anarchy is found tolerable. A vast

province has now subsisted, and subsisted in a considerable degree of health and vigor, for near a twelve-month, without governor, without public council, without judges, without executive magistrates. . . . To prove that Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself; and we never seem to gain a paltry advantage over them in debate, without attacking some of those principles, or deriding some of those feelings, for which our ancestors have shed their blood.'

The applicability of these words today is remarkable. Rather than submit to what they regard as unjust invasions of their rights, whole communities have submitted to, even encouraged, a rising tide of crime, corruption, and disorder which seriously threatens the public peace and the functioning of the courts, so that the terrifying alternative of calling on the army of the United States or admitting defeat in large areas now confronts the enthusiasts who are responsible for the present pass. The next amendment — the one which would have repealed Amendment IV, which guarantees security against searches and seizure without warrants — obviously cannot now be passed in view of the no uncertain reception accorded to the attempt to obtain the child-labor amendment. The electorate is now in no mood for further tinkering with the Constitution, no matter what the exigency.

Of course, what the moral reformers do not understand is that deliberate perversion of power brings with it, in the long run, its own downfall. It

makes no difference how great is the majority, if the consciences of the minority are antagonized. G. Lowes Dickinson, in *The Development of Parliament in the Nineteenth Century*, states this lucidly: 'Government by the majority is a convenient means of conducting national affairs, where and in so far as there is a basis for general agreement deeper and more persistent than the variations of surface opinion; but as soon as a really fundamental point is touched, as soon as a primary instinct, whether of self-preservation or of justice, begins to be seriously and continuously outraged, the democratic convention gives way.'

It solves nothing to make a solitude and call it peace. The persecution of the Christians did not avail to save the Roman Empire. Man must go by his own moral certainties; and if he believes that the captain of the ship is unawares steering for the rocks, he must not obey him. The real safeguard of morals is found, not in the statute book, but in the readiness of man to give battle to tyranny, ambition, and selfishness in whatever guise these come. When men have ceased to be prepared to fight if necessary, then the Government's greatest incentive to try to do right is removed. Obedience is all that a despotism asks. If it can always secure that, then there is no limit to its control and no masters to whom it must render an account.

'I do beseech you,' said Cromwell to the Scottish Kirk, as he started northward with his Ironsides, 'in the bowels of Christ, bethink you, that ye may be wrong.'

ARE COLLEGE MEN WANTED?

BY A. W. ARMSTRONG

I

IF the man recently out of college or technical school is questioning, as seems to be the case, whether he wants Big Business as a lifemate, likewise is Big Business questioning whether it has done altogether well to take unto itself the college man. These questionings on both sides are more acutely to the fore during the first year or two of the union than ever afterward. If the union has not been dissolved at the end of this time, it settles down into a round of mutual adjustments that work for the fair average of content we find in the domestic ménage once the turmoil of its beginning has subsided.

As a representative of Big Business, I have often been responsible for this match. I have 'sold' the company to the young man graduating from college, university, or technical school; I have 'sold' the young man to the company. Very often I have looked back rather ruefully on my work, as a clergyman must who has performed the ceremony on an occasion whose felicitous promise is far from fulfilled. But at any rate, standing, as I did, for a number of years as a sort of buffer between the two, with Big Business pouring into one ear its objections to the college man, and the college man pouring his grievances into the other, I have learned something of the state of mind of each. It is doubtful whether here, as in marriage, to push the analogy a step further, there is more serious or

widespread maladjustment than ever existed before, but parties to unhappy unions of all sorts now seek more generally to escape them. They are more vocal.

In discussing the matter not long since with a group of junior executives in a nationally known business organization, they told me that their chief executive was so set against college men in general that when, a short while before, it had seemed necessary to include a man of recent collegiate training among the advisers the president was taking with him to Europe to pass on some new project, they had deliberately selected from a number of applicants the one they thought least likely to be detected as a college man, and that only after he had won the president's confidence had they dared reveal the young man's background.

My own first serious thought on the objections Big Business raises to the college man came when the comptroller of the corporation with which I was connected at the time, in outlining his needs for 'able fellows,' capable of working up to large responsibilities, placed upon me the final injunction: 'But no more college men — please!'

As time went on, I heard more and more often 'No college men!' from executives looking for young men to develop in their respective fields. What they wanted, if you pinned them down, was high-school boys. And, except where men with highly

specialized training are required, boys with high-school education and nothing more can, without doubt, be more comfortably absorbed into the broad, slow-moving current of the great corporation than can men with college training — and college aspirations.

But where is Big Business to find these high-school graduates, energetic lads of first-rate intelligence, who have in them the making of future business leaders? When a lad of this sort finishes high school nowadays he goes on to college, no matter how poor his family, so much less have become the difficulties of financing a college course, what with scholarships, opportunities to work his way through in whole or in part, and the ease of negotiating a loan for the purpose. If he does go into business directly from high school, it is only for a year or two, that his earnings may help toward the coveted goal.

To cry for bright high-school boys to meet the needs of Big Business for future leaders is to cry for the moon. Whether it wants him or not, — there is no alternative, — Big Business must content itself with the college man; and, whether half-heartedly or no, the college man in ever-increasing numbers is destined, through the numerous and obvious opportunities it offers, to enter this form of union.

II

Why is it that they both find, as things now are, the early stages of an inevitable alliance so disappointing?

Rank has its privileges. Let Big Business speak first.

Its outstanding criticism, when the frailties of the college man have been aired in my hearing, is of his overweening desire to be advanced faster than his own development and the exigencies of business permit. Granting that in the long run the man with collegiate

training will, other things being equal, have a decided advantage over the man without it, from the executive standpoint, no educational training whatever offers an acceptable substitute for a reasonable period of actual work in a business organization. A reasonable period. There's the rub! In the mind of the college man it is a matter too often of months — a year or so at most. In the executive's mind it is from two or three years to six or seven.

The college man, to be sure, has already spent four to six years of what he considers the heyday of his existence in some institution of the higher learning. Some thousands of dollars have been spent to secure this training for him. He is eager to realize on what amounts to a considerable investment. He wants to get married. How often I have put to a college man impatient with his progress the question, 'You are engaged?' to be answered by an affirmative. More often than not he is in debt for his college expenses. He is harassed by notes falling due to a far greater extent than the upper executive — long past a similar struggle, if he ever knew it — is usually aware. I remember one fine young chap who went through two severe winters without an overcoat in his effort to pay back as rapidly as possible, out of his nominal starting salary, the man who had financed him through college. As likely as not, the recent graduate is both in debt and engaged. Moreover, he has developed tastes, entirely legitimate tastes, that call for money — golf, his Ford, his college club. His cultural side perhaps has been awakened; he wants to hear the best music, to enjoy the theatre, books, art.

And there are executives, though so rare as hardly to count for purposes of argument, who consider such tastes aids to the young man's business progress. But the usual executive,

who has taken up golf at forty or fifty, even sixty, and whose enjoyment of club life has been the reward of rather than the prelude to his own business activities, does not consider that an undue hardship is imposed on the college man if he must postpone any large indulgence of his sporting or social instincts until he has, in the executive's opinion, earned a right to do so. When it comes to the college man's possible desire to enrich himself along cultural lines, if executives, generally speaking, give this matter a thought, — which I doubt, — it is, I imagine, that culture, from their observation of its exponents, is not expensive and can be afforded by anyone so minded.

Small wonder, however, that the college man, viewing all these things from a totally different angle, presses in season and out for advancement and more pay. And if only the college man of exceptional mind or personality pressed in this fashion there would be, in all probability, little protest. Big Business, with its knotty problems, at all times hungers and thirsts after exceptional ability; is by no means slow in discovering it, or niggardly in its rewards. But, so the executive complains, the college man with nothing out of the common to offer is even more impatient to advance than his more highly endowed brother. It is, indeed, the discovery that the college man of only average ability is far more of a problem and less of an asset to Big Business than the average man of less education that has led more than one executive to the proviso: 'If I must take college men, I want only the best — not necessarily men whose marks have been highest, but all-around, capable fellows.'

Again and again — I think I may say it is generally the case — even before an executive acquires a young

man of this calibre he has in mind the berth for which he intends him eventually. If not beforehand, he soon determines on one when he sees him exhibiting promising traits. The young man may be slated for a position of real importance; he may be intended, quite unknown to himself, for Shanghai, Rio de Janeiro, or London. But the executive must keep him under observation long enough to see how he handles a variety of matters, to learn the impression he has made on others as well as himself. To confide his intentions to the young man at the start would be to run the risk of disappointing, perhaps destroying him. This seems a difficult thing for the college man to grasp — that he himself, no less than Big Business, is protected when he is not told of what is in prospect for him till the hour is ripe. Only faith will serve him at the start — faith that if he gives unusual services he will in time reap unusual reward.

It used to be my custom in visiting a college, after conferring with the dean and various professors and after examining records, to arrange to see a group of a dozen to twenty men. Following my setting forth of what the business I represented had to offer, there was always one man who would inquire, and he seemed to express a half-uttered desire to know on the part of others: 'Now, can you tell me — not exactly, of course, but approximately — what I should be getting three or four years from now if I came with your company?'

My answer, without too serious a face, would run something like this: 'If you can tell me the quality of service you would render in the next three or four years, in the event you should enter the company I represent; if you can tell me how you would meet the various exigencies that would arise in that length of time, and the

impression you would make on the persons in the organization with whom you came in contact, I can give you approximately the figure that would be opposite your name on the pay roll.'

Obvious as all this may seem, I have found the college man, even the very bright college man, slow to believe that the result of his union with Big Business so largely depends on himself.

Though the circumstances may be extenuating, none the less the college man, from my observation, does himself distinct harm during his initial period in business by keeping his gaze constantly riveted on what he is to get, rather than on what he is to give. One of the well-founded charges against college men who enter Big Business is that they flock together, form a clique; and, from what they themselves report, the all-absorbing and unending theme of their conversation — at meal time, in their rooms at night, and while they snatch smokes together during business hours — is how much this one and that is drawing, the sensational salary reported to be paid somebody else with some other concern, and their personal prospects in regard to increase.

The colleges assert that they make every effort to induce a different attitude in the student planning to go into business, but the only answer is that thus far college teaching along this line has been largely ineffective.

Business executives, as a rule, worked long and arduously for their own advances. In their own youth it was a grave impropriety for a young man to ask for a larger salary. They cling to the old view. And when they do increase a young man's pay they expect him to exhibit real appreciation. The college man, however, not only takes an advance as a matter of course, but not infrequently walks into their offices and argues that it should have been more!

The college man, almost without exception, expects to become — and shortly — an executive. I can truthfully state that not one young college man in a hundred with whom I have discussed a business future has failed to make it plain that the thing above everything else he was interested in was an executive position. His knowledge of the various functions of business might be shadowy, he might be far from clear as to the line in which he intended to direct others, but there was no uncertainty whatever in his expectation of acting as director.

However brutal the college man regards it, I believe the best bit of counsel that can be given him is to forget for his first five years in business that there is such a word in his vocabulary as 'executive.' His failure to use the term will not defeat any secret hopes; and certainly in no other one way does he so prejudice his case as when he talks, and often with the utmost sang-froid, of an executive position for himself, talks of it as a certainty, and to business superiors who may not yet have determined whether they wish to retain him even in a minor capacity.

Not a little, in fact, of the irritation Big Business feels with the college man has to do with his manners. Executives easily excuse crudeness in a man who has come up from the ranks, but they are still very generally filled with the notion that a college education connotes gentility. Overlooking the truth that men from every walk of life now go to college, they are astonished, at times infuriated, when a graduate of Harvard, Dartmouth, the Wharton School of Finance, or the University of Chicago, bursts open the office door, without having made a previous appointment, and interrupts what may be a serious consultation. The vast majority of executives of high rank of

the present day did not go to college; they tend in one and the same breath to depreciate a college education and to exaggerate the benefits it confers. They often appear unaware that if a young man has not imbibed the elements of good breeding in his own home he will not acquire them at college.

I recall a gifted young man, about a year out of college, to whom had been given the ever-pressing problem of the conservation of office space. It was intended, of course, that any changes he proposed should be brought about by diplomatic approach to the executives affected. But the young man was so captivated by the really admirable readjustments he had worked out that he went strutting around the sales department, announcing to the sales correspondents that the sales manager's office was entirely too large and that he proposed to take some of the space away and give it to others. The young man's lordly words reached the sales manager. After a few hearty laughs over the matter, the sales manager's wrath vanished, but it was incalculably more difficult to introduce a college man into his department than it had been before.

While colleges do not attempt to teach manners to the mannerless, more than one educator is all but convinced that the student's future progress will be to a great extent dependent upon them. The dean of one of our oldest and most important schools of business administration told me that after comparing the business career with the college record of a large number of men he was inclined to believe that the two qualities that had more to do with business success than any others were tact and initiative, and of these he would give first place to tact.

The college man himself is prone to resent a suggestion of the sort. He

may tell you that the 'glad-hander' is not a model he aspires to follow, blind to the wide range that lies open to his choice between boorishness and Babbittry.

The case recurs to me of a young man whose professors were enthusiastic over the way he had prepared business reports assigned him, gathered business data, and so on. They called him one of their star men. For more than two years after he entered Big Business every effort was made to fit this young man into the right niche. His college expressed much surprise that he was not giving a good account of himself. Finally, when he had accumulated so many black marks that it was impossible to transfer him again, it was decided to 'let him out.' It devolved upon me to do so.

'I wish,' he said, with rather touching humility, 'that you would tell me what is the matter with me.'

'Do you think you can stand it?'

'Fire away!'

'Well, then, I may be mistaken, but the trouble is, as I see it, that you're still revolving around yourself. You're not even aware of the existence of other people. They may not always analyze what it is about you that antagonizes them, but it's the fact that when you deal with them you don't know they're there.'

'What am I going to do about it?'

'Sail out on a voyage of discovery. Start from this port — your first dismissal. Discover that there are millions and millions of people in the world besides yourself. The very minute you've made the discovery it'll write itself in your eyes. They'll know.'

III

If Big Business protests mainly against the college man's manners and his impatience to advance, the college

man's charges against Big Business are, it must be admitted, far more numerous, if not always so substantially founded.

The first jolt the college man receives is when he finds he is no longer in college. During his college career he has considered himself a rather free individual, standing on his own feet. The truth is, he has been tied to strong leading strings. Cut loose from them, he flounders around in this new element, the great chaotic world of business, assailing it for the lack of direction it gives him. Quite unconsciously he has carried over into the business world the habits and expectations of the campus. He thinks of himself as taking a sort of postgraduate course, misses a set curriculum and marks. If there are college men who discern only too plainly the line of their ascent, far more complain, 'What's ahead of me? That's what I can't see!' Not a glimmer has yet reached such a man that his power to see this will be the measure of his progress; that business leaders have largely developed their strength through hewing their own paths, and through just such a dark maze as he himself faces.

However that may be, more than a few farsighted executives believe there is unwarranted waste for Big Business as well as for the college man in this early period of floundering. More and more companies are instituting training courses for their college men. But whatever may be done in this line, conditions of campus and company must remain broadly different; and in the present day, at least, the college man can probably more readily adjust himself to these differences than can the older, more unwieldy party to the alliance.

It is, I imagine, the illusion that he is still at college that leads the college man to ask, during his business novitiate,

for many special privileges. He is accustomed to a more flexible institution. Moreover, the one he has left was created especially to care for his needs. The one he has entered was built without regard to them. Being of the age when his friends are marrying and being given in marriage, he often, for example, asks for a few days off to run out to Detroit, or to some other city far or near, to act as groomsman. To the Big Business executive, weddings, unless in his own family, have ceased to have much importance. The young man's innocent request assumes to him, especially if made in the busy season, almost monstrous proportions. Only the college man, he declares, expects such privileges. And the college man, for his part, thinks it 'entirely too trivial a matter to kick up a row about.' Not yet thoroughly acclimatized, he has not learned that the trivial may loom as large in the daily inner life of a great world-flung organization as in the most insignificant domestic ménage.

I know it to be a fact that one unusually capable young college graduate seriously, if not indeed irreparably, damaged his future when, on being offered a post in a distant city, one that marked definite advancement and to which he was expected to proceed at once, he asked whether he might not delay two or three weeks in order to act as attendant at a local wedding.

On the college man's side, in this difference of outlook, I heard one charge indignantly against an executive with strict notions of business duty, 'Why, that man would n't expect me to take time to go to my mother's funeral!'

To-morrow Big Business will belong to the college man. It remains to be seen what he will make of it. To-day it is largely governed by the old type of executive, and perhaps the best

thing the college man can do with certain of its conditions is to keep them well in mind till the time comes when he may correct them, if he still considers these conditions unnecessary and obnoxious.

Not the least of the shocks from which the college man must recover is his discovery that business, even Big Business, is unbusinesslike. There was nothing in lecture or textbook to suggest this — no hint from professors. He has been led to believe that great business organizations proceed almost invariably by well-thought-out policies, by virtually error-proof methods, from triumph to triumph, instead of, as in fact, muddling along with one flash of insight and then another to carry them through their welter of waste and costly, if well-covered-up, mistakes. For four impressionable years the young collegian has heard Big Business exalted, almost apotheosized. He joins himself to it in a flame of enthusiasm. No matter what wonders it reveals to his more mature vision, the wounds of his first disenchantment are slow to heal.

In many directions he is all at once let down. In nine cases out of ten he finds his work too easy. It is the fashion of the day to advise the 'manufacturer with idiot son to send him to Harvard, where he will have no difficulty in making the grade.' But the fact remains that Harvard and all other universities of the first rank have courses sufficiently stiff to exercise the best brains they are likely to be asked to direct. A fair proportion of the 'best brains' are passing each year from college into Big Business, and with a starting business schedule so light in comparison with the work previously expected of him that the college man quickly becomes restive.

Of his illusions, the very first, however, to be shattered is in regard to the

loyalty he has assumed existed and to which he has so often heard glowing reference. In a huge modern business enterprise, men are attached or disaffected according as they consider themselves to have been well or unfairly treated by the nebulous aggregation that goes by the name of 'the company.' And a large proportion of men, even in the most competently administered corporations, consider themselves to have met something less than their due.

The college man arrives, slightly nervous, but in high spirits, to start his first day. He is turned over to Mr. X, a minor executive, ten or fifteen years with the company and in a fairly responsible position. Mr. X turns him over to subordinates who are to familiarize him with the work of the department. Before closing time the college man has heard half a dozen times what is considered more important than anything else that the newcomer should find out: 'Believe me, there's no chance for a man in *this* company!' By the end of his second day he has learned that Mr. X himself has little faith in the company's opportunities.

If filled too full of 'disloyal' talk, he becomes discouraged, severs his connection after a few months, and enters another huge and famous organization where he finds, to his surprise, exactly the same thing. In the course of several years, if he continues to change from Big Business to Big Business, he has ceased to be affected by talk of the sort, and has begun to realize that men who fail to rise rapidly must blame something, and can most plausibly blame 'the company.' He has begun to realize too that the number of men of first-rate ability whom Big Business fails to recognize is negligible. He sees, on looking back, that the men who sneered at 'the company' on his first

day were men who had gone as far as their own limitations permitted. These discoveries, however, the college man makes after he has been somewhat seasoned, instead of during his first year, when they would have been of most value.

One way to lessen early shocks, with their concomitant disasters, is for the college man to enter Big Business forewarned. It is perhaps too much to ask of Big Business that it should tear away its own veils. But why not more accurate information from those who point the way to the business field? And it would help, of course, if Big Business itself could furnish more ranking executives willing to give the college man practical aid while he is passing through this stage. I used sometimes to ask a certain executive, at once rarely mellow and of most distinguished attainments, if he would not talk to this or that young college or technical man, utterly disheartened in regard to his future. And to observe the bearing of the college man after the interview was to know that many anxious questions had been satisfactorily answered. A Big Brothers Association as a part of Big Business would, I fancy, pay dividends.

For one thing, it might make the college man understand why a dull ear is so often turned to his cherished proposals; why they are tucked away, after being perfunctorily glanced at, to gather dust in cubbyholes already bulging with plans, graphs, sales analyses, and what not, prepared by other bright young college men. Every year young men enter Big Business genuinely competent to show it where it may save or make thousands upon thousands of dollars. To be able to show this is comparatively easy for the college man of unusual intelligence plus superior training. But to secure and hold the attention of an executive

long enough to convince him of the value of a proposal, and convince him to the point where he is ready to act on it, is a vastly different matter. No subject in his curriculum, no laboratory, has given him the clue. No Emily Post has arisen to write for him a Business Bluebook. If the college man charges the failure of his suggestions to get over partly to his own maladroitness, he includes it also in a general vague feeling of resentment against the other party to the alliance.

Has the college in any degree been derelict? I am aware that college does not exist for the sole or even the primary purpose of fitting men to make money; but in view of the fact that an ever-increasing proportion of college men turn to business, could the college, along with its courses in cost accounting, the psychology of advertising, economic geography, statistics, and merchandising, have placed more emphasis on a human and personal art vitally important to the collegian's future?

Solely chargeable, at any rate, to the college man's youth is his tendency to regard any given Big Business as more or less a finished product. Deceived by its mass and momentum, in spite of the fact that, unlike Kipling's Mulvaney, the college man is not unaware of his strength, he can hardly conceive himself making a dent on its stratified surface. He studies the organization chart, if it be not too carefully guarded. He pictures his own progress as conditioned by the death or removal to the superannuated list of a long line of superiors on the same branch to which he adheres, as yet a mere twig. What he does not see are the changes that will be wrought in this chart, the branches to be grafted where branches never grew before. Even less does he vision those potentialities

within himself that may alter the chart's whole aspect. No superhuman task. After all, Big Business is not the growth of ages. It is barely emerging from its own first year.

IV

The most serious indictment the college man brings against Big Business in its present stage of development, that the men who have shaped Big Business have themselves been shaped into forms he wishes to escape, is one to which any facile reply is more certain to bring silence than conviction. During his first year or so in business, the college man is still keenly sensitive to human values, not easily taken in by mere outward importance. Furthermore, however platitudinous the suggestion that reverence for their elders merely on the score of their age is entirely lacking in the young people of to-day, it has definite bearing. Neither dad nor the president of a billion-dollar combine escapes the clear-eyed scrutiny of the young college man of this era. Whatever may be true twenty years later, during his first year in business he examines its leaders, their views and their ways, with

detachment and frequently with distaste. 'If this —' he says. 'Well, I wonder —'

But has the college man sufficiently considered that, unlike most of his elders, he himself has been taken up into the high places, whence he could look off and see something of the pattern? Has he discerned that the authors of 'Business is Business' missed his own early unclouded chance to perceive that Business is Life? It would be a pity if the college man, with his broad outlook, and Big Business, with its rich experience, should grow in distrust of each other.

'But there is no adventure in Big Business,' the college man still insists. 'There is too great certainty.'

On the contrary, there is no certainty at all, but a heroic hazard for the man who is determined that, if it shapes, it shall not misshape him. And if he decides to take a hand in reshaping Big Business itself, as it exists to-day, — the product of the older generation, who laid its foundations and reared its walls, — he will find, I make bold to predict, play for all the inventiveness, the courage, the endurance, that has gone at any time into human achievement.

‘A PAPER OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE’

MR. LLOYD GEORGE’S PLAN TO WIN THE WAR IN 1915

WHEN the battles of the Yser and of Ypres came to an end in November 1914, the barrier of trenches on the Western Front, from the coast of Belgium to Switzerland, was complete. The Germans, having failed in their attempt to break through to Calais, had withdrawn a large number of their troops from France and Belgium and had sent them off to Russia. What in these circumstances was to be the policy of the Allies in 1915? The British Commander-in-Chief, Sir John French, wished to make an attack on the Belgian coast in order to capture Zeebrugge and prevent the Germans from using that port as a base for submarines. General Joffre, the French Commander-in-Chief, disagreed with this plan. He thought that the lines of the Allies on the Western Front were not safe, and he therefore wanted reënforcements to be sent to France before the Allies made any attack. In a letter to Sir John French, dated January 19, 1915, he said:—

The French General Staff considers a German offensive possible — even probable — in the near future. The Germans are certainly making new formations; the 38th Corps has been identified in Bavaria.

Our front must therefore be made absolutely secure. If broken, for example, about Roige and Montdidier,¹ the consequences for the Allies would be of the most serious description. In addition we must

¹ Roige is southeast of Amiens. Montdidier is on the main line from Paris to Amiens. Both places were included in the zone of the great German attack of March 1918.

place ourselves in the position of being able to assume the offensive. . . .

Operations toward Ostend-Zeebrugge, though important, are, for the moment, secondary, and in my opinion should follow rather than precede the principal action — that is, the collection of reserves.

The largest potential reserves of the Allies at the beginning of 1915 consisted of the new armies that Lord Kitchener was creating in England. What was to be done with these new armies?

The British Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, summoned a War Council to consider this question. The Council met on January 7 and 8, and Lord Kitchener told Sir John French in a letter that the principal questions discussed were: (1) the proposed advance to Zeebrugge; (2) the organization of the new armies; (3) the possibility of employing British forces in a different theatre from that in which they were then used.

The result of these deliberations was embodied by the Council in a memorandum to the Commander-in-Chief:—

The possibility of employing British forces in a different theatre from that in which they are now used.

The Council considered carefully your remarks on this subject in reply to Lord Kitchener’s letter; and came to the conclusion that, certainly for the present, the main theatre of operations for British forces should be alongside the French Army, and that this should continue as long as France was liable to successful invasion and required armed support. It was also realized that, should the offensive operations subsequently drive the Germans out of France

and back to Germany, British troops should assist in such operations. It was thought that, after another failure by Germany to force the lines of defense held by the French Army and yours, the military situation in France and Flanders might conceivably develop into one of stalemate, in which it would be impossible for German forces to break through into France, while at the same time the German defenses would be impassable for offensive movements of the Allies without great loss of life and the expenditure of more ammunition than could be provided. In these circumstances, it was considered desirable to find some other theatre, where such obstructions to advance would be less pronounced, and from where operations against the enemy might lead to more decisive results.

For these reasons the War Council decided that certain of the possible projects for pressing the war in other theatres should be carefully studied during the next few weeks, so that, as soon as the new forces are fit for action, places may be ready to meet any eventuality that may be then deemed expedient, either from a political point of view or to enable our forces to act with the best advantage in concert with the troops of other nations, throwing in their lot with the Allies.

From the memorandum it is evident that, while the British Cabinet as a whole was not prepared to override General Joffre's request for reënforcements for the Western Front, there was a general feeling that the position in France and Belgium was one of stalemate and that it would be best to find some easier way of attack than through German trenches.

The British system of government by Cabinet is based on the principle of collective responsibility — that is to say, each member is individually responsible for the decision of the Cabinet as a whole. It follows that each member of the Cabinet has the right to place before his fellow members his views upon any question which comes before them. Thus it happened that

when the Cabinet was discussing the policy for 1915 a whole crop of plans was presented to it, some of them coming from members who had no connection with any of the military departments. In *The World Crisis, 1915*, Mr. Churchill says: —

At the end of the year 1914, various attempts were made to survey the general situation and make plans for the spring. On January 1, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, circulated a paper of the highest importance, drawing attention to the unfounded optimism which prevailed about the war situation, to the increasing feature of Russia as a prime factor, and to the need for action in the Balkan Peninsula to rally Greece and Bulgaria to the cause of the Allies.

Of this crop of plans Lord Fisher, the naval head of the British Admiralty, wrote to Mr. Winston Churchill, shortly before the meeting of the War Council of January 7: —

DEAR WINSTON, —

I've been informed by Hankey that War Council assembles next Thursday, and I suppose it will be like a game of ninepins! Everyone will have a plan, and one ninepin in falling will knock over its neighbor! I consider the attack in Turkey holds the field — but only if it is immediate. However, it won't be. Our Aulic Council will adjourn till the following Thursday fortnight! (N. B. When did we meet last? And what came of it???)

In the game of ninepins, Mr. Winston Churchill's pin was that the main attack in the east should be on Turkey through the Dardanelles; Mr. Lloyd George's that the main attack should be on Austria through Serbia, while a subsidiary attack should be made on Turkey. As is well known, Mr. Churchill won the game, and the expedition went to Gallipoli. His plan he has described in great detail in his book, *The World Crisis, 1915*. Mr. Lloyd George's plan has never been published,

though it has been the subject of frequent reference by writers on the war. This 'paper of the highest importance' the *Atlantic Monthly* is now able to present to its readers. We have added to it a few explanatory notes. Otherwise it is as Mr. Lloyd George presented it to the British Cabinet in January 1915.

I

Now that the new armies are in course of training and will, with the Territorials, be ready by the end of March to the extent of at least half a million men, I suggest that it is time the Government should take counsel with the military experts as to the use which shall be made of this magnificent force. It is a force of a totally different character from any which has hitherto left these shores. It has been drawn almost exclusively from the better class of artisan, the upper and lower middle classes. In intelligence, education, and character it is vastly superior to any army ever raised in this country, and as it has been drawn not from the ranks of those who have generally cut themselves off from home ties, and about whose fate there is not the same anxiety at home, the people of this country will take an intimate personal interest in its fate of a kind which they have never displayed before in our military expeditions. So that if this superb army is thrown away upon futile enterprises such as we have witnessed during the last few weeks² the country will be uncontrollably indignant at the lack of intelligence and prevision shown in our plans. I may add that operations such as we have witnessed during the past few months will inevitably destroy the morale of the best troops. Good soldiers will face any

² The reference is to some unsuccessful attempts made by the French and British to pierce the German lines in December 1914.

dangers and endure any hardships which promise ultimate progress, but this intermittent flinging themselves against impregnable positions breaks the stoutest heart in the end.

There are therefore three or four considerations I wish to urge on the military situation.

1. *Stalemate on the Western Front*

I cannot pretend to have any military knowledge, but the little I saw and gathered in France as to the military position, coupled with such reading on the subject as I have been able to indulge in, convinces me that any attempt to force the carefully prepared German lines in the west would end in failure and in appalling loss of life, and I then expressed this view to my colleagues. General Foch told me that there would be no more retreats on the French side, and I could well appreciate his confidence after I had driven past trench behind trench from Paris all the way to the Aisne. The French Generals are confident that, even if the whole of the German army now occupied in Poland were thrown on the Western Front, the French and British troops would still be able to hold their own.³ The same observation, of course, must apply to the German military position. We were told the other day that the Germans had during the last few months prepared a series of trenches of the same kind on their side right up to the Rhine. After three or four months of the most tenacious fighting, involving very heavy losses, the French have not at any one point on the line gained a couple of miles. Would the throwing of an additional half-million of men on this front make any real difference? To force the line you would require at least three to one; our reënforcements would not guarantee two to one, or anything approaching such a preponderance.

³ This hardly agrees with General Joffre's letter quoted in the introduction.

Is it not therefore better that we should recognize the impossibility of this particular task and try to think out some way by which the distinct numerical superiority which the Allies will have attained a few months hence can be rendered effective?

2. Extension and consequent attenuation of enemy's front

Another consideration which ought to weigh with us is the importance of attenuating the enemy's line by forcing him largely to extend it. The Germans now defend a front of six hundred miles. No wastage in sight will reduce their forces to such numbers as would make any part of their line untenable. The French returns of wounded prove that 79 per cent of the wounded return to the line: 54 per cent of the French wounded have already returned; 25 per cent are convalescent and will soon be back. It is a fundamental mistake always committed by the press to exaggerate the enemy's losses: the slight and curable character of most wounds is always overlooked. But if the length of the German line is doubled, even at the present rate of attrition it might become at an early date so thin as to be easily penetrable.

3. Forcing the enemy to fight on unfavorable ground

The enemy is now fighting in country which is admirably adapted to his present entrenching tactics. He would be at a disadvantage if he were forced to fight in the open.⁴

4. Necessity of winning a definite victory somewhere

There is another consideration, which is political as well as military, but which nevertheless cannot be overlooked in an exhausting war like this,

where we have to secure continuous exertion and sacrifice on the part of our own people, where we have also to think of hesitating neutrals with large armies who are still in doubt as to their action. There is a real danger that the people of Great Britain and of France will sooner or later get tired of long casualty lists explained by monotonous and rather banal telegrams from Headquarters about heavy cannonades, 'making a little progress' at certain points, 'recovering trenches,' the loss of which has never been reported, and so forth, with the net result that we have not advanced a yard after weeks of heavy fighting. Britishers have ceased to be taken in by reports which exaggerate slight successes and suppress reverses; neutral states have never been deceived by these reports. The public will soon realize that the Germans are now in effective occupation of a larger proportion of Allied territory than they were in possession of at the date of the battle of the Aisne. This is true of Belgium, of France, and of Poland. These occupied territories contain some of the richest coal fields and industrial centres of Europe, and the most sanguinary attacks have not succeeded in moving the Germans (on an average) a single yard out of these territories. A clear, definite victory which has visibly materialized in guns and prisoners captured, in unmistakable retreats of the enemy's armies, and in large sections of enemy territory occupied, will alone satisfy the public that tangible results are being achieved by the great sacrifices they are making, and decide neutrals that it is at last safe for them to throw in their lot with us.

II

Inasmuch as these objects cannot be accomplished by attacks on the Western Front, some alternative ought to

⁴The German Generals held the contrary view and maintained that a war of movement was to their advantage. The German chief of the general staff, von Falkenhayn, in January 1915 regarded trench warfare as 'the lesser of two evils.'

be sought. I venture to make one or two suggestions. I have heard of a proposal that there should be an attack in the direction of Denmark upon the north coast of Germany. This proposal is associated with the name of Lord Fisher. For the moment I cannot venture to express any opinion upon it, as I should like to know more about the military and naval possibilities of such an enterprise. It strikes me as being very hazardous and by no means certain to fulfill the purpose which its originators had in view. Schleswig-Holstein, with its narrow neck, could be easily defended by a comparatively small German army strongly entrenched against a hostile force seeking to advance into Prussian territory, and there is no room for flanking operations. But at the present moment I would rather not criticize this plan. My purpose is rather to put forward another alternative and I think more promising scheme for consideration by the Prime Minister and his advisers. It would involve *two independent operations* which would have the common purpose of bringing Germany down by the process of knocking the props under her, and the further purpose of so compelling her to attenuate her line of defense as to make it more easily penetrable. I will explain these two operations in a little more detail.

The first operation. — I suggest that our new forces should be employed in an attack upon Austria in conjunction with the Serbians, the Rumanians, and the Greeks. The assistance of the two latter countries would be assured if they knew that a great English force would be there to support them. Rumania could put 300,000 men in the field, while retaining a sufficient force to keep the Bulgarians in check. As this move might decide the Bulgarians to remain honestly neutral, the Rumanians could spare another 200,000.

The Serbians and Montenegrins could put another 300,000 in the field. The Greeks have an army of 200,000 available.

How many men could we spare? By the beginning of April we shall have in this country 700,000 men who will have undergone a six months' training. Of these 400,000 will be Territorials, 200,000 of whom will have been in camp continuously for eight months. We shall have in France a force of 300,000 men, provided we do not waste it on barbed wire. The French can easily defend their lines against the troops which Germany can spare from defending Silesia after the Austrian armies have been withdrawn to defend their southern frontier. We should require 200,000 experienced regular troops to stiffen the new armies. We should thus have a force of 1,000,000 men available. Four hundred thousand men might be left here as a reserve to throw into France in case of need if the French were hard pressed before the southern diversion against Austria developed. Some of them might be sent to Boulogne so as to be at hand in case of emergency. Subsequently the force could be sent to reënforce the new expeditionary force from time to time. This would leave 600,000 available for the Austrian expedition. Gradually this force could be increased as the new armies were equipped.

This would mean an army of between 1,400,000 and 1,600,000 men to attack Austria on her most valuable frontier. Here the population is almost entirely friendly, consisting as it does of Slavonic races who hate both the Germans and the Magyars. We could send our troops up either through Salonika or, I believe, by landing them on the Dalmatian coast. We could seize islands there which might make an admirable base for supplies, not far removed from the railway through Bosnia into Austria.

This operation would force the Austrians to detach a considerable army from the defense of Cracow, and thus leave Silesia undefended. The Austrians could not withdraw the whole of their army to face this new attack, because in that case the Russians could pour through the Carpathians and capture either Vienna or Budapest. The front which would be developed would be much too lengthy for the Austrians to entrench and hold. The Germans would be compelled either to send large forces to support their Austrian allies or to abandon them. In the first case the Germans would have to hold an enormous length of extended front — in the aggregate 1200 miles — and the Allies would for the first time enjoy the full advantage of the superior numbers which by that time they could put into the field. The Germans would also render themselves liable to a dangerous attack in the rear from the immense forces which by that date Russia will have placed in the field. On the other hand, if the Germans decline to quit their own frontier and leave the Austrians to their fate, that empire would be rapidly disposed of as a military entity, and about 2,500,000 men (including Russians) engaged in the task of attacking it would be free to assail the Germans.

Two incidental advantages of this course. — (1) Something which could be called a victory would be thus within our reach, and the public would be satisfied to support with all their resources the conduct of the war for a much longer period without grumbling or stint. (2) Italy would not only be encouraged by this formidable demonstration; she would be forced in her own interest to come in, because the operations would be conducted largely along the coast which she is looking forward to annexing to her kingdom, as the population is predominantly Italian.

She must view with very great jealousy any occupation of this territory by Serbian troops, and Italian public opinion would certainly not countenance any proposal on the part of the Italian Ministry to come to the aid of Austria, if we made it clear that the whole of this littoral would become Italian territory if Italy helped to conquer it.

The second operation involves an attack on Turkey. There are four conditions which an attack on Turkey ought in my judgment to fulfill: —

1. That it should not involve the absorption of such a large force as to weaken our offensive in the main field of operations.

2. That we should operate at a distance which would not be far from the sea, so as not to waste too many of our troops in maintaining long lines of communication, and so as also to have the support of the fleet in any eventualities.

3. That it should have the effect of forcing Turkey to fight at a long distance from her base of supplies and in country which would be disadvantageous to her.

4. That it should give us the chance of winning a dramatic victory which would encourage our people at home while it would be a corresponding discouragement to our enemies.

Perhaps I ought to add a fifth: it would be a great advantage from this point of view if it were in territory which appeals to the imagination of the people as a whole.

III

What operation would meet these conditions? It is supposed that the Turks are gathering together a great army for the invasion of Egypt. The sections show that they have collected something like 80,000 troops in Syria and that they are slowly moving them along toward the Egyptian frontier. I would let them entangle themselves in

this venture, and while they were engaged in attacking our forces on the Suez Canal I would suggest that a force of 100,000 should be landed in Syria to cut them off. They could not maintain themselves in that country very long once their railway communications were cut. They would therefore be forced either to fight or to surrender. The distance from Constantinople to Syria would not permit them to bring up reinforcements in time to produce any impression upon the situation. A force of 80,000 Turks would be wiped out and the whole of Syria would fall into our hands. The pressure upon Russia in the Caucasus would be relieved; the Turkish army in Europe could not effectively attack our lines of communication, as they would be bound to take steps to redeem the situation in Syria and if possible recover the country.

Unless we are prepared for some project of this character I frankly despair of our achieving any success in this war. I can see nothing but an eternal stalemate on any other lines. The process of economic exhaustion alone will not bring us a triumphant peace as long as Germany is in possession of these rich Allied territories. No country has ever given in under such pressure, apart from defeat in the field. Burke was always indulging in prophecies of victory as a result of France's exhaustion. The war with France went on for twenty years after he indulged in his futile predictions. Germany and Austria between them have 3,000,000 young men quite as well trained as the men of Kitchener's armies, ready to take the place of the men now in the trenches when these fall. At that rate the process of exhaustion will take at least ten years. In soil, in minerals, in scientific equipment, Germany is a country of enormous resources. In the number of men who have a scientific training it is infinitely the richest country in the

world. That must not be left out of account when we talk about the process of exhaustion. No doubt they will suffer a great deal from lack of copper. We must not depend too much on this. German industries dependent on copper will suffer, but one way or another copper will be found for ammunition. Copper in small quantities will get in through neutral countries. Neutrals cannot resist the prices offered by Germany for their copper supplies. Moreover, they have inexhaustible supplies of coal and iron, and as long as they have the Hungarian plains they can frugally feed themselves. There is an enthusiasm and a spirit, according to every testimony, which cannot be worn down by a two or three years' siege of German armies entrenched in enemy territory. The German spirit will not be broken by the bombardment of Dixmude or Roulers.⁵

Supply and ammunition difficulties, severe economic pressure, financial embarrassments, industrial depression, even privation and distress — nations will face them cheerfully as long as their armies in the field are in unbeaten possession of their enemies' land. But once defeat which is unmistakable comes their way, moderate economic troubles make a deep impression on their judgment. Such defeats are not to be compassed along our present lines of attack and we ought to seek others. We ought not to allow things to drift. We ought to look well ahead and discuss every possible project for bringing the war to a successful conclusion.

If a decision were come to in favor of some such plan of campaign as I have outlined, it will take weeks to make the necessary preparations for it. I cannot recollect that in our discussions at the C. I. D.⁶ such an operation was ever

⁵ A reference to Sir John French's plan for an advance to Ostend-Zeebrugge.

⁶ Committee of Imperial Defense.

contemplated. The ground has therefore not been surveyed. It would take some time to collect the necessary intelligence as to the country so as to decide where to land the army and what shall be the line of attack. Transport would have to be carefully and secretly gathered. Large forces might have to be accumulated in the Mediterranean, ostensibly for Egypt. It might be desirable to send an advance force through

Salonika to assist Serbia. Military arrangements would have to be made with Rumania, Serbia, Greece, and perhaps Italy. All this must take time. Expeditions decided upon and organized with insufficient care and preparation generally end disastrously. And as similar considerations will probably apply to any alternative campaign, I urge the importance of our taking counsel and pressing to a decision without delay.

HOUSE-HUNTING IN LONDON

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

It will be understood at the outset that I knew I was about to do a silly thing, but who can always be wise, or would be if he could? And it will be understood, too, that my wife and I had words about it — not bitter, briny, unforgettable words, but words deep and trenchant, nevertheless. She was for the country, while I was for the town: how we compromised and decided upon the — but I must not give away the plot of this little story.

It may be asked, why should one want to leave free and prosperous America and go over to settle in a country in which even the rich are not so rich as they seem, and the poor are so very poor that a man of feeling is appalled by the poverty he sees about him: the answer, however, is not far to seek. They know, in England, much better than we how to enjoy life, and our freedom is becoming a mere tradition — about the only tradition we have. We permit ourselves to be

deprived of our rights, and those who complain about it are regarded as not being '100 per cent Americans' — a phrase which, the war over, is merely silly. The fact is, we have invented or developed a form of government in which a man can hardly take part and maintain his self-respect. It is difficult to get good people to vote, whereas the crook votes early and often. When Thomas Jefferson talked, or rather wrote, — for he was no talker, — about all men being created equal, he must have known that he was writing nonsense. Men are not all equal, any more than all animals or all vegetables are: it is not worth while to labor the point; any man not feeding or hoping to feed at the public trough will admit it. And when one is told, as one sometimes is, that Jefferson meant 'equal' before the law, then one laughs heartily — if he has not forgotten how. But the subject is too painful.

There is no doubt, however, that if

I were elected to work as hard for the next ten years as I have done for the last forty I should wish to stay where I am, — where labor is bounteously rewarded, — but as a certain amount of leisure seems to be coming my way, it was my idea to go where leisure is understood: in a word, I wanted to go to England, and my wife, who was for the country while I was for the town, was finally persuaded to look at some residences — not flats.

It is important to remember, in speaking of London, that the great city was once a group of little villages, each having characteristics of its own: its own church and shops, its own fashionable quarter, and its own slum. So it is that in modern London there is no one especially desirable quarter; there are hundreds of desirable quarters. Generally, one lives in the west and north, but I could be very happy in the south, or, for that matter, in the east, within easy reach of Wapping Old Stairs, on the top of which I like to sit and meditate, or look at the river with its varying pageant of shipping, without meditating. On one thing my wife and I were agreed: we did not want to cut any swath in the metropolis; that sort of life we would leave to 'Mr. Hoggenheimer of Hoggenheimer House, Park Lane.' We thought to live very simply and quietly with not more than three or four servants: as persons in reduced circumstances, as it were. This did not limit our choice of district, but it did mean that we must be satisfied with a small house — no great mansion for us. There are literally thousands of houses in London to be had for the proverbial song (not including taxes); indeed we found it not a little depressing to walk through certain districts in which almost every house bears a sign: 'This valuable freehold property to be sold,' or 'This property to be let for a term of years.'

Where had their owners gone? Alas! Into tiny cottages in the country or into flats in town.

But we were in search of the picturesque rather than the magnificent, and our thoughts reverted to Jimmy Tregaskis's little Georgian house in Hampstead in the Vale of Health, not far from Well Walk, in which Keats composed 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' to which my old friend had often welcomed us. It was just far enough from the Heath to escape the noise of the crowd on bank holidays: on a clear day one had a distant view of the dome of St. Paul's, and if one wanted a mug of ale 'drawn from the wood' it could be had at Jack Straw's Castle, about half a pint away; while The Spaniards was only another half a pint farther on. It was Charles Lamb who used to measure his walks by their thirst-creating length; by liquid measure, as it were: about a pint to the mile, as I remember. But the moment Jimmy decided to move nearer to his business some wise buyer came along and snatched up 'this desirable freehold,' and it was not to be had.

Hampstead is certainly one of the loveliest parts of London; a century ago it was a not too remote village much frequented by authors and artists in search of quiet and fresh air. Every inch calls to mind some pleasing memory: there once stood a famous tavern, The Upper Flask, patronized by Pope and Steele and celebrated by Richardson in *Clarissa Harlowe*. To this corner Johnson came with Goldsmith; and to that, Lamb and Coleridge, Keats and Leigh Hunt. It was to Jack Straw's Castle that Dickens invited his future biographer, John Forster, to 'come for a red-hot chop and a good glass of wine,' and it was from the tea gardens of The Spaniards that Mrs. Bardell was unsuspectingly conducted to Fleet Prison, there to meet and be released by Mr. Pickwick.

Reader, did you ever hear Albert Chevalier sing of Hampstead?

'Oh, 'Ampstead, 'appy, 'appy 'Ampstead,
Talk about your paradise,
All the doners¹ look so nice,
Oh, 'Ampstead, werry 'ard to beat.'

You did? Then you have not forgotten the pagan joy he put into that song: great artist, Chevalier! Several pleasant days were spent house-hunting on the Heath, but nothing came of it: the big houses were too big, the small too small, and the really desirable houses occupied by people who would not be dislodged. Finally we decided to turn our attention to another quarter.

It would, we thought, be pleasant to live within the shadow of St. James's Palace. Only a stone's throw from the Tudor gateway which gives entrance to the Palace is a small square called Pickering Place; few people know of its existence. To Pickering Place we addressed our steps. One might pass the entrance to it a hundred times without knowing it. On one side of the dark oak-lined passage that leads to it are the Messrs. Berry, the wine merchants, with the great beam-scales inside (you may go in and buy a bottle of — anything — and get weighed and have your weight recorded in stones and pounds in a book; they will show you where the Prince Regent and Charles Lamb, and others, did exactly the same thing); and on the other Locks, the hatters, with some remarkable-looking hats of the vintage of 1820 displayed in the windows. And when one finally enters the square he finds himself in a bit of the eighteenth century, and right in the heart of London. I saw at once that it was going to be difficult or impossible to get foothold in Pickering Place: there are only half a dozen houses in all, and they are, seemingly, occupied by contented and beauty-loving house-

¹ Cockney for 'girls.'

holders, as the buildings, though unimposing, are vine-covered and flowers grow profusely in well-cared-for window boxes. Especially do I congratulate the occupant of Number 5 upon his choice: the brass door plate has been so constantly polished that with difficulty one reads the name 'Mr. Curtis Greene' upon it, and learns that he is a Royal Academician. He knows, of course, that in the days of Charles James Fox this was one of the most notorious gambling hells in the town, and that the Honorable Charles dropped a lot of money there: doubtless there are still many golden guineas in the crevices under the floor. How quiet and peaceful is this small paved square with its old-world sundial in the centre! How full of memories this part — every part — of London is! This is its great inexhaustible charm — one can forget the present in the past. As we emerge there is Brooks's, and White's, and Boodle's, all famous gambling places once, now fashionable clubs.

We were sorry not to get foothold in Pickering Place, for it would be so nice and handy for the Prince of Wales, who lives just across the way, to drop in on us for an informal cup of tea — or something stronger — any afternoon when he might be feeling lonely. And there was another reason why it would have just suited me. It is only two minutes' walk from Stable Yard (what queer names they have in London! — and they never change them), in which stands the magnificent Stafford House, now the London Museum: a place I love. I visited it first on the day it opened, years ago, and I have spent many hours in it since. Everything in it has been collected from the square twenty miles or so which is now London, which is and will ever be the homestead of the noble race that calls itself English. And there was yet another reason why we were sorry to

leave the purlieus of St. James's. When my grandchildren (whom I have taught to call me cousin — I think it's much more refined for a man of my age to have cousins than grandchildren) come to visit me, I could have taken them down to guard-change at Buckingham Palace, only a short distance away, teaching them meanwhile some little poem from *When We Were Very Young*, the best book of verses for children ever written. But we're on our way to Buckingham Palace, —

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
A face looked out, but it was n't the King's.
'He's much too busy a-signing things,'
Says Alice.

I could begin at the beginning and recite the whole book, but that would lead me to the King's Breakfast, and

I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.

We were house-hunting, and we next went to the Adelphi, that interesting bit which lies between the Strand and the Thames, not far east of Charing Cross. Garrick lived on the terrace overlooking the river; his house is now the Savage Club. Years ago Joe Pennell had a charming flat at the top of a building not far away, which was so situated that one could look up the river to Westminster and down the river to London Bridge, but in a moment of irritation, and such moments were not unusual with Joe, he said he would give it up; whereupon Sir James Barrie took it. I think if we could have dispossessed Sir James we should have taken his flat, and we might perchance, maybe, one day, have met his neighbor, George Bernard Shaw, who lives just across the way, which might have been a pleasure but

more likely would not have been. I fancy we might have found him a bit too outspoken, —

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can
send,
Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend.

II

Being by now in a flat-hunting mood, the next day we turned our attention to the Albany: York House it was originally called, after that martial son of George III who distinguished himself by marching his army up a hill, then marching it down again. This historic event was regarded as sufficient to cause a statue of him to be erected (by public subscription) upon a tall column at the bottom of Regent Street — 'high up,' we are told, 'well out of reach of his creditors.' Many of my readers will remember the Albany, that fine old mansion facing upon a small square a few minutes' walk west on Piccadilly from the Circus: Sir Squire Bancroft, who lives a retired life since the death of his lady not long ago, resides on the ground floor to the left as one enters. Using the mansion as a thoroughfare and passing through, one enters a long covered walk from which, by short paths, one enters a substantial building in which are chambers, let to gentlemen, sometimes with their wives; but as gentlemen prefer blondes, so the Albany seems to prefer bachelors. In these chambers countless authors have lived and moved and had their being. The drawing-rooms are sumptuous, but the 'household offices' do not appeal to ladies, and the plumbing is archaic. 'Lord Macaulay found it entirely satisfactory, madam,' we were told upon my wife's making objection. Byron lived here, and Bulwer — but why call the roll? A hundred years ago almost every literary man of note lived a part, perhaps

the happiest part, of his life in the Albany, and I think with all my books and household gods about me I could spend my declining years very comfortably in such echoing surroundings; but I soon saw that it was not to be; took defeat gracefully, and said, 'Let's go to Chelsea.'

If it were not for the mists and fogs which come rolling in from the river, Chelsea would be an ideal place of residence. One never tires of the Thames, for the river has made London, and to watch the tide ebb and flow affords one the most delightful exercise. George Eliot lived in Chelsea, and Carlyle, and Rossetti, and Wilde, and Whistler. But we Americans, accustomed to our overheated houses, suffer extremely from the chill and penetrating dampness which pervades the English house during the fall and winter, and which a handful of smouldering coals in an open fireplace can hardly be expected to dissipate. So we did not consider a charming house in Cheyne Walk very seriously, but, the weather being warm, we did poke about very pleasantly for an entire day, and were almost induced by the charm of Chelsea Old Church to become parishioners; however, I reminded my wife that we were not very good churchgoers, were very critical in the matter of sermons, and that our friends would think us 'balmy' if we told them that we had been influenced in the choice of a house by its proximity to a church, even if it once was Sir Thomas More's.

Then we decided to look at Queen Anne's Gate, which we had first discovered, years ago, during a midnight ramble. One of the pleasantest walks one can take in London of a clear moonlight night — and they have such — is through St. James's Street and the Mall, and across the bridge which is suspended over the ornamental water

in St. James's Park. As you stand about in the middle of the bridge, in front of you, rising out of the darkness and seemingly suspended in mid-air, are the towers and turrets and minarets of that group of public buildings which face upon Whitehall and Parliament Street, while behind you, in a blaze of artificial light, are the Victoria Memorial and Buckingham Palace. 'Earth has not anything to show more fair,' and it is quite accidental — not studied, as such a vista would be in Paris.

Continuing your walk over the bridge and through the well-kept park, you cross Birdcage Walk and enter a lovely district known as Queen Anne's Gate. For ten tourists reasonably at home in Chelsea, only one knows of the quaint charm of this forgotten quarter. Forgotten! By whom? Certainly not by a man who knows his London. A street with more charm than Old Queen Street hardly exists; it leads to a small square once called Queen Anne Square, which is very elegant indeed. When this district was laid out, in the days of Queen Anne (always called the 'Good' — why, I do not know), its residents, fearful that carriages on the way to Ranelagh would disturb their quiet, erected a stone wall and an iron railing across one end of the square, thus making it 'no thoroughfare.' Wall and railing have long since been removed, without imperiling, it would seem, the quiet and dignity of the neighborhood. One of the features of this exclusive quarter is that the houses on one side of Old Queen Street have, so to speak, two fronts; one front is upon the street, while the other — the back-front, as it is called — opens upon gardens in Birdcage Walk and overlooks St. James's Park. My friend Louis Hind, the distinguished author of many charming books, occupies one of these happily disposed houses, and once

when I dined with him tried to convince me of the wisdom of becoming a neighbor; but when he told me what distinguished company he was in I thought that I might be regarded as an intruder, with the Marquis of Bute on one side of me and Lord Ribblesdale on the other; but I need not have worried: neither of them would have known of my existence had I lived on his doorstep.

Of Lord Ribblesdale's death I read not long ago, and I thought of the superb portrait of him by Sargent which hangs in the National Gallery. There he stands, in riding costume, a gentleman and a sportsman, breeding and refinement radiating from his keen but kindly face. He was Master of the King's Buckhounds when he died, but I am told that his duties were not arduous and that he died from natural causes. Of the Marquis of Bute, *Who's Who* tells me that he is John Crichton-Stuart and his income is derived, in part, from one hundred and seventeen thousand acres of land in Scotland. It is men of his type who suffered most from the Great War and its effects. Aristocratic, wealthy, haughty, they hardly knew whence their wealth was derived. Their investments were made for them by their solicitors or their agents; all that they had to do was to live and spend money. They had a fine mansion in London which they occupied for a few weeks during the season, magnificent estates in the country, and a shooting box in Scotland. They traveled and shot big game; they rode to hounds, and they lived, not dangerously, nor yet like a lily of the field, but rather like a good, sound vegetable. They were — what they were; everyone knew all about them, not only to the third and fourth generation, but to the thirteenth. If there was anything that these men disliked more than an American, it was a newly created peer. 'Ah, my lord,' said one of them, not

seeing the outstretched hand of a man who was approaching him, 'I know you are distinguished for making something, but I never can remember what.' Alas! The English country gentleman and his lady and their children are suffering; wealth pours in upon them no more: they have sold their books, their pictures, their plate, and now their houses and lands are being taxed out of existence.

Returning to Old Queen Street, after this digression, one sees a statue of Queen Anne dressed in her robes of state with her sceptre and orb in her hands. This statue was, two centuries ago, erected upon a pedestal at the corner of one of the houses, which projects somewhat into the street, and the story goes that at midnight the good lady descends from her pedestal and strolls about the square to see that all is as it should be; but while we were in London, although we visited her square again and again, she remained immovable. Poor lady! Although she littered children like rabbits (she had seventeen of 'em), they all died young, and with her the Stuart line came to an end. We turned our backs reluctantly on this charming and quiet spot, which the twentieth century seems hardly to have touched: occasionally, to be sure, a motor car turns swiftly into the square, but of the awful tooting of horns and sounding of klaxons which accompany locomotion in this country there was absolutely none.

It would, of course, have been possible, by turning all our securities into cash, for us to have taken a house in a much finer quarter; in, say, St. James's Square, which, it seems to me, is the most exclusive and aristocratic spot in London. But we could have remained there only for a year or two; by that time our funds would have been exhausted, and we should have had to begin life over again — at the

bottom; and we questioned the wisdom of this. It would be very nice if the Duchess of Norfolk, who lives in the corner house, would take us up, but if she did not — what then? One is never so lonely as in a crowd. Into a certain sort of English society, and, in a way, very good society too, one can get as easily as into the stalls of a theatre, if one has the price. One has only to play a pretty stiff game of bridge — badly, as I should be sure to do. Fifty years ago the game was poker, and salesmen used to call the sport then so much in vogue ‘playing a customer’s game.’ But into what may be called the best English society an American cannot get at any price, unless one marries into it, and I am not of the right sex to take on the job. Who ever heard of an American man marrying an English girl? Though I, for one, think I shall some day; for, as a class, I believe them to be less spoiled and better comrades than our own highly protected product.

Interspersed with our house-hunting, we drank tea — oceans of tea. When is it not ‘time for tea’ in England? And the question always arose, where? Should we go to Buszard’s, or to Rumpelmeyer’s in St. James’s, or Stewart’s at the corner of Bond Street and Piccadilly? I prefer Stewart’s as less foreign, — more English, — and there is a long leathern bench in the Bond Street window, where, if one is lucky, one can get a seat; and the tall young Englishwoman will remember that we want ‘China tea,’ without asking. What experiences she must have had during the war, poor thing! But, as she once said to us, ‘We are a sturdy race and will survive.’ No doubt about it.

III

There is another fine quarter just behind the Langham Hotel, once much frequented by Americans but now

become ‘residential’ and ‘British,’ but we found it rather too stately and gloomy for our taste. This part of London was laid out by the Prince Regent, afterward George IV. It was his wish that the park which bears his name should be connected with his residence, Carlton House, and Regent Street was the result. The undertaking was entrusted to John Nash, an architect, whose work was monotonous but had a dignity which we have come to look upon as English. Nash’s Regent Street has just about disappeared; I am rather sorry that it has, for the new Regent Street has no character of its own, although it is rather magnificent. One age destroys what a former created, and calls it ‘progress’; it is not always so. It is to Nash that we owe the stucco that covers so many of London’s houses; under his influence it became the rage, and this finish was applied alike to all buildings, old or new. Fine old brick surfaces, mellowed and discolored by time, were plastered over to be in the fashion, and London is only now beginning to escape from the character imposed upon it by the Regent’s favorite. Nash’s penchant for stucco gave rise to the epigram: —

Augustus at Rome was for building renown’d
And of marble he left what of brick he had found.
But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?
He finds us all brick and he leaves us all plaster.

But houses of his time are as out of date as a bustle: they are magnificent, in a way, but too large and inconvenient to suit the needs of the present generation. To man them an immense staff of servants, ready and willing to spend twelve or fourteen hours a day climbing interminable flights of stairs, is required. It is not difficult to understand why the houses in Portland Place go a-begging. Would not an elevator and a telephone help matters? They would; but have you ever used a ‘lift’ or a telephone in London? They are

still regarded as nuisances rather than conveniences.

About this time Tinker, — dear old Tink, — of Yale, turned up in London, and we informed him of our plan and insisted upon his help. But all that we found while working together was a wonderful 'pub.' It was while we were poking into little odd nooks and corners of the town, east of Temple Gardens, late one night that we stumbled upon the finest public house in London — so fine that I feel we have no right to keep our discovery to ourselves. Let the announcement then be made, that when a man has raised a thirst it is no longer necessary that he should ship himself somewhere east of Suez: he has only to go to The Black Friar at 174 Queen Victoria Street. There he will find something that will astonish and delight him. Some man — his name to me unknown — commissioned an architect, H. Fuller-Clark, to build for him such a thirst-satisfying emporium as I believe exists nowhere else out of the *Arabian Nights*. It is a small establishment, divided, like all Gaul, into three parts. One is a Tap Room, partaking, except in its form and decoration, of the nature of an ordinary public house; the next is a Ladies' Bar(!); and the third, and most gorgeous room, is the Saloon Bar. All are built of varicolored marbles and mosaic in which are set panels decorated, in high or low relief, with drinking scenes and mottoes full of humor, but in perfect taste. It is a rich man's whim. 'My master does not drink 'imself,' confided to us Mrs. Halliwell, the 'Manageress,' 'but when 'e taikes me to the raices, as 'e sometimes does, h'it's always a pint of champagne for me while 'e 'as 'is lemonade; h'I've a good master and h'I serves 'im as well as h'I know 'ow.' No doubt she does, and, Reader, she will serve you well, too. When you are next in that part of

London, call on my friend the Manageress; don't be afraid. Have a glass of white port; it will cost you only sixpence, and you will take away a pleasant memory — always a good thing to do. I have never yet met a Londoner who knew of the existence of The Black Friar.

I have always had a warm spot in my heart for Leigh Hunt, and his two books on London, *The Town* and *The Old Court Suburb*, are two of the pleasantest I know. It was while re-reading this latter that we decided to do a day's house-hunting in the neighborhood of Kensington Palace. With a little more wealth at our disposal, or a little less judgment, we should, I think, have taken one of those fine mansions in the Palace Gardens. How delightfully situated they are, overlooking the quaint old palace with its memories of Anne and William and Mary. Leigh Hunt is quite right when he says that Windsor is a place to receive monarchs in, Buckingham to see fashion in, but Kensington is the place to drink tea in. Queen Anne died and Queen Victoria was born in this palace, which owes much of its charm to Sir Christopher Wren. And it was especially lucky in escaping the plastering attentions of John Nash.

Half a dozen large, fine houses overlooking Kensington Palace are, or were, obtainable; they are just a pleasant walk from one's club in Piccadilly, assuming that one could secure membership in a desirable club, which is by no means certain. The walks in London in every direction are fascinating; in our cities one wants to hurry from one part to another with one's eyes shut. In London, every street, every nook and corner, teems with interest. Now we are passing the Naval and Military Club, familiarly known as the 'In and Out Club,' from the words

on its gateposts; it was formerly the residence of Lord Palmerston. Old Q., the scamp, lived farther on. That great mansion is the town house of the Rothschilds. Now we approach Apsley House, the gift of the nation to the Duke of Wellington, and if one walks far enough one comes upon Holland Park with its famous house, where, a hundred years ago, politics and literature flourished as never before or since.

IV

But we were getting just a little tired of house-hunting in London; my wife was insistent upon the country, but before going we took one last look at some houses in Park Row — not Park Lane, mind you; that's a very different matter. The similarity of names in London is very confusing: there are streets, and rows, and terraces, and gardens, all of the same name, and 'Duke' streets are scattered all over the place. Park Lane is the acme of swelldom, while Park Row is a tiny street behind my friend Sir Algeron Tudor-Craig's marvelous heraldic china shop, situated at 100 Knightsbridge. Up a narrow court, which widens as it goes, is a cluster of charming little houses, any one of which would have suited us, but Number 6 was our first choice. Here again, as in Old Queen Street, some of the houses had two fronts, one looking down the narrow street upon the turmoil and traffic of Knightsbridge just before it becomes Kensington Road; the other overlooks Hyde Park. 'It might be a little noisy,' said my wife. 'But we can see swelldom riding in Rotten Row from the back-front windows,' said I; 'it might improve my style to ride in the park of a morning.' 'No doubt it would,' replied my wife, 'but if I rode as you do I should prefer to do it where no one would see me.' This I thought a

little unkind; for, although my theory is perfect, due to a course in horsemanship which I took by correspondence, — and for which my word, supported by a diploma, is sufficient evidence, — for personal reasons I never stay on a horse's back for more than a few moments. In which respect I am not unlike the Prince of Wales. 'Well, if you can get Number 6, with its tiny garden, I shall be satisfied,' said my lady. I fancy she knew that it would be impossible. And so it proved to be. 'Not to be had for love or money,' said the estate agent to whom we applied; 'the people who occupy it are very rich, are in London only occasionally, and don't want to go to a hotel when they are.' That settled the matter.

Throughout our house-hunting, something told me that we should ultimately settle in the country, but I was sorry to give up the idea of living in London. It is a man's city: in every way and always one's comfort is considered there as it is nowhere else in the world. Englishmen have given much thought to the matter of living, and we could hardly do better than imitate them. But if I were a woman I should wish to go to America and be spoiled. Men are scarce in England; so many of them gave their lives for their country in the war that husbands are at a premium. Judge how pleased a girl is — she gets two new frocks a year — when she hears that a fine young fellow on whom she has had her eye 'is going to marry an American!' And 'all Americans are rich.' Employment is hard to find: typists receive starvation wages, and maids revolt from spending hours on their knees polishing other people's brasses; they would much prefer to be powdering their noses, poor dears. Is it any wonder that Mrs. Warren's profession — the oldest profession in the world — is so generously recruited in London?

MARLOWE AMONG THE CHURCHWARDENS

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

If one looks for murderers, one may find churchwardens; and if for churchwardens, one may discover extortioners. At least I'm sure it may be so in England. But before I begin my narrative I must give you fair warning. If you are expecting further thrills and penny shockers, — more deadly brawls, daggers, and dying Marlowes, — you may as well try something else. Such exorbitant experiences come but once in a lifetime, and I am neither a Lazarus nor a cat.

If it strikes you as peculiarly fitting when I tell you that Marlowe, who was known to the Puritans as an impious atheist and a profane wretch, received his quietus at the hand of a churchwarden, I can restore life's illogical balance by producing another churchwarden who was this same poet's friend in need. But first I must tell you all I have learned of the man who 'cut the branch that might have grown full straight.'

From the moment that I found Ingram Frizer striking the twelvepenny dagger into the abode of the poet's vaulting imagination, he was of course a marked man. To run over the facts: an innocent entry in the Close Rolls of the Chancery had furnished the clue which led me to the coroner's grim tale, and to the pardon. The homicide was forgiven by the Queen, and Frizer was not depended. But that was not the end for me. I felt that I must know more of this dark figure, — his life, his

character, his relation to Marlowe, — and I set myself to hunt him through the records.

As a beginning, I took up the Elizabethan *index nominum* to one of the more manageable series, the Exchequer of Pleas. This is the interesting court whose jurisdiction was originally confined to cases arising directly out of the payment of the royal revenue. Now the Exchequer judges felt this to be a narrow province, and to augment their power and fees they did not hesitate to invent the amusing writ of *quominus*, based on the assumption that because of what A did to B, B was the less able to pay his taxes to the Crown — whereupon almost anything that A did to the physical or financial damage of B became a potential revenue case, and could be tried in the Exchequer. Thus the learned and acquisitive Barons of the Exchequer came to hear many a profitable litigation between happy, undeserving A and wretched, meritorious B.

During my search in this court, Frizer bobbed up twice, appearing in both cases as plaintiff. In the first he sued a business associate for debt, and in the second he brought an action for recovery against a certain Edmund Ballard, who, he alleged, had forcibly dispossessed him of a house in Southwark. Although Frizer was evidently an active business man, and the records show that he won both suits, receiving five pounds damages in the

second, these passages at law told me little of his character. What manner of man was he, after all? I looked back at the story of the killing. Something may reasonably be surmised from the company a man keeps. Beside Marlowe, there were two other men with Ingram Frizer at that fatal all-day party at the Deptford tavern. The coroner gave their names as Robert Poley and Nicholas Skeres. What sort of men were these? I learned by persistent inquiry among the state papers and historical manuscripts that Poley was a government spy in the pay of Mr. Secretary Walsingham; that Nicholas Skeres was a jailbird, and was found included in a list of notorious 'cutpurses and masterless men' hanging about the streets of London. Spies and jailbirds as commensals! This was bringing us somewhat nearer to a notion of Frizer's character. Then I cast my line into that deep sea known as the Chancery Proceedings in Equity, where hooks are names and fish are documents. Warned, after a decent interval, by a nibble, I drew in, and found to my delight that beginner's luck had held. Here was a suit in which our Frizer is painted in blackish enough colors. I was not a little pleased to have a new picture which supported my first impression.

In this Chancery case our man is accused — and the jailbird Skeres is named as his accomplice — of swindling. He and Skeres, we are told, gained the confidence of an inexperienced young country gentleman, Drew Woodleff, and by a series of clever tricks bilked him of his money. The way of it was as follows: Woodleff, needing ready money, applied to Skeres, who took him to Frizer as a man of more means. On hearing his wants, Frizer promised to make him a loan of sixty pounds. But first he exacted an I O U for that amount.

When it came to the day for the actual lending of the money, Frizer pretended that he had none, but offered Woodleff instead 'a commoditie . . . for which he mighte have threescore pounds (which was a certayne number of gunnes or greate Iron peeces).' Poor Woodleff, desperate for his money, was forced to accept the bargain, and entreated Frizer to sell the said guns for him. Now mark the slippery dealing. Frizer departed as though to sell the guns, and returned with but thirty pounds, 'protestinge that that was all that he could at that tyme gett for them; whereas,' adds Woodleff's complaint, with pathetic indignation, 'in truthe the said peeces or gunnes were his owne and the XXX^{li} he brought his owne and never offered them to be soule at all but lett them remayne uppon Tower Hill.' Frizer, having actually lent but thirty pounds, now proceeded to demand payment on the I O U of sixty pounds. Woodleff was placed in the position of Peter in Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno*, and might well exclaim: —

However legal it may be
To pay what never has been lent,
This style of business seems to me
Extremely inconvenient!

His circumstantial complaints bear the marks of sincerity; but unfortunately for him his suit was disallowed because of a technical outlawry, and Frizer, the coney-catcher, got off.

As we said, Frizer tried more than one trick on the gullible Woodleff, and another of the foolish young gentleman's allegations was that Frizer had induced him to sign a bond of two hundred pounds 'unto a gentleman of good worship, who was the said Frizer his then Master.' Frizer's master! This was a direct clue. I must find out who this master was; and I went back carefully over the case. The date of the

suit was 1598; the swindling in connection with this last bond had been done, according to Woodleff, 'about five years now last past,' which would make it about 1593. To discover some record of the bond aforesaid, then, was my next problem. My luck held, for among the Lord Chamberlain's records there proved to be a large collection of entry books of bonds or recognizances; and after a half-day's search I turned up the following:—

June 29, 1593. Drew Woodleff of Peterley, Bucks, gentleman, bound in the sum of two hundred pounds to Thomas Walsingham of Chislehurst, Kent, esquire.

Thomas Walsingham! I had not dared to hope for this name. Thomas Walsingham was Frizer's master—the Kentish gentleman who has long been known as the protector and friend of Marlowe! And here it was proved that Frizer, at the time of killing Christopher Marlowe, was a fellow dependent of the wealthy squire. I could see them spending days together in the Walsingham mansion at Chislehurst. They were no chance acquaintances, those two bodies locked in a death grapple in that tavern room.

An extraordinary figure of a man this Frizer must have been. Dealer in houses; Marlowe's associate as gentleman servant; swindler, hand in glove with Skeres, the jailbird—the unlovely outlines of the picture were rapidly filling in. But I wanted more; and, searching again in the Close Rolls, I ran upon a deed which told me that Frizer, about 1600, had removed from London to Eltham, some miles below Deptford, in Kent. Then, by rummaging among the Kentish subsidy or tax rolls, I found him as a small landholder there, and in office as one of the deputy tax assessors of the place. From homicide and swindling it seems he had settled down—or is it up?—

to tax assessing! Following this last new hint, Miss DeKalb, another eager Marlowe student, journeyed last summer down to Eltham and, on searching the parish books there, found, *mirabile dictu*,—or, as Aunt Sarah used to say, 'My rabbyly dictoos!'—that our versatile Frizer had turned churchwarden. Marlowe's murderer a churchwarden!

But after all, why should n't a swindler be a churchwarden, or vice versa? I have heard stranger truth than that. Yet what an Elizabethan description: dealer in houses, gentleman servant, swindler, homicide, tax assessor, and churchwarden. He may even have been a churchwarden of a London parish when he stabbed Marlowe! Is n't it a pity that the Elizabethans had not learned the modern art of the pregnant scare head? It would have made a deliciously yellow morsel. Fancy the Autolycuses, on that June day after the Deptford crime, hawking a broadside to the haggard citizens in plague-ridden London, and down at Kew, whither the Court has fled, to the silken Osricks, who, with a precautionary sniff, pick it up and read: CHURCHWARDEN KILLS ATHEIST!

So much for Frizer. For all his warding of the Eltham church, in all probability he is n't freezing in the next world.

Even in Elizabeth's time, however, all churchwardens did n't devote their leisure to swindling innocents and stabbing geniuses. There was another of these same dignitaries in Marlowe's immediate circle who treated the poet in a more friendly fashion. And my search for him began in a manner so stupidly baffling that—but I shall take you with me from the beginning.

II

Mystery is not hard to find. Indeed, one cannot peruse the few known facts of the young poet's life without coming

upon more than one subject for conjecture. In a rapid review of the biographical data on Marlowe, the most egregiously tantalizing bit to me was what was written on a small piece of wrinkled parchment, originally found among the records of the Court of Middlesex Sessions and now preserved at Westminster Guildhall. Sir Sidney Lee was the first, some years since, to show its connection with Christopher Marlowe. The legal Latin of the original may be Englished as follows:—

Middlesex. Be it remembered that, the first day of October in the year of the reign of our lady Elizabeth, Queen, etc., the thirty-first, Richard Kytchine of Clifford's Inne, gentleman, and Humfrey Rowland of East Smithfeilde in the county aforesaid, horner, came before me, William Flete-woode, Sergeant at Law and Recorder of the City of London, one of the Justices of our lady the Queen appointed in the county aforesaid, etc., and became sureties for Christopher Marley of London, gentleman: to wit, each of the sureties aforesaid under penalty of twenty pounds, and he, the said Christopher Marley, undertook for himself, under penalty of forty pounds of his and their and either of their goods, chattels, lands and tenements, to be levied to the use and behoof of our said lady the Queen on condition that if he the said Christopher shall personally appear at the next Sessions of Newgate to answer everything that may be alleged against him on the part of the Queen, and shall not depart without the permission of the Court, That then, etc.

We gather from this that Marlowe, in 1589, two years after receiving his Master's degree from Cambridge, was being held in bail equivalent to about \$3500 to appear and answer charges at Newgate Sessions. What crime was he charged with? Felony, evidently, since the document is endorsed *G. D.* (gaol delivery). But also felony which did not amount to a capital offense, since we see that he was admitted to bail. It was tantalizing to find that there

seemed to be no possibility of further light on the case. A search among the remaining records of the Middlesex Sessions afforded nothing.

One avenue of approach, however, I could attempt—the names of the two friends of Marlowe who stood surety for him. If I could learn nothing more about the crime, I could at least investigate these two men. The first, 'Richard Kytchine, gentleman,' was obviously either an attorney or a student of the law, as his address is here given as Clifford's Inn, one of the ancient London law societies or Inns of Chancery. But was this fact of much help? There are no early records of Clifford's Inn extant. Yet of course, if Richard Kytchine was an attorney, the most probable place to find him would be in the records of court proceedings. Accordingly, I took up the *Coram Rege* rolls of the King's Bench, and began a search from the year 1580. My work was not in vain, for among the entries for Hilary Term (January 24 to February 12), 1586, I found Richard Kitching acting as attorney for a Thomas Meeres of Kent. This is undoubtedly Richard Kytchine of Clifford's Inn, who three years afterward stood surety, as we know, for Christopher Marlowe the dramatist. Not yet satisfied, I took up the Lay Subsidy or tax rolls for the close of Elizabeth's reign, and searched the various wards of London. No trace of this name turned up in the vicinity of Clifford's Inn; but I reflected that Clifford's Inn was not likely to be the man's permanent address, and there was a Richard Kytchyn, a man of property in the parish of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. In 1588 he was assessed five shillings on his land. If this Richard Kytchyn is identical with Marlowe's legal friend,—and I think he is,—then Professor Tucker Brooke has made a further and most interesting

discovery about him in the criminal records of the Court of the King's Bench, which he has kindly allowed me to publish here. It is the presentment of a London grand jury, April 11, 1594, of Richard Kychen of London, gentleman, for felonious assault. On April 2 preceding, in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, Kychen 'leapt upon [*insultavit*] a certain John Fynch of London, gentleman (then and there walking and being in the peace of God and of the Queen) . . . and with a dagger of iron and steel which he had and held in his right hand, he struck, wounded, and maltreated [*verberavit, vulneravit, et maletractavit*] the said John Fynch so that his life was despaired of, and inflicted further enormities on him, to his great harm and damage, and to the worst and most utterly depraved example of all other malefactors [*et in omnium aliorum malefactorum pessimum et perversissimum exemplum*].'

This certainly sounds very much like the disastrous dagger attack which Marlowe had made a year previously on Ingram Frizer, except that Kitchen seems to have had the upper hand of his enemy. And although in Kitchen's case we have no inkling of the cause of the quarrel, it is not impossible that Marlowe's legal friend resembled the fiery poet in temper. Here again we are driven by the lack of circumstantial facts to some form of conjecture, which, however, I shall leave to you.

Much as we have learned about Kitchen, there must be more in the records. Meanwhile let us turn to the other bondsman, Humphrey Rowland. In the course of a search through the King's Bench Controlment Rolls, I ran upon the following, under date 1586:—

Middlesexia Venire facias octabis Hilarii Humfridum Rowland de parochia de Estsmythfelde in comitatu Middlesexie yoman

responsurum Regine de quibusdam transgressionibus et extorcionibus unde indictatus est Per Bagam supradictam

This is as much as to say that Humphrey Rowland, of East Smithfield, yeoman, is summoned to answer certain 'transgressions and extortions' for which he is indicted 'by the *Baga* afore-said.' In passing we should explain that this *Baga* is the famous and romantically named *Baga de Secretis* or 'Bag of Secrets,' the secrets being the criminal proceedings in the King's Bench. In ancient times it was kept in a closet to which three men only had a key: the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, and the Master of the Crown Office. Later, the term was specialized to cover only the proceedings in state and treason trials; and if, therefore, you wish to witness for yourself the trial and conviction of Anne Boleyn or of Guido Fawkes, this is what will happen. You will write certain letters and numbers on a slip; in due course an attendant will bring forth from the bowels of the building and put into your hand a small, long-shaped pouch of soft white leather, drawn together by thongs at the throat; and on opening it you will take out a roll of fair parchment—as white as treason or judicial murder is black—and read the terrible story as the ancient clerk wrote it down. But neither the *Baga de Secretis* nor yet its supplement, the Ancient Indictments, could tell me what manner of 'transgressions and extortions' Humphrey was charged with. They, like Marlowe's offense, remain a secret still.

III

Having found both of Marlowe's bondsmen, Rowland and Kitchen, in the court records, I contemplated the possibility of hunting down, through them, Marlowe's London address; for

it was more than possible that one of them was his neighbor. Of the two I inclined to favor Rowland, as Kitchen was a lawyer and interested in Marlowe perhaps only in a professional way, whereas 'Humphrey Rowland, horner, of East Smithfield' sounded to me like a prosperous neighbor and friend. Be that as it might, I determined to concentrate my attentions on Humphrey.

The first avenue I approached was the subsidies, or tax rolls, where I had found Richard Kitchen. Picture my excitement when, on opening a Middlesex roll dated April 1, 1586, I found under East Smithfield the entry:—

Jacobus Morlowe . . . XXX^{li} pro bonis suis . . . l'

which means that James Morlowe, a man of large property in East Smithfield, had paid a tax of fifty shillings on goods assessed at thirty pounds. Could this Morlowe be a relative of Christopher Marlowe? It was not impossible. I hastened to look further; and in a roll dated October 31, 1598, found 'James Morley'—obviously identical with James Morlowe; witness the spelling of Christopher Marlowe's name as 'Morley' in the pardon—and Thomas Morley, each assessed four pounds on a holding of land in East Smithfield valued at twenty pounds. There also, in the same list, was 'Humphre Rowlande,' taxed eight shillings on goods valued at three pounds. This shows that Humphrey Rowland was by no means poor; but James Morley or Morlowe was unquestionably wealthy.

East Smithfield was beginning to have a tremendous interest for me; and when I found further, among the Sheriff's Accounts of Seizures for Elizabeth's reign, a memorandum that a piece of land in the possession of James Morley, '*in pochia sci Barthi, Smithfield,*' was forfeit to the Crown, I remembered the scene of Kitchen's

dagger attack on Finch, and rashly concluded that therefore the parish of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, was Marlowe's, Rowland's, and Kitchen's parish.

However tempting, this was a snap judgment; and in making it I went astray and wandered wide of the truth for several days. The reason for the error was simple. I had never heard of more than one Smithfield, and that, as I knew, was near the Charterhouse, and contained part of the parish of St. Bartholomew. As we all know, Smithfield was the scene of the famous Bartholomew Fair. Moreover, to-day, if you ask ten Londoners on Ludgate Hill where East Smithfield is, nine will direct you up Old Bailey toward St. Bartholomew's. But there is a snare. Smithfield and East Smithfield are not one and the same.

Just before departing, however, in high spirits from the Record Office to search the parish books of St. Bartholomew's, I fortunately took another precautionary look at the entry in the sheriff's accounts. Turning back, I noticed this time that the Morley entry which had caught my eye had been copied from the accounts of the previous year. Surprised at this, I turned back a few pages farther, and found that the entry of James Morley's piece of land had stood in the accounts for a number of years; but that, instead of '*in pochia sci Barthi, Smithfield,*' the description of it in the earlier years read '*in pochia sci Bothi, East Smithfield.*' 'Bothi,' of course, is the abbreviation, not of Bartholomew, but of Botolph! Someone had blundered. I turned forward again cautiously until I found the exact year in which the Exchequer clerk, unfamiliar with East Smithfield, but understanding very well the Smithfield of the Fair, had made the unwarranted substitution.

Thus sadly brought back to reason,

I easily learned that the Smithfield that most of us know was originally called West Smithfield; and that since the Middle Ages there has been an East Smithfield just east of the Tower of London, on the Thames, where now lies St. Katherine's Dock. To clinch the matter, I found that East Smithfield, or a part of it, was included in the parish of St. Botolph's outside Aldgate. Consequently, though Kitchen of St. Bartholomew's was now ruled out as a neighbor of the Morleys and the Rowlands, I had found at length where to look for the latter.

I hastened to find out whether the parish books of St. Botolph's were preserved in the church there as far back as 1580. On being informed that they were, I boarded a bus for Aldgate, already romantic as Geoffrey Chaucer's old home, hoping at the journey's end to find Marlowe's friend, Rowland the horner, waiting for me in the pages of the parish books.

And there he was! Yes, he was there in force. No more disappointments. As I sat in the vestry, after obtaining the vicar's kind permission, turning over the leaves of the old registers, the rumble of Houndsditch and the roar of Aldgate High Street grew dim to my ears, and every sense was absorbed in following the vicissitudes of the ancient Rowland. From among the thousands of entries of christenings, marriages, and burials emerged these:—

Death of a servant of his, 1577. On November 3, 'James Paadge Seruaunt vnto Humphrey Rollaund hornne-breaker was Buryed.'

And of a daughter: 'Anne Rollaund Dawghter vnto Humphrey Rollaund was Buryed the 7 Daye off December.'

1582. September 30. Rowland buried two children on this day: 'Ellen Rollaund, a child, plagg [plague]'; 'Symon Rollaund, a child, plagg.'

1583. June 29, his servant Andrew

Vandepeare was buried: 'Yeres 16; consumption.'

1585. February 27, 'Mary Rollaund wif vnto Humphrey Rollaund horn-breaker Was Buryed.'

Humphrey did not mourn Mary long, for nine weeks later he married again: 'Humphrey Rollaund and Eve Ashe were Maryed the 4 daie of Maye.' And two weeks afterward he lost his sister. May 17: 'Amey Skriwatter wedow suster to Humphrey Rollaund was Buryed. . . . Yeres 38. Consumption.'

1589. This was the year in which he became surety for Christopher Marlowe. A son, Samwell Rollaund, was baptized on July 20. On April 6, 1591, he was buried. '1. yere 3 quarters. pyning.' Poor little child! One wonders what polysyllabled name a modern physician would give to this 'pyning.'

1591. Another son, Godfrey Rollaund, was baptized on July 22. He was buried on August 23, 1593. 'Yeres 2. plagg.' 1593 was a great plague year. Awsten Awstens, another of Rowland's servants, was buried six days after little Godfrey.

1593! Our story has come full circle; for it was in the summer of 1593, we remember, that Marlowe died by Frizer's hand at Deptford. It is more than likely that they had gone down to Deptford to be out of the plague-stricken city. And when I realized that the same summer witnessed the swindling of Woodleff through the clever substitution by Frizer of certain 'guns or great iron pieces' on Tower Hill for the promised cash in hand, I was strangely moved by two entries in the books of St. Botolph's:—

1593. John. yeres 30. plagg. John, a laboring man who dyed on the hill amongst the gonnes in the hie waye was Buryed the 22 daye of August.

1593. Yeres 14. plagg. A younge maiden who dyed amonge the gones at the tower hill was Buryed the 8. daye off September.

Could it have been to one of Frizer's cold-hearted cannon that the young maiden turned her face as she died?

IV

But to come back to Humphrey Rowland, or Rollaund, as he is written here. From these short and simple annals he stands out as a living man, more real even than Richard Kitchen with his stabbing exploit. For, on looking further among the parish books, I found Rowland's name included in the list of churchwardens, where it held honorable position for a matter of six years or more. Rowland's occupation, however, still remains a mystery. In some entries he is called a 'horner' and in others a 'horn-breaker.' The first description offers no difficulty. A horner is one who prepares horn for human use in buttons, hornbooks, and the like. Little Jack Horner's progenitor was one such. But is this equivalent to 'horn-breaking'? I do not know. Horn-breaking — what is it? Rehabilitation of cuckolds? Manual dehorning of cattle? If this latter be the case, what a Samson our Rowland must have been! A Tamburlaine of tradesmen.

'Fragmentary, but exciting' describes

this kind of research. Christopher Marley, or Marlowe, then, is indicted for felony, and is admitted to bail. What was his offense? Was he convicted? Nobody knows. One of his two bondsmen, Richard Kitchen, proves to be an attorney, and a man of some property in St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. Kitchen is later indicted for knifing his neighbor Finch, who was walking in the peace of God. Why did Kitchen knife Finch? The jury does n't tell. What became of Kitchen, or of Finch, of whose life it was despaired? No answer.

Humphrey Rowland, the other bondsman, is a substantial horn-breaker and churchwarden of St. Botolph's Extra Aldgate. What was his anterior connection with the turbulent dramatist? We cannot be sure. Conjecture: they became acquainted through a wealthy coparishioner of Rowland's named James Morley or Morlowe, perhaps a distant kinsman of Christopher Marlowe.

There are here, certainly, plenty of mysteries yet to be solved, and everyone may make conjectures to please himself. The important thing is the presence of all this newly discovered material for the lives of Marlowe and his associates, from which to 'take off,' not the least striking of which is the fact that the 'atheist' Marlowe was intimate with two churchwardens. One bailed him out; the other killed him.

THE ABU LAHEEB

BY LORD DUNSANY

WHEN I met my friend Murcote in London he talked much of his club. I had seldom heard of it, and the name of the street in which Murcote told me it stood was quite unknown to me, though I think I had driven through it in a taxi, and remembered the houses as being mean and small. And Murcote admitted that it was not very large, and had no billiard table and very few rooms; and yet there seemed something about the place that entirely filled his mind and made that trivial street for him the centre of London. And when he wanted me to come and see it I suggested the following day; but he put me off, and again when I suggested the next one. There was evidently nothing much to see, no pictures, no particular wines, nothing that other clubs boast of, but one heard tales there, he said — very odd ones sometimes; and if I cared to come and see the club it would be a good thing to come some evening when old Jorkens was there. I asked who Jorkens was, and he said he had seen a lot of the world. And then we parted, and I forgot about Jorkens, and saw nothing more of Murcote for some days. And then one day Murcote rang me up and asked me if I'd come to the club that evening.

I had agreed to come; but before I left my house Murcote surprised me by coming round to see me. There was something he wanted to tell me about Jorkens. He sat and talked to me for some time about Jorkens before we started, though all he said of him might

be expressed by the one word 'liar.' Jorkens was a good-hearted fellow, he said, and would always tell a story in the evening to anyone who offered him a small drink, — whiskey and soda was what he preferred, — and he really had seen a good deal of the world, and the club relied on stories in the evening, — they were quite a feature of it, — and the club would n't be the club without them, and it helped the evening to pass, anyway; but of one thing he must warn me, and that was never to believe a word Jorkens said. It was n't Jorkens's fault. He did n't mean to be inaccurate; he merely wished to interest his fellow members and to make the evening pass pleasantly. He had nothing to gain by any inaccuracies, and had no intention to deceive; he just did his best to entertain the club, and all the members were grateful to him. But once more Murcote warned me never to believe one of his tales, or any part of them, not even the smallest detail of local color.

'I see,' I said; 'a bit of a liar.'

'Oh, poor old Jorkens,' said Murcote, 'that's rather hard. But still, I've warned you, have n't I?'

And with that quite clearly understood we went down and hailed a taxi.

It was after dinner that we arrived at the club, and we went straight up into a small room in which a group of members was sitting about near the fire, and I was introduced to Jorkens, who was sitting gazing into the fire,

with a small table at his right hand. And then he turned to Murcote to pour out what he had probably already said to all the other members.

'A most unpleasant episode occurred here last evening,' he said, 'a thing I have never known before and should n't have thought possible in any decent club — should n't have thought possible.'

'Oh, really,' said Murcote. 'What happened?'

'A young fellow came in yesterday,' said Jorkens. 'They tell me he's called Carter. He came in here after dinner and I happened to be speaking about a curious experience I had once had in Africa, over the watershed of the Congo, somewhere about latitude six, a long time ago. Well, never mind the experience; but I had no sooner finished speaking about it than the young fellow — Carter or whatever he is — said simply he did n't believe me, simply and unmistakably that he disbelieved my story; claimed to know something of geography or zoölogy which did not tally in his impudent mind with the actual experience that I had had on the Congo side of the watershed. Now what are you to do when a young fellow has the effrontery, the brazen-faced audacity —'

'Oh, but we must have him turned out,' said Murcote. 'A case like that should come before the Committee at once. Don't you think so?'

And his eye turned to the other members, roving till it fell on a weary and weak individual who was evidently one of the Committee.

'Oh — er — yes,' said he, unconvincingly.

'Well, Mr. Jorkens,' said Murcote, 'we'll get that done at once.'

And one or two more members muttered 'Yes,' and Jorkens's indignation sank now to minor mutterings, and to occasional ejaculations that

shot out petulantly, but in an undertone. The waters of his imagination were troubled still, though the storm was partly abated.

'It seems to me outrageous,' I said, but hardly liked to say any more, being a guest in the club.

'Outrageous!' the old man replied, and we seemed no nearer to getting any story.

'I wonder if I might ask for a whiskey and soda,' I said to Murcote, for a silence had fallen, and at the same time I nodded sideways toward Jorkens to suggest the destination of the whiskey. I had waited for Murcote to do this without being asked, and now he ordered listlessly, as though he thought there was n't much good in it. And when the whiskey drew near the lonely table that waited desolate at Jorkens's right hand Jorkens said, 'Not for me.'

I thought I saw surprise for a moment pass like a ghost through that room, although no one said anything.

'No,' said old Jorkens, 'I never drink whiskey. Now and then I use it in order to stimulate my memory. It has a wonderful effect on the memory. But as a drink I never touch it. I dislike the taste of it.'

So his whiskey went away. We seemed no nearer that story.

I took my glass with very little soda, sitting in a chair near Jorkens. I had nowhere to put it down.

'Might I put my glass on your table?' I said to Jorkens.

'Certainly,' he said with the utmost indifference in his voice, but not entirely in his eye, which caught the deep yellow flavor as I put it close to his elbow.

We sat for a long time in silence. Everyone wanted to hear him talk. And at last his right hand opened wide enough to take a glass, and then closed again. And a while later it

opened once more, and moved a little along the table and then drew back, as though for a moment he had thought the drink was his and then had realized his mistake. It was a mere movement of the hand, and yet it showed that here was a man who would not consciously take another man's drink. And, that being clearly established, a dreamy look came over his face as though he thought of far-off things, and his hand moved very absently. It reached the glass unguided by his eye and brought it to his lips, and he drained it, thinking of far other things.

'Dear me,' he said suddenly, 'I hope I have n't drunk your whiskey.'

'Not at all,' I said.

'I was thinking of a very curious thing,' he said, 'and hardly noticed what I was doing.'

'Might I ask what it was you were thinking of?' I said.

'I really hardly like to tell you,' he said, 'to tell anyone, after the most unpleasant incident that occurred yesterday.'

As I looked at Murcote he seemed to divine my thoughts, and ordered three more whiskeys.

It was wonderful how the whiskey did brighten old Jorkens's memory, for he spoke with a vividness of little details that could only have been memory; imagination could not have done it. I leave out the details and give the main points of his story for its zoölogical interest; for it touches upon a gap in zoölogy which I believe is probably there, and if the story is true it bridges it.

Here, then, is the story: 'One that you won't often hear in London,' said Jorkens, 'but in towns at the Empire's edges it's told often. There's probably not a mess out there in which it's not been discussed, scarcely a bungalow where it's not been talked

of, and always with derision. In places like Malakal there's not a white man that has n't heard of it, and not one that believes it. But the last white man that you meet on lonely journeys, the last white man that there is before the swamps begin and you see nothing for weeks but papyrus — he believes in it.

'I have noticed that more than once. Where a lot of men get together, all knowing equally little, and this subject comes up, one will laugh, and they will all laugh at it, and none will trust his imagination to study the rumor, and it remains a rumor, no more. But when a man gets all alone by himself, somewhere on the fringe of that country out of which the rumor arises, and there's no silly laughter to scare his imagination, why, then he can study the thing and develop it, and get much nearer to facts than mere incredulity will ever get him. I find a touch of fever helps in working out problems like that.

'Well, the problem is a very simple one. It is simply the question whether man with his wisdom and curiosity has discovered all the animals that there are in the world, or whether there's one, and a very curious one too, hidden amid the papyrus, that white men have never seen. And that's not quite what I mean, for there are white men that have seen things that not every young whipper-snapper will believe. I should rather have said an animal that our civilization has not yet taken cognizance of. At Kosti more than twenty years ago I first heard two men definitely speak of it, — the *abu laheeb* they called it, — and I think they both believed in it, too; but Khartoum was only a hundred and fifty miles off, and they had evening clothes with them, and used to wear them at dinner, and they had china plates and silver forks, and

ornaments on the mantelpiece, and one thing and another, and all these things seemed to appall their imagination and they would n't honestly let themselves believe it. "Had three or four fires round his tent," said one of them, telling of someone, "and says that the abu laheeb came down about 2 A.M., and he saw it clear in the firelight." "Did it get what it wanted?" asked the other. "Yes — went away hugging it."

'And one of them said in a rather wondering tone: "The only animal that uses — " He was lowering his voice, and looking round, and he saw me, and said no more. They turned it all away at once with a laugh or two, as Columbus might have turned away from the long low line of land and refused to believe it a new continent. I questioned them, but got no information that could be of any use; they seemed to like laughter more than imagination, so I got jokes instead of truth.

'It was weeks later and far southward that I found a man who was ready to approach this most interesting point of zoölogy in the proper spirit of a scientist, a white man all alone in a hut that he had, near the mouth of the Bahr-el-Zeraf. There are things in Africa that you could n't believe, and the Bahr-el-Zeraf is one of them. It rises out of the marshes of the White Nile, and flows forty or fifty miles, and into the White Nile again. And one can't easily believe in a white man living all alone in such a place as that; but somebody has to be the last white man you see as you go through the final fringes of civilization, and it was he. He had had full opportunities of studying the whole question of the abu laheeb; he had had years of leisure to compare all the stories the natives brought him, which they shyly told when he had won their confidence, though what he won it with he never

told. He had sifted the evidence and knew all that was told about it; and in long malarial nights, with no one and nothing to care for him but quinine, he had pictured the beast so clearly that he could make me a very good drawing of it. I have that drawing to this very day — a beast on his hind legs like a South American sloth that I once saw stuffed in a museum, built rather on the lines of a kangaroo, but much stouter and bigger and with nothing pointed about his face; it was square and blunt, with great teeth. He had hand-like paws on shortish arms or forelegs.

'I must tell you that I was in a small dahabeah, going up those great rivers, any great rivers I might meet, leaving civilization because I was tired of it, and looking for wonders in Africa. And I came to this lonely man, — Lindon, his name was, — full of curiosity aroused by those words that I had heard in Malakal. And as we talked on, like two old friends that have spent all their schooldays together, as white men will who meet in that part of Africa, I soon came to the abu laheeb, thinking he would know more of it than they knew in Malakal. And I found a man grown sensitive, as you can grow only in loneliness. He feared I should disbelieve him, and would scarcely say a word. Yes, the natives believed in some such animal, but his own opinion he would not expose to the possibility of my ridicule. The more questions I asked the shorter the answers became. And then I drew him by saying, "Well, there's one thing he uses that no other animal ever did," the one mysterious thing about this beast that had haunted my mind for weeks, though I did not know what on earth the mystery was. And that got him talking. He saw that I was committed to belief in the beast, and was no longer shy of his own.

'He told me that the upper reaches of the Bahr-el-Zeraf were a God-forsaken place; "and if God forsook the Zeraf," he said, "He certainly did n't go to the Jebel," for the Bahr-el-Jebel was worse. And somewhere between those two rivers in the desolation of papyrus the abu laheeb certainly lived. He very reasonably said that there were beasts in the plains, beasts in the forests, and beasts in the sea — why not in the huge area of the papyrus into which no man had ever penetrated? If I chose to go to these God-forsaken places I could see the abu laheeb, he said. "But of course," he added, "you must never go up-wind on him." "Down-wind?" I said. "No, nor down-wind either," he answered. "He can smell as well as a rhino. That's the difficulty: you have to go just between up-wind and down-wind, and you always find the north wind blowing there."

'It was some while before I discovered why one can't go up-wind on him. I did n't like to overquestion Lindon, for questions are akin to criticism, and you cannot apply criticism and cross-examination to the patient work of imagination upon rumor; it is liable to destroy the whole fabric, and one loses valuable scientific data. Nor was Lindon in the mood for the superior disbelief of a traveler only just come from civilization; he had had malaria too recently to put up with that sort of thing. It was as he was giving me various clear proofs of the existence of some such animal that I suddenly realized what it all meant. He was telling me how more than once he had seen fires in the reeds, not only earlier in the year than the Dinkas light their fires, but in the marshes where no Dinka would ever come, nor a Shilluk either, nor any kind of man — marshes utterly desolate and forever shut to humanity. It was then that the truth flashed on me — truth, sir, that I have since

verified with my own eyes: that the abu laheeb plays with fire.

'Well, I need n't tell you how the idea flared up in my mind to be the first white man that had ever seen the abu laheeb, and to shoot him and bring his huge skin home, and have something to show for all that lonely wandering. It was a fascinating idea. I asked Lindon if he thought my rifle was big enough, — I had only a .350, — and whether to use soft-nosed or solid bullets. Soft, he said. I sat up late and asked him many questions. And he warned me about those marshes; I need n't tell you of all the things he warned me against, because you see me alive before you, but they were there all right. They were there. And I went down the little path he'd made from his house to the bank of the river, and went on board my sailing boat under huge white bands of stars, and lay down on board and looked up at them from under my blankets until I fell asleep, while the Arabs cast off and the north wind held good. And when the sun blazed on me at dawn I woke to the Bahr-el-Zeraf. Scarlet trees with green foliage, at first; we were not yet come to those marshes.

'Well, for days we went up the Zeraf past the white fish-eagles, haughty and silent and watchful on queer trees, with birds sailing over us that I dare n't describe to you for fear you should think I exaggerate the brilliancy of their colors. And so we came to those marshes where anything might hide, and be utterly hidden by those miles of rushes, and be well enough protected from explorers by a region of monotony more dismal than any other desolate land I've seen. And all the while the sailors were talking a language I did not know, till my imagination, brooding in that monotony, seemed to hear clear English phrases now and then, starting suddenly out of their talk, commonest

phrases of our daily affairs on the other side of the earth. I would swear that I heard one of them say one evening, "Stop the bus a moment"; but it could n't have been, for they were talking Dinka talk and not one of them knew a single word of English. I used to talk Arabic of a sort to the reis.

'Well, at last we came on fires in the reeds, burning at different points. Who lit them I could n't say; there were no men there, black, white, or gray (the Dinkas are gray, you know). But I wanted absolute proof; and then one day I found his tracks in the rushes. He bounds through the rushes, you know, often breaking several of them where he takes off, and sometimes scattering mud on the tips of them as he springs through, then alighting and taking off again, leaving another huge mark.

'I examined the rushes carefully till I was sure that I had his tracks. And then I followed them, always watching the wind. It was a dreadful walk. I went alone so as to make less noise. I wanted to get quite close and make sure of my shot. I had a haversack tied close round my neck and my cartridges were in that. Even then it got wet sometimes. The water was always up to my waist and often it came higher. I had to hold up my rifle in one hand all the time. The reeds were far over my head.

'Sometimes one came to open spaces of water, with huge blue water lilies floating on them. And it was always deeper there. Sometimes one walked upon the roots of the rushes, and all the rushes trembled round one for yards; and sometimes one found a bottom of good hard clay and knew one could sink no farther. And all the while I was tracking the abu laheeb.

'The north wind blew as usual. I was too old a shikari to be walking down-wind, but I was not always able to act strictly on Lindon's advice about

never going up-wind on the abu laheeb, because his tracks sometimes led that way. At any rate, that was better than the other direction, for he would have been off at once. You would n't believe how tired one can be of blue water lilies. The water was not cold, but the weariness of lifting each foot was terrible. Each foot, as one lifted it for every step, one would rather have left just where it was forever. I don't know how many hours I tracked that beast; I don't know what time was doing while I walked in those marches. But, in all that weariness of spirit and utter fatigue of limb, I suddenly saw a scrap of quite fresh mud on the tip of one of the reeds, and knew that I was getting near him at last. I put the safety catch of my rifle over, and suddenly saw in my mind what I was so nearly doing for Science. Of all the steps Science took from out of the early darkness toward that distant point of which we cannot guess, which shall be full of revelations to man, one of her footsteps would be due to me. I could, as it were, write my name on that one footprint, and no one would question my right to.

'I got nearer and nearer. I was no longer weary now; and suddenly, closer than I had dared to hope, there was a little puff of smoke above the rushes. I stopped for one moment to steady my breath and got my rifle ready. In that moment I named him — yes, I called him *Prometheus Jorkensi*. There was a patch of dry land ahead and the rushes still protected me. I moved with ten-inch paces so as to make no ripple, but I could n't keep the rushes quiet; perhaps the north wind blew stronger than I thought, for he never seemed to hear me. And then, oh, so close that it could n't have been ten yards, I saw the little fire on a patch of earth, and the rushes still hid me completely. I saw a patch of brown fur and a huge body crouching. I could only guess

what part of the body I saw, but a vital part, I thought, and raised my rifle. Still he had no idea I was anywhere near him. And then I saw his hands stretched out to the fire, warming themselves by the edge of those bleak marshes. I don't cut much ice, you know; I did n't then; no one had ever heard my name, or, if anyone had, it meant nothing; and here was I on the verge of this discovery, with the proof of it ten yards away just waiting for a rifle bullet. I'd shoot a monkey; I'd shoot an ape; I'd shoot a poor old hippo; I would n't mind shooting a horse if it had to be killed, though lots of men can't bear that; but those black hands stretched out over the fire were the one thing I could n't destroy.

'The idea that flashed on me, standing among those reeds, I have been turning over in my mind for years, and it always seemed sound to me, and it does even now. You see, of all the links in the world that there are between us, and of all the barriers against those that are not like us, it seems to me that there is one link, one barrier, more outstanding than any other you could possibly name. We talk of our human reason, that may or may not be superior to the dream of the dog or the elephant; we say it is — that is all. We say that we alone have belief in an after life and that the lion has not; we say so — that's all. Some of them are stronger, some live longer than we, many may be more cunning. But there is one thing, gentlemen, one thing they have n't got, and that is the knowledge of fire. That seems to me the great link, the great bond between all who have it and the barrier against all who have not. See what we've done with it: look at those fire irons, that fender, the bricks of which this house is made and the steel structure of it; look at this whole city. That's our one great possession — knowledge of fire. And when I saw

those dark hands stretched out to that fire on the edge of the marshes, that is what I thought of all at once; not at such length as I have told you, of course, — it all flashed through my mind in a moment, — but during that moment I hesitated, and the abu laheeb saw the sun on the tip of my rifle or heard me breathing there, for he suddenly craned his great neck over the rushes, then stooped again and scattered the fire with his forepaws, with one swift jerk, into the reeds all round me. They were alight at once, and through the flame and smoke I only dimly caught sight of him leaping away; but above the crackle of the burning reeds and the thump of his hind legs leaping I heard him uttering gusts of human-like laughter.'

He paused a moment. We were all quite silent, thinking of what he had lost. He had lost a famous name. He shook his head and seemed full of the same thoughts as the rest of us.

'I never went after him again,' he said. 'I had seen him, but who'll believe that? I have never quite been able to bring myself any more to try to shoot a creature that shared that great secret with us.'

There was silence again. We were wondering, I think, whether his scruples should have prevented him from doing so much for Science. I suppose that the too sensitive and overscrupulous seldom make famous names. A man leaning forward and smoking a pipe took his pipe out of his mouth and broke the silence at last.

'Might n't you have photographed him?' he said.

'Photographed him!' said Mr. Jorkens, straightening himself up in his chair. 'Photographed him! Are n't half the photographs fakes? Here, look at the *Evening Picture*. Look at that now. There's a child handing a bouquet

to someone with its left hand so that both of them may expose as much of their surface as possible to the camera. And here's a man welcoming his brother from abroad. Welcoming indeed! They are both of them being photographed, and that's obviously all that they're doing.'

We looked, and it was so. They were almost turning their backs on one another in order to be photographed.

'No,' he said, and he looked me straight in the eyes and flashed that glance of his from face to face. 'If Truth cannot stand alone, she scorns the cheap aid of photography.'

So dominant was his voice as he said those words, so flashed his eyes in the dim light of the room, that none of us spoke any more. I think we felt that our voices would shock the silence. And we all went quietly away.

SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN OF THE CIVIL WAR

I. PRESIDENT DAVIS AND GENERAL JOSEPH JOHNSTON

BY GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

It is a commonplace of military textbooks that policy and strategy should go hand in hand. This, like most other attempts to present truth in the form of a caption, is only partially successful. Indeed, without explanation it is misleading, for the picture it is apt to call up, of two associates advancing together in close union to their task, is not a fair representation of relations which are in reality far more complex than are those of simple comradeship. If analogy be needed I prefer that of parent and child. It is the duty of policy to choose the road for strategy, to set it on its way, to provide means sufficient for the journey, to give timely counsel, to watch the youngster's progress carefully, to be prompt to give a hand should he stumble, to be ready to turn him in a new direction should a change of course seem necessary or opportune, but to resist the temptation to interfere save as a measure of real

emergency, and then to make interference as little obvious as may be. It is no easy task to be a wise parent, and as strategy is born only in days of stress and strain the task of father policy is one of special difficulty. It is indeed so difficult that statesmen have not infrequently wrung their hands in despair when it has been thrust upon them. In the midst of the Boer War Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, said: 'I do not think that the British Constitution as at present worked is a good fighting machine.' More than one British minister used during the Great War very similar words in conversation with me, and I have listened to French ministers bemoaning the difficulties of conducting war in a democracy, while it was not unusual to hear Germany's military strength ascribed in a measure to her autocratic system of government. Certainly democracy had a very terrible price to pay for victory.

If it be true that modern democracy can neither prevent war nor wage it save at undue cost, its incapacity to deal with what is probably the greatest evil to which modern civilization is exposed is a serious count against that form of government. But before we assume that the charge is true, democracy should at least be heard, and there is the more reason for this in that the alternative system of government has a record in the conduct of war which is by no means beyond reproach.

It has often been said that the autocratic system is superior, at least in time of war, because it admits of a closer alliance between policy and strategy than any other; but Napoleon, who in his own person directed both, failed to hold the balance between the two, and for that reason more than any other brought about his own downfall and all but ruined his country, while in the Great War Germany's failure to coördinate policy and strategy contributed directly to her defeat, and the memoirs of Ludendorff disclose a state of friction between soldiers and statesmen as great as any that existed in the countries of Germany's enemies. It would appear, then, to be at least possible that mistakes in the conduct of war are not necessarily the consequence of any particular form of government, but may be due to causes which are remediable, whether the form of government be an autocracy, a constitutional monarchy, or a republic.

We are too near to the events of the World War to make it possible to examine dispassionately the relations which existed between statesmen and soldiers in the countries concerned, nor have we yet, save as regards such portions of the war as have been the subject of official inquiry, the material needed to enable us even to begin a

judicial examination of questions which bristle with controversy. But some sixty years ago there was fought out a bitter and protracted struggle between two democracies, and the documents relating to the conduct of that struggle are unusually complete and accessible.

The similarity, in their broad lines, of the problems of the American Civil War and of the Great War has struck more than one critic. In both one side held, relatively to the other, a central position, and it happened in each war that the side which was centrally placed was exposed to the rigors of a blockade. In both there were numerous theatres of war, and in both the coördination of effort was difficult, yet urgently needed. 'Unity of command' is a phrase which appears at an early stage of both struggles in the correspondence of soldiers and statesmen. In both wars there were two main fronts, and in both there was a controversy as to which front should be regarded as decisive. Easterners and Westerners fought in council and on paper sixty years ago as they did ten years ago. It has seemed to me, therefore, to be worth while to examine critically, in the light of our own recent experience, the method of conducting war adopted by North and South in the years 1861-1865, in the hope that this inquiry may help us to decide whether the British Constitution, while — to quote Lord Salisbury again — 'unequaled for producing happiness, prosperity, and liberty in time of peace,' becomes but a feeble instrument when battle is joined. Such an inquiry has this of interest: that it brings into contrast widely different characters, minds, and methods. It would be hard to find men more diverse as statesmen than Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, as soldiers than Lee and Grant. In the clash of personalities we may hope to discern some spark of truth.

I

I propose to begin with Jefferson Davis, who has been as bitterly criticized as has the leader of any cause which has been defeated. And this is natural, for, while it is the usual lot of statesmen and soldiers who have led a people to disaster to share the obloquy and abuse of quondam friends and foes, in this case the soldier, Robert E. Lee, had the rare experience of retaining in defeat the devoted affection of his men, and of gaining the respect of his former enemies. There remained, therefore, but one of the chief targets of criticism, which gained in volume by concentration. Much of this had to do with the causes of the conflict. There have been many less competent statesmen in time of war than Jefferson Davis. It happened that he was opposed to a giant, and the inevitable comparison has made him appear to be a dwarf, which he was not. In another milieu he would have appeared to be an administrator of more than average competence; where he failed was in the general direction of military operations, in combining policy and strategy; and he failed there because he had never worked out in his mind a system for the conduct of war.

When Jefferson Davis was chosen to be President of the Southern Confederacy he possessed an unusual equipment for a statesman confronted with problems of war. The son of a small farmer of the South, he obtained through the influence of an elder brother a nomination to West Point, and passed through the Military Academy at a time when two men with whom he was to be closely associated, Robert E. Lee and J. E. Johnston, were there. He entered the United States Cavalry in 1828 and was engaged as a young officer in that Black Hawk War in which his great opponent, Abraham

Lincoln, served as a volunteer captain. But he tired of military service and, his elder brother having made a fortune as a cotton planter in Mississippi, he left the army to become, like his brother, a successful grower of cotton and employer of slaves. Turning his mind to politics, he was elected to Congress in 1845, and was a member of the Federal legislature when the Mexican War broke out. He then raised and commanded a regiment of Mississippi Rifles, which he took to the front, and at the battle of Buena Vista he gained with his regiment a somewhat facile success over the Mexicans which made him one of the heroes of the war. The effect of this upon his political career was immediate, and may be compared with the consequences of Roosevelt's not dissimilar exploits in Cuba. He was made a Senator at once, and became one of the protagonists of the Southern cause and eventually the Southern leader in the Senate. When Pierce became President, in 1853, he chose Davis as his Secretary of War, and for four years the future leader of the Confederacy controlled the War Department of the United States, returning in 1857 to the Senate to resume his advocacy of the Southern cause.

Naturally, then, when the breach came, the South turned to him and unanimously elected him President. In that position he had, out of such resources as the several states could provide, to create a government, an army, and a navy, to provide the Confederacy with a financial system, and to organize the supply of munitions and of war material. If the fact that the North was almost equally unready for war assured him of some leisure for these preparations, their magnitude would have taxed the capacity of the greatest organizer with unlimited time at his disposal. The South, in which the chief industries were the growing of cotton

and tobacco, was poor in manufacturing resources; all the powder factories and most of the coal and iron were in Northern territory, while the Federal fleet, if small at the outset, was sufficiently strong to make communication with Europe precarious even in the early days of the struggle. Criticism of Davis's war administration must therefore be tempered with a sense of the weight of the burden which he had to carry.

II

The Confederacy, on its creation, adopted the Constitution of the United States, with a preamble affirming the right of secession and with the addition of clauses securing the right of property in Negro slaves and making it the duty of Congress to protect slavery in any territory which might subsequently be acquired. Therefore both North and South possessed a Constitution which conferred on the President such powers as permitted him, if they did not specifically authorize him, to act as a dictator in time of war. These powers were freely used both by Jefferson Davis and by Abraham Lincoln, and on the whole this attempt to adapt to the needs of modern democracy the custom of the Roman Republic stood the test of a prolonged war amazingly well.

The practice of placing supreme authority temporarily in the hands of one man in a time of great emergency, when rapid decisions are frequently needed, has been proved by the experience of the Civil War to have, for the purpose of conducting war, most of the advantages which have been claimed for a permanent autocratic system of government. It may, however, be doubted whether the provision of the Constitution of the United States that makes the President Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy proved to be equally wise. The control of

military forces by the civil power could be assured in other ways and the distinction between control and command should be clear. In fact, as we shall see, on such occasions as either President was tempted to exercise the military functions of Commander-in-Chief he was usually unsuccessful, and in the event Jefferson Davis was forced by the pressure of circumstances and of public opinion to hand over those functions to another, while Abraham Lincoln abrogated them voluntarily.

Undoubtedly Jefferson Davis found his military experience to be of great value when he was shaping his administration; later he was tempted to rely unduly on that experience, and to take too much upon himself, a not uncommon failing with ministers who have some expert knowledge of the department which they administer. The greatest asset which he possessed was his knowledge of the character and qualifications of the officers in the Army of the United States. His first selections for command from among those who threw in their lot with the South proved him to be an exceptional judge of men. When he moved the Government of the Confederacy from Montgomery to Richmond he found in the capital of Virginia Robert E. Lee, whom he made his military adviser. He sent A. S. Johnston to the Mississippi front and chose J. E. Johnston and Beauregard to watch the Potomac. It is indeed rare that the selection of four commanders, made before a shot was fired, proves at the end of a long war to have been more than justified, though it must be confessed that some of Davis's later appointments to command in the west were less happy.

Davis has been accused of lack of energy in providing arms and equipment for the Confederate armies. The best answer to that charge is the fact that the Federal Government, with an

established organization, considerable manufacturing facilities, and free access to Europe, made at first little better progress, while our own recent experience of the time it takes to organize the manufacture of munitions and to obtain them from other countries should make us skeptical of suggestions that, in the first months of the war, Davis should have succeeded in providing arms for all who were willing to fight.

He has also been charged with neglecting to use the cotton of the South to provide his administration with financial facilities in Europe. There has been more misunderstanding about the influence of cotton upon the war than about any other of its features. By the time the Confederate Government had been constituted, the whole of the 1860-1861 cotton crop had been exported, and before the 1861-1862 crop was ready the Northern blockade had become sufficiently effective to make exportation in bulk impossible. There was no substantial neglect of opportunity. Davis, like most Southerners, had an excessive belief in the influence of 'King Cotton' in Europe. His conviction that a cotton famine would certainly cause Great Britain, and probably France, to intervene undoubtedly influenced his conduct of the war, and here he was wrong in his estimate of the situation. Professor Channing, in the latest volume of his *History of the United States*, has shown conclusively that when the war broke out there was a glut of cotton in Europe, and that the brokers of Manchester were actually reëxporting cotton to Northern ports as late as May 1862. Before the cotton famine had become severe Lincoln's first Emancipation Proclamation, of September 1862, by making abolition the prime issue in the struggle, so won over popular opinion in Great Britain as to remove what little prospect of

British intervention had ever existed, and later the distressed cotton hands of Lancashire were among those who sent addresses of sympathy and encouragement to the Federal President.

But if Davis was wrong in this respect his administrative measures at the beginning of the war compare favorably with those taken during the same period at Washington. He cannot fairly be accused of lack of foresight, seeing that, when most of his countrymen believed that they would be allowed to secede without fighting, he insisted that the North would fight and fight hard. He was one of the few who foresaw and said publicly that the war would be a long one. He succeeded in getting Congress to change its proposal that first enlistments should be for sixty days in favor of a term of twelve months. Later he obtained authority for the acceptance of volunteers without limit of numbers for the duration of the war, and in April 1862 he had a conscription act passed. In many of these measures he had the advantage of the advice of Lee, but he had the merit both of recognizing good advice when he received it and of acting upon it. The terms of service of the Confederate Armies were more judiciously arranged than those of the North and this fact materially increased the power of resistance of the South.

III

I have been at pains to answer some of the critics of Davis's war administration and to show my agreement with those who take a kindly view of his capacity because, if he had been merely a blunderer, there would clearly be nothing to be learned from his experience. Davis was not a great man, but I believe him to have been above the average of war ministers, and during the first year of the war his experience

of affairs in general and of military affairs in particular made him a formidable opponent of Lincoln, who had no such experience. His weaknesses were due to his failure to insist that the interests of the Confederacy as a whole should take precedence of the interests of the individual states, to an excess of caution, and to a tendency to rely too much on his small military experience, which caused him to concern himself with minor details.

The first of these weaknesses was inherent in the Southern claim of the precedence of the rights of the states, but Davis appears often to have made little effort to get the states to relinquish their several rights for the common good, and even to have gone further sometimes than the states themselves required. One example will suffice. The Confederate law authorized the President to accept contingents from the states, but left him free to choose all the commanders of larger formations than regiments. *Esprit de corps* would naturally be promoted by keeping troops from the same state together, under a commander from that state, but the first essential was that the commander should be efficient. We find Davis writing on October 10, 1861, to Major-General G. W. Smith: 'Kentucky has a brigadier but not a brigade; she has, however, a regiment; that regiment and brigadier might be associated together. Louisiana had regiments enough to form a brigade, but no brigadier in either corps; all of the regiments were sent to that corps which was commanded by a Louisiana general. Georgia has regiments now organized into two brigades; she has on duty with the army two brigadiers, but one of them serves with other troops. Mississippi troops were scattered as if the state were unknown.'

There is in this letter and in a number of others of similar tenor no hint

that military exigences should be considered, or that commanders should possess some other qualification than a birthplace in a particular state. Ample evidence exists that Davis was subject to considerable political pressure on these and similar matters, but his position was sufficiently strong, at least in the first years of the war, to have made it possible for him to explain to his complainants that military requirements must have precedence over sentimental considerations and that such matters must be in the hands of the soldiers. As it was, his time was taken up with these details, which he should have insisted on leaving to his War Department, and his generals were worried and sometimes even seriously hampered by untimely requests to change commanders and reorganize troops. Later in the war a number of those generals who had most distinguished themselves proved to be Virginians, and in this the influence of Lee, a Virginian, was seen by jealous citizens of other states. There is good reason to believe that the difficulties between Lee and Longstreet, which had very serious consequences for the South, were not remedied by Davis because Longstreet, a gallant man and a good tactician, but a bad subordinate, was a favorite son of Georgia, and the President was fearful of offending that state.

This kind of difficulty usually arises when forces have to be raised at the outbreak of war. Kitchener has been considerably criticized because he did not use the existing Territorial Force for the expansion of the British Army in the Great War, but preferred to raise new armies *ab ovo*. The chief factor which influenced him was his memory of the pressure brought by county magistrates and persons of influence during the South African War to get employed at the front units which they had raised, or were prepared to raise,

according to their fancy, and he feared that similar influences would prevent the development of the systematic organization which he knew to be necessary. The best way to deal with this matter in a country which has not a system of compulsory service, and in which the general public is therefore usually ignorant of the principles and requirements of military organization, is to explain it frankly. A public eager to win the war and not lacking in common sense may be trusted to respond when it knows what is wanted and why it is wanted. If Davis had exercised in this matter the same courage which he displayed in getting the conscription act adopted, which might fairly have been considered a violation of state rights, he would have rendered the South a very real service, and incidentally relieved himself of much vexatious labor.

IV

But the Confederate President's desire to foster state sentiment, doubtless for what he believed to be good military reasons, led him to make an even more serious mistake. He organized the Confederacy into military departments, placing a general in command of all troops in each department. Such an arrangement, excellent in time of peace, was fatal in time of war, for the military situation took no account of geographical boundaries, while the departments followed, in the main, state lines. The Mississippi early in the war was seen by the Federals, with their command of the sea, to be a promising line of attack, but the great river was a dividing line between Confederate military departments, and lack of co-operation between them was one of the reasons why Lincoln was able, in July 1863, to proclaim that 'the father of waters goes again unvexed to the sea.'

Nor was this all. For a great part of

the war the only coördinating authority between the several departments was the President himself, and he had neither the military competence nor the leisure to arrange and direct timely concentration. The consequence of this was that the Confederacy failed to obtain the fullest advantage from its central position, which was the greatest strategical advantage it possessed. When Lee was at Davis's side there was combination, and the first battle of Bull Run was won because of J. E. Johnston's opportune junction with Beauregard. But for a great part of the war Lee was not in Richmond, and combination between departments was then the exception. It is, however, only fair to Davis to say that in 1861 no Power in Europe save Prussia had devised an effective system for the provision of military advice to the head of the State in time of war. Davis's military knowledge was sufficient to keep him from interfering, save exceptionally, with the operations of his generals in the field, his interference being usually confined to matters of organization and personnel; but that military knowledge was insufficient to enable him to appreciate the difficulties of and the need for unity of direction of forces scattered over a wide area. Failing to understand the difficulties, he could produce no solution. Here is one more example of the danger of a little knowledge. Davis's small experience of war had taught him what a name and an association may mean to soldiers. He recalled the pride which his Mississippi Rifles in the Mexican campaign had taken in their name and in their state connection, and remembered what this had meant in military efficiency. But he did not realize that the command of a battalion in the field might be an inadequate schooling for the direction of a great war.

When the news reached Richmond

that the first battle of the war was about to be joined, the soldier in Davis took control. Having once smelled powder, he could not keep away from a battlefield, and he took train for Manassas Junction on the way to Bull Run. The rear even of a victorious army in battle is never a pleasant sight; and the President, on arriving at the Junction, met, first, stragglers with tales of disaster; then, as he rode forward to the battlefield, more stragglers and wounded, with stories of loss and suffering. He endeavored by personal exhortation to stop what he conceived to be a rout, and was appealing in impassioned tones to the soldiers to rally and to do their duty, when a senior officer, who was having a slight wound dressed near by, told him gruffly that the men were his and had won the day. The officer was Jackson, who had just gained that sobriquet, 'Stonewall,' with which he was to go down to history.

Having chosen to appear on the battlefield, Davis had to take the consequences. There was no Confederate pursuit after the first battle of Bull Run, and a disappointed public jumped to the conclusion, from the fact of the President's presence in the field, that there had been political interference with the soldiers. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement of the two very capable Confederate generals on the spot — J. E. Johnston and Beauregard — that the disorder consequent upon engaging very partially trained troops in battle made pursuit impossible. Pursuit after battle is one of the most difficult operations of war, and the number of successful pursuits even by highly trained armies is small. It is possible that pursuit in the air may be a normal sequel of future victories, and have results as deadly as those of Allenby's air pursuit in the battles of Megiddo; but as the nervous

strain of battle increases, pursuit on land is likely to be less, rather than more, frequent. An eager public has always expected, and but rarely been gratified by, a dramatic pursuit after victory.

Davis, like his public, expected pursuit after Bull Run. He met J. E. Johnston and Beauregard on the night of the battle, inquired whether pursuit had been ordered, and, on hearing that no troops had been sent forward, became the Commander-in-Chief. He asked what troops were available and himself dictated what he proudly claimed after the war was an order for pursuit. It turns out to have been nothing but an order for a reconnoissance by two regiments of infantry, some cavalry, and a battery of artillery, which were ordered to 'scour the country and roads' to the front, to collect wounded and all abandoned stores. A very amateur conception of a pursuit after a victory.

V

If it was not possible for the Confederate troops to advance from the field of Bull Run across the Potomac and carry the war into Northern territory, it soon became not only possible but urgently necessary to do this. The North was much depressed by the defeat; the general in command in Washington was expecting and was apprehensive of attack. The term of service of the militia, which had been enlisted for three months, and formed a considerable part of the Federal Army, had expired and new levies were required to replace it. The North had its difficulties in creating a supply of arms and munitions, and was at this early stage of the war far less well supplied than was supposed in the South. The loss of a quantity of war material at Bull Run was therefore a serious matter. Indeed,

at no period of the war was the North so vulnerable; but, given time, the loss would be made good, new armies could be created. Clearly, then, the policy for the South was to allow the North as little time as possible for recovery.

But it was at this period of the war that Davis showed himself to be at his weakest. Lee had been sent off to conduct a difficult campaign in the mountains of Western Virginia, and the President, left to himself, was seen to have no policy save to protect as much of Southern territory as might be and hope for foreign intervention. This was a futile policy: futile politically because the border states, Kentucky, Missouri, Western Virginia, and Maryland, were wavering, — they might be won by enterprise; they would certainly be lost by inaction, — futile militarily because to give an enemy with superior resources time to develop those resources was to make him a present of what he needed most.

The soldiers saw all this. J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, and Augustus Smith were all agreed that, given reënforcements, which they believed to be available, they could and should take the offensive. But August slipped by, and September, and nothing was done. Then, on October 1, Davis came, at Johnston's request, to the army for a conference with his generals. Johnston said he needed 19,000 men to enable him to invade Maryland. Smith thought 10,000 would suffice. The President answered that he had not a man to give them. More than the number Johnston asked for were guarding the coasts against possible raids by the Federal fleet. That fleet, weak as it then was, saved the North from a great danger.

In Davis's defense it may be said that there were risks in weakening the garrisons on the coast. The South at this time was uncertain and nervous

as to the effect of the war upon the large Negro population in its midst. When the white men went off to the war women and children were left in the midst of Negroes. There were fears that Federal incursions might be the signal for servile risings, and the President was inundated with demands for the protection of exposed points. Davis, who could never make up his mind to take risks for a great end, yielded to these demands and adopted a policy of passive defense, which he mitigated with proposals for enterprises of so minor an order that one is amazed to find the head of a State permitting himself to be concerned with such details. 'I hoped,' he wrote, 'that something could be done by detachments from the army to effect objects less difficult than an advance against his [the enemy's] main force, and particularly indicated the lower part of Maryland, where a small force was said to be ravaging the country and oppressing our friends. This I thought might be feasible by establishing a battery near to Acquia Creek, where the channel of the Potomac was said to be so narrow that our guns could prevent the use of the river by the enemy's boats, and by employing a steamboat lying there troops enough could be sent over some night to defeat that force and return before any large body could be concentrated against them.' The President, instead of devising a policy, plans the emplacement of a battery and the employment of a steamboat load of soldiers!

There is possibly another reason for Davis's reluctance to give Johnston the troops he needed. He disliked the soldier. That dislike may have originated at West Point, where Johnston was a model and Davis but an indifferent cadet. Be that as it may, Johnston, who was Quartermaster-General in the United States Army when he resigned

from its service, held, not without some reason, that Davis had treated him unfairly in the matter of his seniority in the Confederate Army, and expressed his opinion plainly. Davis's answer was brief and discourteous. Lee would never have troubled his head about such a matter; but Johnston was a man of different temper, and Davis, as head of the State, should have been big enough not to have quarreled with him as long as he wanted to use him. In the event, the ill feeling then begun grew, and the correspondence between the two shows the existence of friction so constant as to have affected seriously the cause both were serving. Neither of the men was blameless, but of the two Davis is the more blameworthy. Either he should not have given Johnston the most important command in the Confederate Army or, having placed him in it, he should have trusted him. To retain a general in command and bicker with him is not the act of a statesman. Johnston was one of the three ablest soldiers of the South, and Davis's treatment of him is among the less creditable acts of his Presidency. Davis eventually dismissed him in favor of a gallant but incompetent favorite, and Johnston was only in the last stage of the agony of the Confederacy called back to command by Lee, when Davis had handed his powers as Commander-in-Chief to that great soldier. Since Davis made no endeavor to stop Lee's invasions of Northern territory in circumstances certainly not more favorable than those which existed in the autumn of 1861, it may be that he had not sufficient confidence in Johnston to charge him with a mission which he held to be dangerous. There is little prospect of harmony between policy and strategy when there is discord between soldier and statesman.

The price of lost opportunities has to

be quickly paid in war, and the lethargy which followed the battle of Bull Run created the crisis of the spring of 1862. That battle, which acted as a spur to the North, sent the South to sleep. In the latter, strategy without a lead from policy was helpless. The people, finding their chiefs inactive, naturally assumed that no special effort was needed, and were the more alarmed when, before winter had gone, they found themselves menaced on all sides. In the west one Ulysses Grant captured, in February 1862, Forts Henry and Donelson, which guarded the roads into the Confederacy by the valleys of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, and thereby secured control of a great part of Tennessee. Federal naval and military expeditions had in March captured Hatteras Inlet and Roanoke Island off the coast of North Carolina, and Port Royal on the coast of South Carolina. The blockade was becoming more and more effective, and, greatest danger of all, a large and well-equipped army had been assembled and organized by McClellan on the Potomac, before the menace of which J. E. Johnston had retreated. Alarm in the South was turning to consternation, and the President, who had been the hero of 1861, became the target of criticism and abuse. But Davis appeared at his best in an emergency, and in this one he did a brave thing. Robert E. Lee, loudly acclaimed when he placed his sword at the service of his state, had proved a disappointment. The public, unaware of the valuable work he had done quietly in council and in office, knew only that he had been sent to command a force in Western Virginia, and had failed. But Davis had learned his value, and now his calling him to his side as military adviser made possible a swift change in the fortunes of war.

THE THIRD NOTE

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

No! do not speak! It is better to stand so
in air as palpable as water about us
with lips close-shut lest it should drown us. No!
we need not speak, since this had never been without us.

It is your hand in mine that has lit the lake,
a bowl with a lamp shining through alabaster,
a bowl some Ganymede has lifted to slake
the thirst divine of his tall white mountain-master.

It is your still gold head, in the wave of the wind
like a Naiad's head, that makes the great mountains dress
their spears at the salute. A thought in your mind
tumbled on the autumn trees their sunset loveliness.

It is because you stand, remote, above
the beauty of the world you are making, slender
as the slim reed at the young lips of love,
that Time has broken his sword, and the years surrender.

It is because you have leaned a little toward me,
not as a lover, but as the holier part
of the poet's mind, that this fugitive ecstasy
outpaces even what the heart can say to the heart.

For love has but two notes, and those notes shake
beyond themselves from the heard to the unheard note,
and so fall back. And in dark the lovers wake,
but we shall not wake in dark; for this is the third note.

GHEEL

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

SANDY, pine-covered levels of the Campine, then a return to the multi-colored carpet of vegetables and grains that covers most of Belgium. A cool green canal, more purple cabbages and flowering beans, and geese and cows in pasture. The spires of Saint Dimphna and Saint Amand. Our little train rolled quietly into the station of Gheel.

I was unencumbered and dropped lightly to the platform. Eagerly I looked about for Dr. Sano, who was to be my conductor through this extraordinary town, unique among the villages of the world, hospitable abode of disordered minds.

Some dozen stolid, amiable-looking Flemings lingered at the station, inspecting the train and the stranger. But no familiar Dr. Sano, nor could I catch sight of him anywhere along the wide paved street. In any like circumstance, in another town, I should have started off quickly to find him. But in Gheel I hesitated. Perhaps my face showed a certain anxiety; at any rate it was not long before a youngish, dark-haired man moved toward me and said in a friendly tone, 'If you wish to see the town, I will show it to you. It is small; we can make the tour as quickly as you like.'

'Well, why not?' I answered mentally. This might, after all, be a fruitful beginning. It would postpone by very little the real visit.

The young man appeared happy over my decision. We turned into the

clean, quiet street — quiet, but by no means deserted. What a pretty, fresh look the little place had, with its plain gray façades, its churches, and green fields in the distance! What an uncanny naturalness about it! Everywhere geraniums and lace behind the window glass. The perpetual Belgian pail and broom and mop in full activity, the perpetual painting of lintels and sills in progress. I peered inside the doorways when I could, and scrutinized the moving groups of grown-ups and children, but I noticed no strangeness in their general appearance. After a few minutes my sense of unreality had increased to the point where I was ready to call out, 'This cannot be; I have missed my station.' But my interesting guide, quite oblivious of my uneasy perplexity, led on. And then, in answer to my question, he replied in some astonishment, 'Mais oui, c'est bien Gheel!'

We had passed through the churchyard gate, and were following a winding path toward the oldest and most beautiful wall of the Cathedral of Saint Dimphna. As we walked, he suddenly stopped, facing quickly about. But even in advance of that swift movement she too had turned — the shadowlike figure in the purple calico dress and black sun hat — and stood already, her back toward us, before a tall gravestone, so close to it, so immovable, that she seemed a purple shadow thrown against the gray marble.

We watched her silently a few moments; then my guide began pointing out especially fine bits of carving over the chapel entrance. As we turned again down the path toward the gate, there, as still, seemingly as imponderable as the air, was the purple figure against the gray stone. Butterflies hovered about her.

Just outside the gate, children were playing with hoops and ropes. Again the startling naturalness of the cheery street and its tranquil people. Only fifteen minutes, and yet I could no longer support this sensation of the abnormality of the normality of the atmosphere of Gheel. I must go directly now to Dr. Sano.

'You have been most kind,' I began — but my guide was entirely absorbed in the approach of a villager.

'Ah, there you see' — he took me suddenly by the arm — 'a poor man, a demented one, for he has the hallucination that he is Jesus Christ. And you must know' — deeply and impressively — 'that I am the true Jesus Christ.'

I caught my breath. I had not missed my station!

He waited for no comment, serenely certain of my acceptance of him. And I realized that not far away I should find Napoleon and Charlemagne and Mohammed and Julius Cæsar, and others who at some moment had captured the world's imagination. Here they enjoyed a bizarre immortality.

II

A few more sights pointed out, and then at last Dr. Sano. After the first exclamations and explanations, 'But it was, after all, better this way,' he said. 'I could not have planned it so well. You have begun, however, near the end, for your conductor is almost restored to society. Now we will begin at the beginning.'

Dr. Sano, in charge of the colony of the insane at Gheel, is rather below than above medium height, slight, with brown hair and eyes and a neatly trimmed beard. His manner is strikingly quiet and sure. One has at once the impression of a man whose energies are focused, whose devotion to an ideal is complete.

We walked away from the centre of the town, — the Director has no motor, — turned into an avenue of magnificent trees, and soon reached a pleasant red-brick building set in a park — the Infirmary and administration centre. Some eight or ten aids were standing at desks in an advance office, beyond which we found Dr. Sano's plain little room with its books and reports.

My disquietude over the incongruity of the usualness of Gheel did not surprise him. 'But I warned you of that,' he smiled. 'The uninformed visitor does not realize that it differs from other pretty Flemish towns. And just there, of course, is our triumph. Here we have a city of eighteen thousand inhabitants, and we bring to them three thousand insane — one insane for every six sane — whom they must guard and nurse, who will share their houses and their work in the fields or at small trades, or who will pass their days aimlessly following their careers of emperors or Christs. And we manage the commingling of normal and abnormal so naturally that you, a normal, are unstrung as you comprehend it.'

In truth, day and night each patient is under surveillance, but that surveillance is so naturally a part of the life of the inhabitants that one is unaware of it. The least child is almost unconsciously a guardian. If he sees an *innocent* wandering too far away, he leads him home. If he suspects trouble anywhere, he quickly reports it either to the family concerned or to the

district physician — the town is divided into five sections, each in charge of an expert alienist. For thirteen centuries children have been born into this milieu; to watch an innocent is as normally a part of their day as to eat a tartine.

Nothing more natural, then, than the naturalness of the surveillance. The great majority of families share their lives with either one or two guests; in fact, the family that has none is rather looked down upon as a slacker. To have them in the house has become a habit, even a necessity; and this is the very core of the explanation of Gheel's success. But that is the 'time' story, and must wait.

Incoming patients are received in the Infirmary and held for observation until the method of treatment is determined and they can be properly placed in families. Here they return, later, during periods of excitation or when for some reason they need special watching.

They enter Gheel from all parts of Belgium and from foreign countries as well. There is, of course, a special selection before anyone is sent at all. Since the purpose is to give each individual a course of treatment calculated to bring him back into society, no case known to be hopelessly a danger to society can be accepted. There is thus no place for imbeciles, who completely lack a base on which to build. A mental aberration may be cured; an imbecile, who may have been quiet for years, remains still an imbecile.

'We do not wish a stationary colony, and indeed there is much movement in it,' said Dr. Sano. 'From six hundred to seven hundred arrive each year; about one hundred and fifty are sent back to society, about one hundred and fifty are returned to asylums, and about one hundred and thirty-five — approximately four per cent — die.'

Immediately after the war there was

a marked increase in the number of patients sent, and after the enactment of Belgium's partial prohibition law a marked decrease, especially in cases of delirium tremens and kindred ailments. In the past three years there has been again an increase, due probably, the Gheel physicians believe, to a larger percentage of alcohol in beer and a more prevalent use of port wine.

Patients come from all classes of society, but in Gheel they are thought of as belonging to one of three classes: there are the poor, those from families fairly well off, and those from families better off. There is besides, since the war, a special colony for children. The State pays for the indigent — two and a half francs a day to the family host; but to that is added the labor of the guest. To many a peasant the innocent is as much an asset as the family cow. Relatives pay as they are able — sometimes as much as ten or fifteen francs a day, and the innocents thus paid for need not work unless they choose to.

All have the same relation to the Infirmary. An anthropological dossier, as complete as possible, is prepared for each, and as complete a history of his heredity and environment as can be obtained, including all the direct and indirect causes of his dementia. From that information the line of proposed treatment is determined and the family host is chosen.

I asked again about the proportion of insane to sane.

'We do not feel that we can hope for the results we aim at if our percentage is more than one to six. Five or six times other countries have tried to imitate our experiment and have failed, largely because they did not sufficiently realize this principle of separation, of favorable proportion, in our eyes so important.'

Some patients need not pass through the Infirmary. It is often an advantage

if the dossier can be carefully prepared in advance, and the placing arrangements made. The *aliené* has been told that he will be taken to the country. He will not, then, have the further disillusionment of finding himself again in detention.

The choice of the family is of the utmost importance. Not everyone can qualify. Those who aspire to be listed as hosts must give proof of irreproachable conduct and good will. If they can do that they are given professional instruction to prepare them for their delicate *métier* of nurse-friend. In general, the direction attempts to give the newcomer an accustomed environment. If he has been an artisan, he is lodged with an artisan's family. Patients from cities are placed with families of the bourgeoisie in the middle of the town, while those from the country live with *cultivateurs*. The great number of available families permits much liberty of choice, and the adaptation of the *aliené* to his new environment can be made under excellent conditions.

'This is the Infirmary,' the Director concluded, 'the starting point of our work — our laboratory, and at the same time our hospital. And just leaving it, there, is Dr. —, in charge of readaptation. When a physician thinks a patient in his district is ready to return to the world, he gives him over to this specialist.

'It is highly desirable that the person going back to society should find himself in a new environment, where no familiar conditions will facilitate the return of the old malady. And he must, of course, be surrounded by the best moral influences. But that is another story — that of his return to the world, and of our increasing effort to engage the coöperation of larger and larger groups of normal citizens to help him remain there. Groups, for instance, like the volunteer one in Antwerp.'

III

We went from the Infirmary to visit a few of the *alienés* in their homes, beginning in the simplest peasant house, — simple, yet a perfect Breughel picture, — a kind of shop-counter in front, where the robust wife was arranging her raisins and a few provisions, the big general room at the left, where the man was smoking after the midday meal and the children and two innocents were cleaning up. Dr. Sano had entered without knocking — every door is his own door. From all there was a smiling welcome.

These were both congenital cases, paid for by the State. One was a flaxen-haired, pink-cheeked young woman, who had worked all morning in the vegetable field at the rear, who did not once speak, but kept very close to us, smiling continually; the other was a deaf-mute, dark and agitated. At the moment of our entrance she had begun running back and forth, clapping her hands and uttering weird cries. The mistress had gone to fetch the 'patient's book,' which every family must keep, recording the name, date of arrival, and various facts regularly reviewed by the attendant physician, and we did not read any meaning in all this agitation until she returned.

'Oh, I think it must be the new calf,' she laughed; and we followed to that most fascinating part of every Belgian homestead, the animal-shed. There the excitement culminated. It was, indeed, the calf that the deaf-mute wished us to see. Her cries ceased, but she continued running about between the lambs and the geese, clapping her hands. She had been chiefly engaged all morning in caring for these animals.

We inspected the small, airy bedrooms, each with its window looking on the garden, and then went on to a family a little higher in the social scale.

There they had just begun dinner — the postman, his wife, several children, and two young men guests. No disturbance over our visit, though all got up to greet us. One of the young men, as he stood with closed eyes and delicate immobile face, seemed asleep. Dr. Sano took his hand; it was purple. 'You will scarcely believe,' he said, 'that there is much improvement here; yet I have strong hope for this young man.'

In this case there is no question of a contribution in labor; the family pays and the hosts carry out the prescribed treatment. At the rear of the house again the gardens and the quarters for the animals, among them a goat that furnishes the milk ordered for the young man who seemed asleep.

A few doors farther along we found a still more comfortable type of home, and again two guests — women. The fair and gay one was at work with threads and beads; her companion was dark and melancholy and unoccupied. And while the bead-worker was happily excited over our praise of her chains, the other's burning glance asked, 'Your praise, how can it interest her? How can she laugh?' 'In prison,' she muttered, as we passed her. Originally a menopause case, she has been there sixteen years.

We next visited the daughter of a former director of Gheel and her two charges. The fine old house was surrounded by green lawns and great trees and flowering red-rose bushes. Monsieur Louis, the brother of a French physician, was crossing the hall as we entered, but he paid no attention to Dr. Sano when he called him. It was only when Madame herself went to fetch him that he came, and then for some time he would have nothing to do with us; but finally Dr. Sano's questions about a proposed visit to his brother in France brought him round.

A proposed visit! Louis has been in Gheel thirty-six years!

'You do some work? What is it?' I asked.

M. Louis shook his head.

'Oh, yes, he is very busy indeed,' Madame interrupted quickly. 'He keeps constantly *au courant* with all that goes on in the village. I need never leave the house, for M. Louis reports all the news. Then he is continually going on errands for me — which is not saying, however, that he may not add to or subtract from my commission,' she laughed. 'Yes, indeed, he is a very much occupied person!'

'And what news of Mr. John?' Dr. Sano inquired. Mr. John is the brother of an English physician, and was away in England to have some dental work done. He too has been in Gheel many years, — seventeen, — but he has improved enough to be able to make the journey to his brother unaccompanied.

In similar surroundings we found a tall, blue-eyed Englishman, who at once offered me cloth samples and proceeded to write down my measurements in a little book. 'I hope the last suit was all right?' he questioned anxiously, and his blue eyes shone with satisfaction when I told him it was. He goes freely about the town, always taking measurements, delivering imaginary suits, and being continually assured that they have proved satisfactory.

Here, too, was the prettiest, most exquisitely graceful Irish girl. As soon as she had heard us coming, she had run upstairs to adorn herself, to appear in a few minutes with her brown curls charmingly arranged, a flower at her belt, and tiny artificial ones wreathed about a cross she had hung from her throat. Such dainty ways and graces as she curtsied and smiled! Such a deliciously musical voice as she followed her fancies! An artist to her finger tips.

'Yes, they came, Ina and Michael, and you did not keep it from me. Ina had flowers in her hair.' Then suddenly, tragically breaking — 'But why did she steal in at dawn and tear the clothes from me?'

I do not know how, but Dr. Sano quieted her. She had just passed a period in the Infirmary and he was watching her closely.

'But I want to go and take care of your mother,' she appealed to him. 'I *must* take care of her.'

'No, mother is quite all right there in Antwerp.' He patted her shoulder.

'Then your wife — I *must* take care of her.'

'Yes, you can take care of her,' he agreed, and she was happy again. 'Bon jour!' She tiptoed about me. 'I will speak French with you,' and she threw me an airy kiss.

How merciful, that space in which she still may circle and curtsy and run upstairs to adorn herself!

IV

I had lived many years close to a hospital for the insane and had become accustomed to the red-brick city set apart. But this was different. Here was no visible demarcation. Here the insane abide with the sane. Only the invisible border line, crossed and re-crossed by the errant spirit. She talked of her flowers, then in a lightning flash was a planet away. He showed me a Gothic doorway, then he too was beyond my reach. I felt the ground slipping from under me. Here all was adumbration, evanescence — so many degrees of approach and retreat. Where, after all, *was* the border line? How insupportably poignant! How slight the mooring of any spirit! Yes, to succeed, this experiment demands the equable, unemotional Flemish temperament; a less equable one would fail.

These were all milder cases, whom a visitor would least disturb, but their relation to the household is typical. Everywhere I felt how truly at home they are. They are valued, almost revered guests, largely because they are a source of income, — because their work in the fields or the house is a distinct asset, — but also because from early centuries Gheel has considered it her religious duty to give hospitality to the insane. To-day the work is a state work, but the religious tradition still strongly persists.

And just here is the most dramatic aspect of this accomplishment. It traces its origin, not to some highly specialized modern laboratory, to recently developed experiment centres, but to faith in the power of a sixth-century saint to cast out devils! There have been three stages in the development of this extraordinary community work: the first, or purely religious period, when the insane pilgrims who believed that through Saint Dimphna's intercession they would be cured lived in cells adjunct to her Cathedral, and in families closely connected with it; the second, when they were grouped around a communal hospital; and the third or present period, dating from 1852, in which the State has entire supervision over them.

Tradition places the beginnings of the practice of housing the 'possessed' in this village of northern Belgium as early as the martyrdom of Saint Dimphna, in the sixth century. Historically it dates at least from the fourteenth century. When the cells adjoining the Cathedral proved insufficient to house the suppliants, families devoutly offered their rooms, and so the work spread. From the point of view of her achievement there is no more interesting saint in the whole Catholic calendar than Saint Dimphna.

Her story is beautifully carved on the

altarpiece of the Cathedral. It represents her in the dim sixth century fleeing from Ireland and the pagan father who tried to force her to marry him. After long wanderings she and an aged confessor found themselves in the Campine, where they set up a chapel. There Dimphna's days were filled with holy works, and love for her spread through the whole region. But the father relentlessly pursued her. One of his agents discovered a piece of Irish money in an Antwerp tavern. How had it come there? Why, they told him, the holy woman of the Campine had Irish money. And so they hunted her down. The incestuous demand was repeated, and again Dimphna repulsed her father. His soldiers assassinated the aged priest; he himself cut off his daughter's head.

The carving shows him, with the devil that possessed him standing close behind. In the last panel the innocents crowd about the martyr, now Saint Dimphna. She who had power to resist her father's devil would surely help them to free themselves of their own. A woman in epilepsy leans backward, the epilepsy devil escaping from her head. 'That is as accurate a portrayal of a position in epilepsy as the one in Dr. Charcot's office in Paris,' Dr. Sano explained. The imbecile, the others in the foreground — all are remarkable. And so inevitably Saint Dimphna's shrine became more and more a holy place of pilgrimage for the demented; and, as we have seen, the custom of offering them hospitality spread from the Cathedral outward.

Behind the present altar is the actual shrine, lifted aloft on carved supports.

The exquisite silver *châsse* rests in the crypt below. Each May, after the procession of aliené pilgrims has marched three times around the nave, they must drop to their knees at the side of the shrine, and on their knees pass under it. If this feat is successfully accomplished, the innocent may hope to be cured. 'Good medical sense too in that,' Dr. Sano commented. 'There is hope in such capacity to direct movement.'

Tradition reports wonderful cures in the name of Saint Dimphna. And wonderful cures are still wrought in Gheel. Here is no conflict between science and religion, for the last word of science repeats the early word of religion. To-day the city's device might well present Religion and Science, hands clasped, welcoming the innocent.

We inspected the ancient cells, now kitchen and living quarters for Cathedral attendants, and passed into the churchyard by the lovely old door my guide of the morning had brought me to see.

'You will find buried here, with the villagers, demented ones from Poland, from Czechoslovakia, from other far places,' Dr. Sano pointed out, as we looked across the serried ranks of stones. 'They mingled in life; here they are together in death.'

Then, just as my earlier guide had done, he suddenly wheeled swiftly about, and there again close behind us was the purple-clad figure. And again she glided noiselessly to a grave. As we passed through the gate I stood for a moment to watch her, immovable, a purple shadow against the gray stone.

DAWN

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

I

BARBARA felt she could not be blamed for detesting Frank Wallace even before she saw him. The Wallace twins lived next door, and those stupid fourteen-year-old boys talked of nothing else but Frank from morning to night. He hated girls; he could shin up a flagpole, using only one hand; he could lick a fellow twice as big as he was; he was a 'peachy' rider; he was coming to stay a whole week, maybe longer. Barbara told her mother she simply wanted to scream every time she saw the twins coming. But she never did more than say, 'Huh — your old Frank!' and walk away haughtily.

It could n't be that she was jealous. She was sure she was not of a jealous nature. When the twins boasted that their cousin Frank could ride better than any old girl, she did n't even laugh, though the idea was utterly absurd. Why, she had been riding since she was a child, and in only seven months she would be sixteen years old. Besides, it was ridiculous to say that a boy could do anything better than she could.

He was coming on Monday, and his coming made no difference whatever in Barbara's life. She did n't even see him. She was very busy with her own affairs.

Tuesday afternoon she glued up a crack in the handle of her riding crop, and when it was done she went into the living-room. Mother was sitting by the window, sewing, and Barbara stopped

to look at her, because the sun was shining on her red hair. No other girl in the world, Barbara thought, had a mother quite so beautiful as hers. Just to look at her sitting there, with her hair shining, and that look that was n't quite a smile on her face, and the white stuff in her lap, made one have a feeling — a warm, happy feeling, yet queer, too.

Mother looked up and saw the riding crop. She said at once, 'Oh, Barbara, surely you are n't going to ride this hot afternoon? You'll make yourself sick, dear.'

Barbara had n't thought of riding until that minute, but of course she said in a disappointed voice, 'Well, Mother, if you're going to be upset about it — It is n't hot down by the river, honestly it is n't; it's shady there. Don't you think I'm old enough to be trusted to take care of myself?'

Mother sighed a little, breaking off her thread and knotting it again. 'I wish you were n't such a tomboy, Barbara,' she said. Barbara knew that meant she might go, so now she felt that she must. She did n't bother to change into riding breeches. She had n't really wanted to ride, and everyone was too busy keeping cool to notice what she had on.

Bobby was furious at being taken out. All the way down the driveway he walked stiffly, his head down. The Wallace twins were lying under a tree on their lawn, and someone was with them — a tall boy, stretched out in the shade.

There he was, the smarty! Barbara's heart began to thump. Why not show him some real riding?

She felt that the idea was unworthy of her, but at the same time she felt that the opportunity was too good to lose. With Bobby in such a temper, she'd need only to tickle his stomach, which he could n't bear to have touched at any time, and he'd buck wildly.

The dusty road wavered in the heat, and drops of perspiration were already trickling down her back. It would be mean to tease Bobby. She would n't do it.

Barbara gathered up the reins and Bobby trotted obediently down the path to the Wallace lawn. When they were close to the group under the tree, suddenly she struck Bobby lightly under the stomach with her whip. He stopped indignantly. She touched him again, and felt him crouch as he gathered all his four little hoofs close together under him. 'Now!' Barbara thought. She would sit him easily, splendidly, nonchalantly. Frank Wallace should see that a girl could ride!

Bobby sprang straight up into the air, and came down with a jerk. He sprang again. Frank was sitting up now. So were the twins. This was an old story to them, but they were always interested, thinking there was a chance she might be thrown. Bobby was leaping and leaping again, with magnificent sidewise twists, the muscles under his smooth skin quivering with rage. Barbara sat straight and smiling, the riding crop lightly dangling from her wrist. She wanted to shout triumphantly, rocking there in the saddle; but she preferred an effect of supercilious ease, so she continued to smile, though it was difficult not to be jerky about it.

Bobby's leaps were less violent; he was tiring of the game. Barbara had always let him stop when he wanted to,

but this time she struck him again, lightly. With a snort of astonishment Bobby jumped forward, stopped suddenly, and ducked his head. Barbara pitched over it.

It was so horrible that she could n't believe it was true. There she was, on the ground, between the twins. She drew her legs up under her and crouched there, hiding her face in her hands. The twins were rolling on the grass, yelling with laughter. Barbara knew she could never hold up her head again so long as she lived. She wanted to crawl away somewhere and die. Frank was n't laughing with the twins, but in a minute he would be. She could n't bear to go on living.

She felt two hands on her wrists, pulling her to her feet. He was looking at her with anxious blue eyes. She realized then that Frank Wallace was very good-looking, that his hair was black and wavy, and that he was wearing a smart sport shirt, open at the neck. 'Aw, that's too bad!' he was saying. 'D' he hurt you?'

Barbara stammered something about being all right. She had a horrible feeling that she was going to cry. She *would* n't cry. Nobody'd ever catch her crying in front of any boy.

The twins were still laughing, and Dexter, the blonde twin, began to hoot: 'Look at Frank — holding hands! Frank's holding hands with Barbara! Oo-oo-oo, Fra-a-ank!'

Frank dropped Barbara's wrists and turned on the twins. 'You shut up!' he said sternly, taking a step toward Dexter. Both twins scrambled to their feet and backed away, their mouths open.

'Get out!' Frank said.

He was so lordly, standing there with his arm flung out, that it was easy to see he was a born leader of men. Dexter and Johnny slunk around the corner of the house without a word. Then Frank turned on his heel and folded his arms.

In any other boy this would have been funny, but Frank seemed so strong and brave. Barbara felt that he could do anything.

She had always known that she was a person of action, very impulsive and decided, but now she was standing there, tongue-tied, looking at her feet. She realized that the occasion called for sweet graciousness on her part, but she could only remember how she must have looked, sprawling on the grass.

Frank began to kick at a pebble. Then he leaned over, picked it up, and threw it in a beautiful whizzing curve against a telegraph pole. The shock of the pebble's striking startled Bobby, who was cropping grass at the edge of the lawn, and seeing this gave Barbara an excuse to do something. She dashed over to Bobby, took the reins, and walked away toward home with as much dignity as she could. Instantly she heard Frank running after her.

'Listen — wait a minute —'

Barbara stopped on the driveway. 'Yes?' she said, fluttering. She thought she must seem like a perfect idiot.

'Say,' he said, in a funny breathless voice, 'I — I think you 've got awfully pretty hair.'

Barbara was astounded. Boys had always called her 'Carrot-top.' But she had to answer him. 'It needs washing awfully,' she said, and walked on.

Tears of misery smarted in her eyes as she hurried up the driveway to the stable, dragging Bobby after her, and not looking back. She ran to her own cool little bedroom as quickly as she could, and sat there, hunched in a chair. Of all the things she might have said, to have come out with that! Being pitched off Bobby served her right for trying to show off, but why had she kept on being an utter fool? When he said that to her, she might have said something brilliant and careless, like, 'Oh, really? Do you think so? I had n't noticed, myself.

Awfully hot day, is n't it?' But no; she had to blurt out that she needed a shampoo, and then stalk off without even thanking him.

A tiny breeze came in and touched her hot cheeks. Daddy was mowing the lawn, and the gentle sound of whirring mixed with her thoughts. She wanted some lemonade, but she was too miserable to go downstairs for it. If she'd only acted like anything but a silly fool, perhaps — She caught her breath. Had — love — come to her at last? Perhaps it was for this that she had scorned all other boys. But now all was in ruins. The thought of what might have been swept over her. She saw herself coming in from a long ride, and Frank helping her to dismount. She slipped from the saddle into his arms, and he held her so for a moment, tenderly. But she disengaged herself with gentle dignity. His love for her would only be the greater. 'My dear,' he said, 'you cannot know how great is my respect for you.' She rested her hand for a moment on his bowed head, and he dared to hope that some day, perhaps —

Then another picture came, and strangely disturbed her. She knew some girls were kissed by boys, but it had always seemed silly to her and she had been sure that she would not allow it. But now — she saw herself standing on the porch in the moonlight. Frank was there, quite close to her, looking at her, and suddenly she felt all trembly. He came closer and closer; he put his arms around her and whispered in her ear. 'Dearest,' he whispered. And then —

Barbara jumped to her feet. 'No!' she heard herself saying in a queer voice. 'No, no, please don't!' She was frightened, she did n't know why, and tried to push the picture out of her mind. She walked back and forth, trying to think of something else. Once she thought of going down and telling Mother about it,

but somehow she knew Mother would n't like it.

'Barbara!' Mother called from the foot of the stairs. 'Dinner's ready.'

She felt a tremendous relief, as though she had come home from some strange place. After all, nothing had happened except in her own mind. Almost happy again, she hurried to wash and change her clothes. He would n't want to kiss her anyway, and even if he did want to, he could n't do it if she would n't let him. So everything was all right.

II

Next morning it rained. Barbara had always liked storms; they gave her such a feeling of being safe and cozy in the house. On rainy days mother let her make candy, or she could rummage in the attic and dress up in old-fashioned clothes. Mother seemed to enjoy it almost as much as she did.

But this time Barbara could n't settle down to anything. She did n't feel like making candy, and dressing up seemed so childish. She wondered what the Wallaces were doing, but she was too dismal to do any imagining about it. She roamed over the house, looking out of the windows and wishing something would happen. She did n't care what — just something. She watched the raindrops hurrying down the windowpanes, running together, making little silvery tracks. They thought they were going somewhere; then when they reached the bottom the poor things had to spread out — nothing more happened to them. Barbara felt sorry for them, cheated like that.

The wind howled, and the rain streamed on the roof. Even the trees looked wretched, thrashing their black dripping branches.

About two o'clock Mrs. Wallace telephoned, asking if Barbara might come over to spend the afternoon. 'She's

so energetic,' Mrs. Wallace said, 'I thought perhaps she'd wake up the boys. They're dragging around, more dead than alive.'

Mother told Barbara this, and added, 'Button your raincoat up tight, dear, and don't forget your rubbers.'

Barbara could hardly wait to get out among the merrily splashing raindrops. The wind whooped gayly, and the trees swung their branches as though they wanted to whoop with it. The world was a gay and joyous place. Even the Wallace house looked different, somehow. Barbara was struck by the way it stood out. It was as though she had never seen it before. And the lucky twins, having him around all the time — it must be wonderful for them!

She considered how she should act. After yesterday she must be careful about the impression she made. Should she be cold, and very grown-up, and polite? Or should she be gay and fascinating? She decided that the best plan would be to be gay and fascinating, gracious, but a little distant. He would see that she was not to be trifled with. Her heart was pounding.

Mrs. Wallace let her in. 'I'm so glad you've come, Barbara,' she said. 'Let me have those wet things. You'll find the boys in the living-room.' Mrs. Wallace need n't have bothered to tell her that, Barbara thought, because she could hear the phonograph playing some screechy song. She had always hated cheap song records. It was the twins' choice, she was sure.

When she came in, Frank was lying on the couch and the twins on the floor. Frank rose at once and shut off the phonograph. Barbara had never seen such courtesy in a boy. They shook hands. She was very gracious, and said not to mind her, but just to go on playing. Frank said, 'Aw, it's a bum record, anyway.' It was thrilling to see that they had the same taste in music.

After that they stood there awkwardly. Frank asked her if she liked to ride, and she said she did. He said he did, too. It was wonderful to feel that they had the same tastes in everything. But Barbara wished she could think of something interesting to say, something that would show how clever she was. It was so hard to be gracious when she could n't think of anything to say. But her mind seemed to have stopped, and they stood there until Frank said to Dexter, 'Say, why don't you kids go out and play in the barn?'

Dexter sat up lazily and yawned. 'Aw, no,' he said. 'It ain't any fun in the barn; is it, Johnny?'

'Nope,' said Johnny, promptly. He always agreed with Dexter.

Frank looked annoyed, but he did n't say any more. Barbara knew just how he felt; it was so tiresome to have children around all the time. She felt that she must do something, so she sat down on the floor and began to look through the dance records. In a little while she came across the new fox trot, the Limehouse Blues, and held it up to Frank. He put it on the phonograph, and when the first throbbing wail floated out his eyes began to sparkle. 'Say,' he said, 'let's dance.'

He was a beautiful dancer. Barbara was surprised; he was slim, yet he looked rather heavy, and she had thought he might be stiff. But he was not. He glided across the floor slowly and easily, keeping perfect time. Barbara could have danced on forever. The only flaw in her good time was the twins. They had n't moved from the floor, and they began to grab at her feet. It was perfectly horrid of them! Barbara felt sorry for Mrs. Wallace, who had tried so hard to bring the twins up well. She hoped Mrs. Wallace would never know how they were behaving in Frank's presence.

Frank behaved admirably. He was

awfully mad, Barbara could see that, but he did n't say a word. He merely kicked at them, *hard*, every time he danced near them.

When the music stopped, the twins were whispering and giggling; then suddenly they got up and ran out of the room. It was much nicer then. Frank played the Limehouse Blues over and over again, and when they were tired of dancing they sat on the table and talked. Every little while they danced again, just for a change.

Frank said he had known a great many dancers, but he had never known any so good as Barbara. She said she thought he danced perfectly himself. Frank said his father said there was going to be another war, and if there was he was going to be a captain in it. Barbara could just see him, brave and inspiring, leading his men over the top; she had felt right away that he would be like that. She said that if there was another war she was going as a nurse. It was strange that they could tell each other about their inmost thoughts. She had never before found anyone who understood her.

Frank's eyes lighted up, and he said he'd probably be terribly wounded, and maybe he'd get to the hospital where Barbara was, and she could nurse him.

They were so startled by the way in which life always works out for the best, and by the thought of how wonderful it would be, that they stared at each other. Then Frank said in a low voice, 'I don't care how many times I'm wounded, if you take care of me.' Barbara had known that he was brave, but she had n't known he was so brave as that. She felt queer, and said hurriedly, 'Let's dance.'

For a long time they said nothing. Barbara did n't care if they never stopped dancing, and she was thinking how mysterious life is, when suddenly

something hard caught her ankle. She stumbled, and looked down just in time to see a cane disappearing under the couch. Frank snatched it and pulled, and there was that wretched Dexter!

Frank dragged him out and said sternly, 'You listen to me, Dexter. You know that knife of mine?'

Dexter's eyes glistened.

'Well,' Frank said, 'I was going to give it to you, but now I won't! The way you act is n't even human! If I'd let you have it you'd prob'ly 've killed somebody.'

Barbara wondered that Dexter did n't shrivel where he stood, but children are so thick-skinned. Dexter only dodged into the hallway, yelling back, 'I don't care! I would n't take your old knife — not even if you begged me to.'

Frank and Barbara looked at each other and laughed; children are so amusing. They started Limehouse Blues again, and were going to dance, when Mrs. Wallace called from the other room, 'Children, could n't you play something else for a little while? You've had that going all the afternoon, and I'm sure there are other nice dance records!'

Barbara was speechless. She just would n't have believed it of Mrs. Wallace. When her nephew was entertaining a guest for a little while in her house, to force her wishes on him like that! It would serve Mrs. Wallace right if he never came again. But he was very courteous about it, simply saying, 'All right, Aunt Dot,' and shutting off the record. Then Barbara realized that Mrs. Wallace's voice had had something very patient in it, and that she had said 'all the afternoon.'

'My goodness, it's almost supper time,' Barbara said. 'I'll have to go.' The afternoon had seemed only a minute long. But Mother said that

time went faster and faster as one grew old, and now Barbara knew what she meant. She realized for the first time that it was terrible to grow old, and that she was doing it.

Fortunately there was no time to think about it. Frank went into the hall to help her with her things, and when she was opening the door he said, 'Say, could you go to the Park with me Saturday night? There'll be open-air dancing, you know.'

'Well,' Barbara said, 'I don't know. I'd love to, if — I mean — Well, you see, I could n't decide right now. I'll have to look in my engagement book and see if I'm doing anything Saturday night. Could I let you know tomorrow or next day?'

He looked worried, and Barbara felt her heart thump. But she could n't tell him until she asked Mother. Then he said slowly, 'Well, you see — if it's a good day to-morrow we're going to the beach to stay till Friday night, and I — I gotta see you again. I'm going home Sunday. Look here — I'll telephone you soon as I get back. Can you tell me then?'

'Yes, indeed,' Barbara said politely. She took it bravely, for she had n't known that life could be so cruel. Three beautiful days that meant everything in the world, simply torn out of their lives and thrown away at the beach! Probably the Wallaces had n't even consulted him; they arranged things and he had to do them. Being a guest, he could n't say he did n't want to. It was hard to bear. But nothing could be done about it. Life was like that.

There was still Saturday evening, their one evening.

Barbara rushed home across the lawn. As soon as she kicked off her rubbers she ran to find Mother. Mother was setting the table for dinner, and Barbara told her all in one long sentence about

Frank's asking her to go to the Park. 'I *can* go, can't I, Mother?' she begged. 'Can't I, Mother, *please*?' She was following Mother around the table; it did seem as if Mother might stop a minute and listen to her. But Mother went on around the table, laying down knives and forks.

'I don't know, Barbara,' Mother said at last. She looked a little startled. 'You're rather young for this sort of thing, yet.'

'Oh, Mother, I'm almost sixteen!'

'I'll see what your father says, dear.'

Barbara was in agony, for she knew what Daddy would say. 'Oh, please, *please*, Muddy dear, can't you make him let me go? I'll be perfectly all right. Lots of girls go, and — and it's Frank's last night. Can't I have just this one last good time?'

'Mercy, Barbara!' Mother said. 'Don't crumple the tablecloth like that, dear. If you feel it's so important I'll do what I can; but you know how your father feels about your going to dances before you're eighteen.'

'Yes, I know!' Barbara said bitterly. 'He never, *never* lets me do things like other girls. I — I just can't *bear* it!' She turned and fled.

Daddy said exactly what Barbara had known he would: 'I'll think it over.' He left her in aching suspense for two days, and she did n't dare mention the subject again in all that time. If she did he would say she was teasing, and that would settle it. He never let her coax for things as other girls did. And Saturday was the last time she would see Frank. If she could n't go to the Park she might never see him again. All she would have to live on, all her long life, would be the memory of that one rainy afternoon. The tragedy of love, instead of its happiness, was to be her lot. She would grow old before her time, and bitter, and no one would know the

reason. But she *must* see him again, just one last time.

Those two days were like being ill, she felt so feverish. She could n't stay in the house, but went off for long rides with Bobby, so that she might be alone and think.

On Friday, at dinner, Daddy said, 'Oh, Barbara — about Saturday night. Your mother seems to think it will be all right for you to go with that Wallace boy, but I don't think much of it. Understand, you leave the Park not one minute later than eleven o'clock. You're too young to be skylarking around nights.'

'Yes, sir,' Barbara said quietly. She wondered if people ever died of happiness. She continued to eat her soup. If she showed the least bit of excitement Daddy would change his mind. He had always said she was very nervous and must not be excited, and he was a doctor, so she could n't argue about it.

She kept out of Daddy's way as much as possible that evening, and Saturday. It was only natural that she should be excited, in this great crisis of her life. All her will power barely kept her voice from trembling when Frank telephoned, but she was proud of the way she talked to him, gayly, brightly, as though she did n't care at all.

III

When he came for her Saturday night she knew she was looking her very best. She had put on a tiny bit of Mother's powder. Frank came in Mr. Wallace's rubber-tired buggy; the car was being repaired, he said, and anyway, he thought the buggy was nicer. Barbara thought so, too. Mother watched them from the window, smiling and waving, and the twins capered and yelled on the lawn, but Barbara hardly noticed them. She told Frank

at once that they must come home at eleven o'clock, and he said, 'All right.' Barbara thought he looked wonderful in his white trousers and blue serge coat, his black hair sleeked back.

The first thing the orchestra played was Limehouse Blues, their very own tune. Barbara was almost frightened by the mysterious powers of Destiny. The music and the dancing and the lights all seemed to be there just for them. Everything was so perfect that it was like a dream or an enchantment. It hurt — that nothing so beautiful could last. And yet it seemed to go on forever. Over and over again Frank asked the orchestra to play Limehouse Blues, and Barbara knew that never again would she hear it without feeling dreadful inside. Even then, while he was there and they were dancing together, she could hardly bear it when the first thin notes wailed out and the drums began to throb.

Quite suddenly it was eleven o'clock. The end of everything. They went silently down the steps of the open-air pavilion, picked their way through the crowd on the fringe of carriages and motors around the grove, climbed silently into the buggy, and drove away. The music grew thinner behind them, until at last it was just a faint reminder that somewhere others were happy and did n't have to say good-bye.

Outside the Park, they seemed miles away from everybody. A copper-colored moon floated in the great arch of the sky. The moonlight made little lacy patterns all along the road under the trees. The woods were a velvety blackness, full of fireflies, and there was a cool smell of honeysuckle and of new-mown hay. Everywhere tree toads were trilling and whippoorwills were calling. Barbara wondered dully how she could go on living after that night was gone.

Frank was not sitting close to her at all, but after a while she felt his arm on the back of the seat. It did n't touch her, but she knew it was there. She did not move. Little by little his arm came nearer, until it was around her shoulders. She did n't dare look at him, and she hoped he could n't hear the pounding of her heart. Neither of them spoke. The horse's feet went *plock, plock, plock* in the dust.

They came to a fork in the road, white in the moonlight, and Frank said, 'Where does that road go?'

Barbara answered, 'It joins this road, farther down.' Then she added, 'But it takes us about a mile and a half out of our way.'

Frank turned the horse into it, without a word. The wheels went on crunching, the fireflies glittered across the road, and far away an owl hooted. Frank leaned forward and wrapped the lines around the whip. Then he put his arm gently around Barbara's shoulders again, and his cheek touched hers. She could feel his hair moving softly against her forehead in the breeze. Somehow their hands were clasped together.

Barbara felt that she should n't let him do that, but she wanted him to stay just where he was, forever. She could n't tell him to stop. All the world was so beautiful.

For a long time the horse slowly drew them onward. Then she felt his lips brushing her cheek.

'Please,' she whispered gently, 'you must n't.'

He muttered, 'Sorry,' and rested his cheek against hers again.

Why had she said that? She wanted him to kiss her, more than anything in the world. The words had said themselves. She wished they had not been said, yet she was a little glad. Then for a while she could n't think any more. She could only feel his hand holding

hers, and his smooth, warm cheek. She thought again, if he would only not listen to her, but kiss her anyway, she could n't help it. And she would have it to remember when he was gone. But she had told him not to, and now it was too late.

It was forever too late. They would never have that moment again. This night, and the woods, and the fireflies, and the moon, all were going away from them; nothing they could do would keep one moment of it. To-morrow he too would be gone, and she would never see him again.

The horse went onward slowly.

Slowly, bit by bit, the long white road went backward under the crunching wheels. Shadows of trees came over them, and were gone, and other shadows came and went. There was the Wallace garden wall, and the sidewalk, all bare and empty now, where she had played hopscotch when she was little. There were the posts of her own driveway, and with a strange pang she remembered Bobby, how glad he'd always been to see her coming, and to nuzzle her pockets for sugar.

Then, quite suddenly, all in a breathless instant, it happened. Frank had kissed her. She did n't know how it had happened, but she felt the kiss there, a hard, quick kiss under her right eye. She was sitting very straight on the edge of the seat, looking at the horse's ears, and Frank was saying, 'I'll never forget you, never!'

Barbara could n't speak. She jumped out of the buggy and ran up the porch steps. She wanted to get into the house quickly, where she could n't hear the wheels going down the driveway, going away — into the house quickly, where she could be alone.

Her father rose from a chair in the living-room and stalked into the hall. 'Barbara,' he said, 'do you know what time it is?'

She stammered, 'N-no, sir.'

'It's one o'clock. I thought I told you to come home at eleven.'

Barbara heard herself saying, 'I — I did, Daddy. Honestly. We — we left at exactly eleven.'

'Where have you been all this time?' His voice was strangely harsh.

Barbara blinked at him. He looked very tall, and his eyes were hard and cold. But he did n't seem real. 'Been?' Barbara said. 'Been? Oh, why — I — we were j-just coming home. W-we walked the horse all the way. We t-took the fork, you know. It was such a lovely night.'

Was he going to laugh? Why should he laugh? He did n't; he looked stern again.

'All right,' he said. 'But you won't go to the Park again this summer. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir,' Barbara said, and turned to the stairs. The kiss was still there on her cheek; she could feel it there. In a minute she would be in her room, alone, with so much to remember. Frank was gone. She would never see him again; but always, always, she would remember him. She might go on living a long, long time yet, but she knew that nothing else would ever matter at all.

At the turning of the stairs she paused. She suddenly realized what her father had been saying. He was still in the hall, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. Barbara leaned over the banisters and said softly, 'Daddy!'

He looked up. 'Well?'

'Daddy,' Barbara said slowly, 'it is only just that you should punish me, but I think it only fair to tell you that it does n't matter to me. Nothing matters any more.'

She thought her father looked startled, but she forgot him, hastening up to her room, where she could be alone.

ARE SOME TREES CIVILIZED?

BY DON KNOWLTON

To attribute civilization to a tree would appear to strain even poetic license. We think of the forest as wild. Our pioneers cut and burned the original timber to make way for farms and cities. The tree has ever been the symbol of the primitive state. And yet, in Cleveland, Ohio, there has been going on, throughout the last twenty years, a reforestation that gives rise to an interesting speculation as to the nature and habits of certain trees.

Once Cleveland was known as the Forest City. Its great elms and maples helped to make Euclid Avenue one of the show streets of the world. There were, too, oak and ash and whitewood and beech, and many others, some of them relics of the old forest. The elms and maples had been planted along the streets in the early days. They were, of course, native to the locality, and rose high and wide, lending a dignity and elegance to the city.

Then came industrialism and expansion.

Real-estate men, opening new subdivisions, sought trees that would grow rapidly. They hit first upon the Lombardy poplar, the tree that grows straight up, like a church spire, and planted whole streets with those leafy telegraph poles, as shade trees! Residents upon the streets sought to change the habits of the Lombardy by trimming it down every year, in an effort to persuade it to branch out; but the Lombardy has eyes only for the sky, and straight up all those trees went, trim or no trim. At the same time,

their roots pried open so many drains and water pipes that they had to be taken out finally, roots and all.

In the meanwhile the next crop of allotment adventurers had discovered the Carolina poplar, a compromise between the native cottonwood — whose branches grow horizontally — and the Lombardy. The Carolina poplar branches at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and, though it begins to shed its leaves almost before spring is over, it is nevertheless a prodigious grower and does afford some shade. In spite of the fact that it too has a propensity toward sewer exploration, the Carolina poplar has remained.

That stage passed; and nurserymen, allotment owners, and the city forestry department began to plant elms and maples and oaks, with an eye toward permanent beautification. But in the meantime industrialism boomed, smoke and gases poured into Cleveland's air, and the problem became, not one of planting new trees, but of saving old ones.

The oaks died outright. So did the sugar maples and most of the elms. The soft maples lingered along, dying not so much from the smoke itself as from various parasites, such as the cotton moth, which took advantage of their weakened condition. The trees on the Public Square went first; then out Euclid Avenue, block by block, crept the slowly blasting tide of industrialism until by 1917 little was left of the grand old trees save a few pitiful branches, still trying to shelter the trimmed

and blackened stubs from which they sprang. The decay and death of the old trees was well-nigh universal throughout all of Cleveland that lay within the smoke-covered area. True, thousands of the old-timers are alive to-day, but, save in May, they are sick and ugly, and those that do remain are swiftly dying.

Failing in conservation, in spite of spraying and trimming, forestry men and landscape gardeners sought to find trees that would grow in the smoke and gas. The first successful experiment, perhaps, was with the catalpa. It is a common sight in Cleveland, in July, to see a catalpa in vigorous growth and full bloom standing beside a soft maple whose leaves are already rusty-red and crinkled, and which has but a few more years to live.

The European sycamore also proved an exceptionally good smoke grower. Whole streets were planted to these sycamores a number of years ago, and to-day they are magnificent. Their mottled white-and-brown bark, their broad horizontal leaves, and their wide-spreading branches make them highly ornamental, and they shade as thoroughly as does the sugar maple. But with European sycamore and catalpa the venture of the planters stopped. Foresters at last practically gave up conservation of the old trees in the downtown section, and transferred their attention to outlying parks and streets where pin oaks, Norway maples, and elms would thrive.

And then, downtown, began an amazing natural reforestation.

Whoever first brought the ailanthus to Cleveland, I do not know. It is a pithy, rapidly growing tree, with great compound leaves sometimes three feet long — a sort of glorified sumac. The ailanthus adopted downtown Cleveland. It spread by self-seeding, and with incredible rapidity. The thicker

the tenements and the population, the thicker the ailanthus. Where smoke and dust and grime and gases seem most vile, there the ailanthus flourishes prodigiously.

Old Erie Street cemetery, where the ancient élite of the city lie forgotten beneath a layer of coal soot, is reforested entirely by these trees. The colored section of the city, along Thirtieth Street near Scoville and Woodland, has grown up solidly to ailanthus. The trees spring up in one-by-two-foot plots, next to cellar windows, behind sheds, beneath porches, sometimes even in cracks in the stones. A growth of three feet a year is common. Where people tramp and youngsters play, where not a blade of grass will grow, the ailanthus germinates and prospers. It sprawls over houses and garages; it shelters tiny porches from the sun on the red-hot summer days; it hugs upstairs windows; it appropriates to itself every nook and cranny of soil. A large vacant lot on Euclid Avenue, near the downtown business section, is grown thickly with ailanthus, the trees standing about as far apart as is the case in any normal second-growth wood lot on an Ohio farm.

The ailanthus loves smoky sections where humanity swarms, but it seldom ventures into the bare slag piles, the cinder banks, and the city dumps. There the white poplar has taken hold. Beneath Central Viaduct, next to a switchyard, in the dirtiest place in all Cleveland, a grove of white poplars has flourished for some years; and those trees have now begun to seed themselves along the ash-covered banks of Cleveland's ugly industrial ravines, concealing the tin cans and factory refuse. Gases from the blast furnaces kill almost every other form of vegetation, but the white poplars turn the silvery bottoms of their leaves to the wind and breathe.

Along the lowlands of our downtown gullies, where former brooks have become carriers for factory waste, crack willows grow rank. In the steel section, where even the grass is seared, weeping willows have spread in abundance, rising in humble back yards and brushing foundry walls.

This, mind you, is not man-made reforestation. It just happened.

So to-day a survey of the healthy trees in the smoke-covered areas of Cleveland reveals the following:—

European sycamores on the Public Square and along certain residential sections

Catalpas on the Public Square and in scattered localities

Ailanthus throughout the entire district of the downtown, poorer-class, crowded homes

Carolina poplars along downtown streets that are still residential

Weeping willows in the steel districts

Crack willows along the refuse drains of the industrial ravines

White poplars along the slag and cinder banks

Pear and ginkgo still flourishing here and there upon the remains of old downtown estates

I do not mean that other trees, such as elm, maple, and whitewood, may not be found alive in smokier Cleveland. Thousands of them do still leaf; but, with the exception of isolated cases in which special care has preserved them, they are dying, and dying rapidly. The above list includes all the trees that really grow and prosper, and within another ten years this list will constitute the complete arboreal catalogue of downtown Cleveland. Of this list, the catalpa, European sycamore, and Carolina poplar have been knowingly planted; the pear and the ginkgo have successfully survived; the ailanthus, weeping willow, crack willow, and white poplar have sown themselves. By far the most numerous and aggressive is the ailanthus.

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D

Now to the point which leads to speculation. *Not a single one of the trees on the above list is native.*

I am not an historian of trees, and am forced to rely upon textbook accounts of their origins; but I do know our native trees, every one, and these city dwellers are strangers. The nurserymen call the city sycamore a European sycamore. Whether it came from Europe in its present form or is a hybrid between a European tree and our native sycamore, I cannot say. My old Latin professor used to say that the sycamore was the 'plane tree' of which the Romans spoke so often. It is possible that the catalpa is a native of the southern part of this country, but it comes probably from China or the West Indies. The ailanthus is a native of China, where it is called the 'Tree of Heaven.' It was introduced into England by Jesuit missionaries, and came thence to this country. The Carolina poplar shows the influence of its ancestor, the Lombardy poplar, which, according to good report, originated in Afghanistan and is common in Europe, where it often borders the highways. The weeping willow grew first in the valley of the Euphrates, and is popular in China. The crack willow comes from Europe. The white poplar is a native of Asia and Europe, and was early introduced into this country as an ornamental tree. How long the pear tree has been associated with mankind may only be surmised. The ginkgo came from China, by way of Japan and England.

Thus are we led back to Asia and Asia Minor, to the days of clay tablets, of Sanskrit, and of Chinese dynasties that rose and fell ere history — as we know it — began. These trees that to-day alone survive where men throng thickest shaded the cradles of the race. For countless thousands of years they have acclimated themselves to the

goings and comings and buildings and crowdings of humanity.

Have they, perhaps, become civilized? Is it possible that they thrive in downtown Cleveland to-day, not in spite of urban congestion, but because of it?

The catalpa, pear, ginkgo, sycamore, and Carolina poplar were deliberately planted, it is true; but what of the white poplar, crack willow, weeping willow, and ailanthus, which have of their own accord reforested the most grimy, desolate, and crowded districts? The ailanthus, mind you, practically never occurs outside of the tenement quarters. Why does it not seed itself in the better, cleaner, residential sections? Why, with its prodigious powers of reproduction and growth, does it not emigrate to the country, and crowd out our native trees?

The ailanthus does not flourish in the country. I know of only one ailanthus that grows outside Cleveland's city limits, and that was planted there years ago. The clearer the air, the more frequent the open spaces, the thinner the population, the fewer are the numbers of ailanthus. It is a veritable English sparrow among trees—a follower of mankind. The ailanthus bears large winged seeds, which no doubt are carried far into the suburbs, yet in the outlying vacant lots, where young elms and oaks and maples appear, the ailanthus is not seen. It would seem that what are ideal growing conditions for our native trees are unhealthy for the ailanthus, and that the very trampling of thousands of human feet, which kills the elm and

the maple, makes the ailanthus feel at home and among friends. The ailanthus is native to mankind.

Perhaps it is not merely because the ailanthus can successfully combat the smoke and gases that it has reforested downtown Cleveland. Smoke and gas are products of the last twenty-five years, but this tree has been with man through the ages. It is far more pleasant to conceive that the ailanthus, like man, has adapted its physical mechanism to the exigencies of industrialism. If civilized man can live in an atmosphere of soot and cinders, should not also a civilized tree?

Mark you, this tree is not cultivated, in the same sense as are our garden shrubs and flowers. Those are pampered. With few exceptions, they need not only quite pure air but diligent attention. The ailanthus grows, not because of direct human aid, but in the face of all factors ordinarily considered fatal to vegetable life.

It is indeed a delightful speculation to imagine this ailanthus, this Tree of Heaven, gracing the pagodas of Chinese nobility ere Khufu built his pyramid; to fancy weeping willows lamenting over the follies of Babylon; to dream of the poplars of old Asia, which first set their leaves quivering to the gusts rising from man-made fire below; and to believe that these trees—civilized, if you please—have followed the fortunes of mankind down through the centuries and follow them to this very day, faithful in spite of steel, gasoline, pavements, tenements, railroads, sulphur dioxide, and slag.

THE SWALLOWS OF MONT SAINT-MICHEL

BY THEODORE MORRISON

SWALLOWS of Mont Saint-Michel, I remember the rush of your wings
Through the still, blue motes of the deepening vesper sky.
You sprang to the glistening air in the lighted hour that brings
A fading image of peace to the lands that lie
Thick with the yellow sheaves of vestal fire.
For the Norman farms, and the distant, shadowy choir
Of the village roofs that watch by the waste of sands,
Are bright with the golden ears that never are reaped,
Save from afar where the walls of the Mount are steeped
In the silence that watches the shapes of all things die.
But the dusk is awake with swift, soft-winnowing bands,
And scattering down in a shrill, wild shower of sound,
Over the lance of the Abbey's mist-gray spire,
Over the tawny glint of the bay to the uttermost bound
Where the ebbing sea shrinks back from the Breton ground,
I remember your rattling cry.
Yes, I remember you well,
Swallows of Mont Saint-Michel.

Up from the coigns of the wall, from your tiny caverns of stone
That hide in the lichened chinks of turret and stair,
You leap with a flutter of wings to the heights where swallows have flown
Perhaps since William the Bastard halted there
With Harold come from an island over La Manche.
Could you have seen, you swallows, the Conqueror launch

The fleet that bore his chivalry over the strait,
While minstrel Taillefer whetted his sword and his lay,
'Roland,' sung to the blade he tossed in play
When the knights rode out at Hastings? Did you not share
The thrill of a feast that sat in the eye of fate
When captive Earl and conquering Duke were brought
To St. Michael's board? There reveled many a paunch
Whose blood drained down to the earth when Saxon and Norman fought
Till the race of England out of their wounds was wrought.
From the still, blue dusk of the air,
What of such men can you tell,
Swallows of Mont Saint-Michel?

Great lives darken and die, but Life is borne without rest
Into the current whose flowing is all in all.
The flesh will conceive when the spirit is sore oppressed,
And babes are begotten to hope while the ages pall.
Yet still the swallows rise on flickering wings
Into the light where the lance of Michael springs.
Over the Mount the warm, small breasts of the free
Circle and flash with sharp-tipped pinions, and cries
That tumble like bells of light from the darkening skies
And over the golden meadows rattle and fall.
The rays of glory flood from the hills and the sea,
But men are not more happy than they that are dead.
We have dwelt too long with war, and a tocsin rings
In the beauty that still is left to beacon a world of dread
To the Peace whose image walks in the warm light shed
On the yellow fields of Gaul.
They fade; but your throats yet swell,
Swallows of Mont Saint-Michel.

ARTIST AT LARGE

BY ISABEL COOPER

I

THE migrations of artists are usually determined by such practical considerations as seasonal changes in the beauty of hills and seas and forests. They æstivate in pleasant coastal towns of New England, which smell of fish and honeysuckle and salt. They winter in large numbers near the exhibition galleries, and at all times swarm naturally in regions abounding with good models, old-fashioned gardens, rock-bound coasts, or the glamour of obsolete shipping. Sometimes they merely move from studio to studio, a few steps ahead of careworn landlords who pad dejectedly after them. Or they yield to the temptation George Moore speaks of, 'which the artist spends his life in fighting — the temptation to go and talk to someone.'

The peregrinations of my early student days were much along these general lines. I used to sketch through long, peaceful, north-temperate summers on the shores of Connecticut, and through interesting winters in a variety of metropolitan studios, which have merged in my memory into a fantastic picture of the conventional workroom of an artist: a not too draughty space of cold, trenchant light in the midst of a lofty room, with a sort of twilight of graven images round about the edges, a few nymphs standing at gaze within their plaster prisons, and a Periclean philosopher or two frowning down with sightless plaster eyes upon a dusty flotsam of throne chairs,

and books, and prints, and worn, muted stringed instruments, and coffers full of precious junk — all the gay, inconsequential ingredients of a background that would help the mood of such a romantic-minded and absurd trifle with art as myself, at least!

But my work, of late years, has been among surroundings far different from this. Aboard a variety of ships on a diversity of seas, in tropical rain forests, on desert-island strands, I have set up workrooms original and eccentric to the last degree. I have been an artist at large, in the truest sense of the words — an actual nomad, with never a day's work in a real studio, and scarcely a model that has ever been heard of before. I held, for seven years, the position of scientific artist on the Tropical Research Expeditions of the New York Zoölogical Society. A formidable title for a profession, indeed. And a fairly formidable profession, if you consider the possibilities it offered for adventure, and interest, and that satisfactory occupation, work which is not toil. Briefly, my work was the painting of small, perishable creatures of tropical forests and seas — a task of living portraiture, to be done with accuracy and miniature precision before captivity or death impaired the natural appearance of these frail, exquisite models — snakes, frogs, lizards, fish, insects, all of whose tones and tissues fall away into ugliness almost at the moment of death.

Imagine a succession of artist's models ranging all the way from a tree snake, like a length of molten emerald glass slowly flowing through rustling leaves with uncanny, stealthy silence, to a crab from the bottom of the sea, a great, clanking creature with scarlet spines and turrets, and moon-stone eyes waving out of unison far in front of his ingrowing face! Imagine a series of problems for an artist to work out which would include the proper delineation of the burnished, green-bronze greaves and corselets of a pair of glittering wasps, or the expression of a gloomy little sunfish who had the knack of swallowing her gross of young when danger threatened, or the bright web of design that fitted so perfectly over the intelligent countenance of a little jungle lizard.

An odd job, you are thinking. And most exceptional models. But the most troublesome and absorbing feature by far of these interesting years of work was the astonishing variety of the landscapes and environments in the midst of which I was supposed to be concentrating upon mere animal-painting. Whereas the rational environment of an artist is planned to furnish just enough charm and no distraction whatsoever from his work, my perfectly outlandish studios furnished too much of both! Every problem of my animal work is associated in my mind with some equally complicated problem of landscape sketching — the quivering calm of a palm swamp, the wild rhythm of a bamboo grove in storm-haunted sunlight, the violet mystery of a pumice isle drowned in equatorial rain.

The strange, beautiful animals should have been enough to take up all of my time and interest. Instead of which, my many days of work in different, peculiar, tropical studios seem to me, in retrospect, like no more than fussy

little pools of feeble endeavor, stirred round and round by mechanical things such as hands, and brushes, and little spurts of human skill and concentration, while all the time just beyond my elbow — and, I am afraid, not far enough beyond the range of my eyes — there were beautiful, wild, glowing landscapes: tropical islands with their palms, and hyacinthine mountains, and incandescent, white, curving shores; tropical rivers, cutting their dull, swift, topaz ways through the green curtains of the forest; desert slopes of volcanoes, with their livid, unearthly patterns against the sky and sea.

In the interstices of my busy days on duty I was wont to trifle with some of these problems of landscape sketching. I am probably the only person who has profited by the trifling, but this only supports my theory that the great joy of almost any undertaking is in the actual work involved. I believe that the sum of happiness of the working hours of artists' lives would outtotal the sum of all the merriment felt by the populace strolling past their finished products in the picture galleries. So, pragmatically speaking, the time I have spent tinkering with the beautiful surfaces of the world has not been a complete loss!

II

Much of the work of the Tropical Research Department has been done at the Zoölogical Society's Station at Kartabo Point, Demerara. My corner of the laboratory there was probably the most comfortable and suitable of all my peculiar ateliers. I have usually been obliged to perch upon a lava crag, or the heaving deck of a ship, or the rather too well populated surface of a fallen jungle tree, always with the added complication of having to adapt

some portion of my immediate surroundings to the uses of a desk. At Kartabo Point I had at least a roof over my head, and a window against wind and rain, and a space, smooth and steady and comparatively free from animal life, where I could attempt the segregation of my tools and my restless subjects.

But there, even in just the space before me, were distractions — a great green tree frog, hunched sadly in his glass cage on my desk, all his frog heart in his bulging, jeweled eyes, as he tried to think of some way of leaving or some way to bear it if he could n't; and friendly wasps, who brought their loot of opal and amber and turquoise spiders to the storehouses of my brush-ends; and silver and gold and crystal chrysalids that hung motionless for days before me, finally to split and shrivel and curl back from the new, delicate bloom of moth wings.

And even more fascinating than all the varied pageant of these small, intricate lives was the beauty of the clearing around the camp: the sharp, monotonous pattern of the bamboos against the sky, and their green profusion, where a hundred green tree snakes could hold a séance and fool you completely. You would think that their slim green lengths were merely their ectoplasms! Beyond the bamboos went shifting the moods and phases of land and sky and rivers. I wish I could have painted them as they looked during the big rains, and under the spells of fog, and thunderstorm, and glittering tropical sunlight. But the swift changes were too much for me. I would be working carefully upon the face of an iridescent rain cloud, fussing with pigments and washes and so on, only to find that between brush strokes it had changed to a sinister gray, or acquired a rainbow diadem, or dissolved into a swaying curtain

of rain that completely hid the bits of hills I had planned to put in to give the picture substance!

I have written elsewhere, and at most ponderous length, about the work that I did in this jungle camp — about the hundreds of marvelous small creatures that were brought to pose for me, with all the complexity and interest of their colors and textures and strange, beautiful forms. But it was a problem in concentration, indeed, to work even upon these fascinating models in such a place of beauty. I had a band playing continually outside my window — wood doves and cicadas and toucans mingling their notes against a scale of soft, involuntary sounds, from the washing of the river tides upon the beach to the eternal rustling of the palms, a quiet undercurrent, like the snapping fingers of a crowd of gnomes.

I had a delightful auxiliary studio down upon the beach, among the tide-water roots of the giant trees that grow along the shores of the Mazaruni River. The studio was a sketchy affair, merely a natural armchair and footstool and desk made of roots and vines, with a small ants' inland sea to furnish the water for my aquarelles. It was at the foot of the tallest tree, and I could go there only when the tide was out, as the whole thing was covered with eight feet or so of tea-colored water when the swift river met the backwash from the ocean.

These marvelous trees wade up to their ankles at high tide, and show the tortured sinews of their twisted gray feet only during the slow hours of the ebb. They maintain themselves against the shifting sands and the slow seeping of the bush water with a million tangled, tortuous phalanges and agonized tendons, and queer, clutching toes. And the space around their trunks is like a zone of motionless twilight, between the sparkling blue

river on one hand and the varied, busy life of the forest on the other.

I used to visit this dim, leaf-shaded studio with paints and brushes, and the firm intention of sketching the foolish little crabs that scuttled about the tide pools and queer, mirrorlike ponds in the hollows of the roots. Or the lizards that came to meditate, stretched out upon the gray bark a few feet above the rippling of a musical little rivulet. Or the strange little moths that came flickering silently through the green dusk, with their white, feathery pinions all frilled and trimmed with gold and black, and looking completely out of place, with their fairy frailty, against the mighty, staggering architecture of the trees. But I would find myself longing and even attempting to transfer to paper the powerful contours of this straining life that exists so strangely and subtly behind the surface tones of the lichens and mosses — the mysterious, deep tree heart, which moves so silently beneath the quick footsteps of the creatures that walk upon its monstrous muscles. And it could n't be done! Colors and lines and lights and shadows that might be manipulated and teased into the semblance of a comical crab countenance, or the gay, graceful poise of a lizard, or the fairy pattern of a moth, could never be worked into the meagre dimensions of a sheet of paper to show forth the strength of these clenched creatures in their combat with the waters. They seem to stand, buttressed on all sides and gray in the shadows of their own bright, leafy heads, as the very substance of silent, incorruptible power.

III

In sharpest contrast with this realm of the struggling river giants is the coastal swamp region of Guiana, where

I went with my artist's paraphernalia, to sketch birds and insects. It is an unspeakable place: miles and miles of plantation land, with the look of a mirage or something seen in the bevel of a mirror, hung somewhere between land and sea, not much above low tide and not much below high tide. The Dutch, who settled all this land, must have searched the coast of South America for the soggiest part — something that would have to be diked, so that they might not feel too strange in their exile from their beloved inundated homeland. The plantations all around Georgetown are maintained in this complicated fashion, and kept from sagging badly only by an endless wall against the muddy ocean. Sea-gates rise up at intervals like guillotines, between the sea birds' rookeries and the bleak outposts of tottering palm trees.

The divide which backs up the drainage system of all this region had to be made. Imagine civil engineers being so hard up for geological coöperation that they had actually to manufacture it for themselves, and throw up an artificial height of land for miles along a canal. Tedious to make and to think about; but most pleasant to travel along this waterway, bent upon the capture of specimens and models. With our noisy motor boat, and our gear, and our active human interest, we made a unit of hostile contrast in the mazes of this quiet, sunlit swamp land.

It was the end of the rainy season, so that the swamp was pretty well flooded with black bush water. The few palms were rotted at the roots, and stood up dead and blasted, looking like groups of wasted fakirs, united in a covenant to stand forever holding aloft their skinny arms and tattered sleeves. In some places our tent-boat was completely overtopped by a maze of arum lilies

and tall reeds, and in dark little lane-ways between the reeds there were multitudes of tiny rushes, all pointing aloft like the spears of the magic phalanxes of Cadmus that sprang full-armed from sown dragon teeth, or each with a backward rake, like the masts of a fairy squadron in a fairy port. Most lowly of all were the small blossoming water plants that grew up between the serried ranks of the rushes, with frail flowers of porcelain blue and white.

I think these tiny flowery places in the shadows of this wilderness of waters were the most beautiful things I have ever seen. I wish I might have enlarged them to man's size, to a scale that could be recognized as that of scenery, so that the world might see the incredible freshness and bloom on the petals of these infinitesimal lily-cups that floated between the dim air and the dimmer water. A frog's broad-grinning countenance would appear sometimes below the delicate flower throats, with staring eyes, and grizzled, receding chin, and fantastic moustache of green or white. Or fleets of dragon flies, like red velvet dirigibles, would cruise in and out of the motionless, filtered air of the fairy glades, with tremendous whirring of their propellers. Or a sad fish would move slowly through the drowning vegetation, with cynical silver gills and rude golden tail.

You can see that here again I failed to be a concentrated, matter-of-fact, and single-minded animal artist! I could not sit calmly on the shaky deck of our boat and sketch the various creatures, but must needs waste time observing the hopeless, unpaintable beauty of their habitations, and watching the fragments of heron-wing shadow as they slowly eddied down through a myriad stems, to settle in violet flakes upon the murky water.

IV

I traveled through another wild, trackless swamp land, up the San Juan River to the Pitch Lake in the interior of Venezuela, to sketch the wading birds, and a tropical snake or two that preferred Latin government to British. We steamed for hours between the slowly advancing battalions of the mangrove armies. These land-conquering tropical trees made me think of a strange sort of cavalry, galloping through the swamps, with new earth surfaces ever forming under the spidery, pawing forelegs of their restless vanguards.

I think this Lake of Asphalt is one of the oddest places in the world. Nothing could seem more unvolcanic than its surrounding wilderness of mangroves, with alligators sleeping among their roots, and clouds of scarlet ibis whirring across their scraggy tops. Yet here wells up the strange, black blood of volcanoes. Odd to think of the potential surfaces of a million streets of future capitals of the world lying spread out here between the forests and hills, quietly, monotonously bubbling up, regardless of the strange thirst of humanity for this mysterious substance! A clamoring little railway humps across the lake on stilts, and an army of strong Trinidad blacks hack away at the edges with machetes. The surface is most deceptive. There were places where even my frail heron models would have sunk through, and other spots, just as soggy-looking, where I could camp for a whole day, with no danger at all of either my paints or myself disappearing from view beneath the black ooze.

There is a strange place in the middle of the valley, called the Mother of the Lake, with clumps of withered shrubbery and some rather dark and slimy-looking water. Here the purest

pitch comes up in molten streams through these pools of dim blackness. The men swim about and gather the gruesome stuff in long stringy loops, which have the appearance of the lank black hair of Indians and the consistency of homemade candy that has turned out wrong. When you look away from this half-tone of wet black men and wet black pitch, you get a faint shock from the burning brightness of the sunny world that hems in the scene. Like an etching, most unsuitably framed in orange plush.

V

My most recent studio was probably the most completely outlandish of all the makeshift spots in which I have chosen to work. It had some truly remarkable features. It was on board the *Arcturus*, of the New York Zoölogical Society, a floating oceanographical laboratory, which steamed eastward last February to a place somewhere between Hatteras and Cape Sierra Leone — if you can call such a nameless thing a 'place,' that bit of blue, rimmed desolation through which a ship may pitch and toss, and which becomes just a fragment of the dimmering wake even while men and instruments on the bridge are naming it with numbers.

The *Arcturus* visited many other 'places' of this same indefinite character, such as the spot where Echo Bank should be, to the northeast of the Antilles; and a waste of green shallows south of Saba; and a rendezvous of restless tides west of Panama; and a very empty bit of ocean north of the Galapagos Archipelago, which is known as Latitude 0°, Longitude 90° West; and a desolate place of shifting waters somewhere on the great circle that swings around the globe from Australia to the Canal. We revisited the desert

Galapagos Islands, and sailed down forgotten paths of the trade winds to the treasure island of Cocos, a gray-green wraith of rocks and trees and cataracts, which looks always like something seen through eyes suffused with tears. The clouds weep continually round this lonely, beautiful island, and its own tears never cease to flow in crystal torrents down its jungle-filled ravines.

And my job was the concentration of all my craft and skill and thought upon the problem of painting fish from life, as they swam about in rather rickety aquaria, upon a most unsteady deck!

My studio on the *Arcturus* was prosaic enough, as far as its material existence went. It consisted of a wooden desk, hooked to the deck, and fitted with an elaborate system of paddocks to keep things from sliding. Instead of a studio light I had merely a large port that hardly ever opened to the north. I suppose that nothing short of a complete upsetting of the principles of relativity, as they exist to-day, would have ensured me the north, with its clear, white light, always on the port side and slightly astern, as I should have liked it!

It was the dizzy situation of my studio — aloft, on a small ship that wallowed most of the time at half speed — which made it an exciting, disturbing place in which to work. I gradually became an expert at balancing in all weathers. My various tools were battened down as well as possible. I developed a careful toe-hold which steadied my chair, another which helped to keep me in it; a gyroscopic left hand that held my rapidly swimming or crawling models, and an arch-athlete of a right hand, which worked, at the same time hovering watchfully over inks and paints and microscopes. Ball-bearing eyes, and a set of hands

and feet like a shrimp's, would have helped me considerably in dealing with the oscillations of my studio, and the extraordinary activity of its contents.

A web of difficulties, indeed, in which to enmesh an artist and her inadequate physique! But it was interesting, nevertheless, to work away at my strange job, sketching the queer creatures that were fished up from the depths and rushed — alive, preferably — to my rolling, rocking studio, to float for an hour or so beneath the concentration of a human being's senses, and the lenses and mirrors which make up the sensitive glass eye of civilization.

I had a hundred different, shining, slippery models from all depths and zones of the oceans. There were heavy, active fish from the ocean's surface, caught in mid-career, as they splintered the spun sapphire of the wave tops in their racing with our steamer. They would be dragged up out of the crystal water, and be brought, dripping and thumping, to within a few safe feet of my brush-strewn desk. And then I would sit and try to think up the simplest way to sketch them without having everything in the place completely wrecked in the process. But it was a great mistake to spend much time upon reflection, because rage and discomfort had a strange effect upon their color schemes. Right before my eyes the gleaming steel and gun metal of their visors and armor plates would dim and darken and film over with streamers of purple mist, or jagged patterns of ultramarine, or shadows of leaden grayness. And I would be left guessing, somewhere between the myth of what they had been and the myth of what they were rapidly becoming, with nothing remaining of the truth which the scientists so earnestly desire.

At these times, when action counted for so much more than thought, I usually jumped into the very middle of a sheet of paper, with brushes and pigments flying as fast as the fish flopped, and with as judicious a combination of intuition and observation as possible under the circumstances. Sometimes the very wateriness of water colors is a most tremendous advantage when you are working with models so essentially wet and shining as fish, though at other times the interval necessary for the drying of a tone will be just long enough for the lavender blush upon a sculptured fish jaw, together with its accompanying normal expression of blithe well-being, to drain away somehow into the place where his neck should be, leaving a pallid mask of bitter disillusionment in its place.

Our nets drew up a most queerly assorted collection of creatures from the deeper levels — infinitesimal silver fish, with long, thin streamlines, and lights along their sides; and many little night-roaming gargoyles of the deeps, humpbacked, with angry fangs, and fox fire rubbed on their fins and foreheads; and strange misshapen creatures from the very sea floor, from spaces blacker than the darkest scene of horror and shooting in a modern mystery play, and cold as the breath of a glacier, and eternally silent, with a quietude which must be to our idea of stillness what unconsciousness is to our wildest turmoils of active thought. Along with these various specimens there was always to be found a sort of shrimp soup — thousands of different brilliant creatures made of opal and amethyst jelly, and all caught in a gleaming web of microscopic life that seems to exist in its perfection of translucence and crystal delicacy for no better fate than to serve as soft diet for the Mongol and Tatar fish hordes that swim through it.

VI

The fish along the shores of the Galapagos Islands were marvelously brilliant. And of course, the minute I began to work on these desert beaches, I began to be distracted by the still more marvelous brilliance of the scenery round about my various studio perches. The creatures of the Islands are as strange and rare and wild as could be found anywhere in the world. But I still was obliged to throw a few glances at the remarkable geology of the place — weird, beautiful landfalls, and wild lava cliffs drenched with surf, and blue craters boiling over with thunderstorms, and volcanic hills and ash-heaps, rimmed with coral sand.

I camped once on the floor of a small crater. I was completely surrounded by gannets, the parents with their cobalt feet and wild, foolish faces, the young ones fuzzy and awkward and shy, and self-conscious under the gaze of visitors from over the rim of their little world — much like the young of our own race when there is company about! It was a very hard place to work in. It did not seem to matter that a great lumbering brute with flippers instead of wings made greasy-looking smears upon a paper. And it was particularly hard to concentrate with crowds of curious birds padding around me, leering down their beaks at me with a sort of cynical distrust.

I have had many an open-air studio upon the Galapagos beaches — wild, desolate, incredible places, known only to sea lions and sea gulls, and multitudes of scarlet crabs. The crabs were my models upon one occasion, and I spent most of my time trying to think up some way to keep them still. It was impossible to tether them; they had nothing in the shape of a waist around which to fasten a leash, and their claws dropped off at a touch, so I just had to

let them sidle about, and watch them out of the tail of my eye. I could paralyze them into an instant's immobility by yelling at them, but this was not very satisfactory.

Perhaps my most uncomfortable and at the same time most diverting pseudo-studios have been among the thorns and rattling lava of the cliffs, with sunshine flashing on the wheeling gulls or filtering through to little caves under the bushes where the great white gannets lurked, cooling themselves and gazing vacantly about with their shy, idiotic expression. I was obliged to perch once in the very middle of a clump of cactus, in order to sketch a retiring little sea-gull chick who had been ordered by his gruff parent not to stir until the towering menace of a human being should move off. I could just see his funny little gray body through a rift in the cactus leaves, an obedient morsel of stone-colored fluff, with his absurd webbed feet firm against the gray lava, and scarcely a flicker of his wild, intelligent eye. So I knocked off a few of the leaves, scraped the spines from a few more, and, draping myself into this unrestful spot, managed a quick portrait sketch of my little involuntary model, without too much annoyance from the sharp green needles which made up the interior decoration of this studio.

But of all places in the world that I have rejoiced in I think that the shore of this island, from this precarious vantage point, had the most rare and distinctive flavor. There was a liquid fire of blue and green surf thundering at the crumbling base of my lava cliff, drenching a score of scarlet, basking crabs, and seeping away in dimming cataracts of foam. A hundred frigate birds swept to and fro above my head, and the many relatives of my sea-gull model stood idly about, screaming the peculiar, imagination-stirring call of

their race. A faint perfume of earth itself rose from the sun-warm rocks and the scorching vegetation. And all around me surged the bright, untainted air of an empty ocean.

VII

It was a strange and interesting experience to follow down the clean slopes of these volcanic islands, beyond the line of the surf, and see how they looked below the level of the ocean's surface. I went down several times in our diving helmet, to observe some of my fish models at home. A *most* disturbing experience — to descend even a few feet down out of our familiar world of air and clarity into quiet, golden water shadows, where banners of green-gold, tarnished sunshine made a restless, *moiré* pattern of flickerings upon the sea floor — shadows so like the restless little fish themselves that whole schools of the casual, golden little creatures could glide past before your eyes, with all the safety of *incognito*.

The homes of these Trappists of the deep are stately and beautiful, when seen through the glass windows of a diver's hat. The most wonderful scenes are among the coral groves, with their wild colors and branching, twisted fingers. Rocks and seaweeds loom dark and mad against the misty distances. They have the appearance of dilapidated but still glamorous ancient stage sets, which have been forgotten and left standing, stark and tattered, and waving feebly with the tide, to be scenery for the endless pantomime of the fish — sad, mute actors, who pass and repass across their shadowy stage, and enact a drama of impenetrable monotony that we of the upper world could never understand. These fish, swimming about in their remote grottoes, made me think of Verlaine's

words: 'Maskers, delicate and dim . . . who have an air of being sad in their fantastic trim.' I suppose the habitual fish expression, as of sorrow and deep prejudice, is mostly due to the fact that a fish's mouth never turns up at the corners.

I wonder what a fish would think of us, if he could think, and could be fitted out with an invention that would keep his own beloved element flowing comfortably through his gills, and could manage somehow to flop about among our trees and meadows and hills. I wonder whether he would consider our natural backgrounds artistic, if slightly antique, and our expressions unnecessarily cheerful, and our motions unaccountably jerky and sudden, considering how much less pressure we have to contend with in the space about us. He would probably be most interested in the racket we make. A fish is one of the few creatures in the world who do not feel obliged to express themselves with any kind of noise. (With the exception of a catfish of British Guiana, who is said to roar. I have never heard this noise, and, consequently, find it hard to believe that there is such a thing.)

The under-water strolls were, of course, a wild diversion in the midst of many busy days of work upon the rolling deck of the *Arcturus*. But there was a permanent and potent distraction around me all the time in the reality of the sea itself — its omnipresence just beyond my porthole, with its beauty and its moods and its complete hopelessness as a subject for an artist's efforts. You cannot paint the sea. It would be like trying to write a review of a dictionary. I have noticed that even very skillful painters compromise with it and put in a ship or a few rocks, something for us to concentrate upon, so that we may not note the failure of brush and pigment to reproduce the beauty of monotony.

I have, on many past ocean voyages, during my roamings at large, been absurd enough to suppose that I might transfer to canvas some of my emotions about the sea. But the deck of a steamer, even upon a quiet sea, is not the most satisfactory place for easels and paint and brushes, or for the artist. Everything slants. I usually ended by camping as evenly as possible on the deck itself, in the lee of a chart house or lifeboat, having first made certain that the sailors had not been at their favorite occupation of painting ship. But my sticky canvas would have just time enough to collect a few cinders and repudiate a few drops of spray when the ship would swing around to windward. Or the sun would shrivel everything up. Or the wind would remove my incipient masterpiece to the uninterested shores.

Even so, I have spent many a hope-

ful hour, brush in hand, gazing at the sea and sky, and at the waves that loom against the horizon or pile up around the decks in pinnacles of green light, with the net result that I am convinced I could never hope even to think up words enough for the beauty of the sea. Much less could I achieve intricacies of pigment to imitate the glory of it: gallant, sparkling days in sailless tropical latitudes, when the brilliant air seems to rise and fall and surge just like the blue waves beneath; gray days of squalls, when the wind goes raging down lanes of foam, like a mad emperor run amuck, shouting between the files of his glittering, white-plumed warriors; quiet evenings, with sunset or moonrise slowly filtering through space; black nights, when the very spindrift is shattered by the wind, and you feel as if worlds were rushing past you, instead of mere latitude and longitude.

OLD KING COLE IN TROUBLE

BY WILLIAM T. FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

Old King Cole was a merry old soul. That you have often heard. But of the serious side of his life — such are the lapses of history — you may have heard nothing at all. History, like a photographer, sometimes says, 'Look pleasant, please,' snaps the picture, and there the subject is, handed down to posterity with a broad grin. Still less chance has any man of being known in all his moods if — like Old King Cole — he becomes immortalized in an epic poem. It will be discovered, when the whole truth is told about Falstaff — But that is another story.

What concerns us here is the fact that the biography of the true King Cole, the studious, sober, sad King Cole, has never been written. As a matter of fact, — as we shall reveal in this, the first published account of his official life, — it was in order to keep from brooding over affairs of State, indeed, to escape mental aberration, that

He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Now the truth is that Old King Cole, who ruled over the large and fertile

Island of Plenty in a remote region of the Pacific, far from being as habitually merry as the pictures of Santa Claus, sometimes became so grievously perplexed over the economic problems of his kingdom, and so confused by the conflicting advice of his experts, that more than once — but we are getting on too fast. About his economic troubles you shall hear presently, with details from the *Annals of King Cole I*, Volume XXXIX, pages 978–1062, recently discovered by Professor Coefficient.

First should be set down some account of the Kingdom of Plenty. Prosperous and progressive it was, and very nearly self-sufficient; skilled in the arts of production, advanced in science, and proud of its schools and banks and hospitals. For many decades the growing population, impelled by the urge of the profit motive, had exploited new sources of materials, opened up new territories, invented ingenious labor-saving devices, and in many other ways added greatly to the means of bringing forth wealth.

Over this rapidly developing land Old King Cole was autocrat; but he was a benevolent ruler, as kindly disposed as Santa Claus himself; and, withal, he was a simple-minded man. Above everything else, he sought the welfare of all his subjects.

Now the King saw clearly that his people could not prosper unless they were provident. They must not immediately use up everything which their fertile soil, and their ingenious machines, and their willing hands enabled them to create. They must continue to save, as they had saved in the past, because only in this way could they add constantly to their marvelous facilities for getting out raw materials and turning them into useful things. 'It is the duty of the State,' declared the King, in his Thrift Week Proclama-

tion, 'to use every means at its command to increase the output of goods, and at the same time to curb the natural desires of the people to use up these goods.'

So the King encouraged the opening of savings banks throughout the kingdom, and the teaching of thrift in all the schools; and he had posters displayed everywhere, calling on his people, one and all, to 'Save and Succeed.' Debts he abhorred; and he lost no opportunity of reminding his people that their prosperity resulted largely from the frugality of their forefathers, who, toiling long hours at the plough and at the bench, had paid their bills as they went along.

Naturally, then, the King was gratified when he found that deposits in the banks were becoming larger day by day, and year by year, and that these savings were being used in such a way that new industries were started, and more good things were created for the enjoyment of the people.

These savings of individuals, moreover, were supplemented by the savings of industrial companies. Indeed, none of these companies planned to pay out as wages, interest, and dividends, in connection with turning out goods, as much money as they received for the goods. They expected, on the contrary, to save a part of their income, and to use it to increase their output. Thus — to use the homely phrase which, according to Professor Coefficient, originated with them — they 'ploughed part of their profits back into the business.'

Under this double system of savings, the King thought that much of the wealth which was produced would be used to enlarge factories, improve machines, open new mines, and reclaim barren lands. In this way, he had no doubt, greater still would become the wealth of the kingdom.

And so it happened, exactly as the

good King had prophesied. Indeed, the increased facilities for turning out goods were used so effectively that warehouses were soon bulging with lumber and leather, wheat and wheelbarrows, not to mention acorns, and bagpipes, and neckties, and no end of other things which nobody would buy; until presently there was no place to put all this surplus wealth. And still his loyal subjects kept on making the surplus larger and larger. An Island of Plenty it was, in very truth — in fact, an Island of Superabundance.

Now the amazing thing about this predicament of Old King Cole is that, as far as can be gleaned from the *Annals*, it appears to be the very difficulty — usually called ‘overproduction’ — which every now and then confronts the great industrial nations of our time. How effectively we deal with such a situation to-day, and how thoroughly our experts agree concerning its origin, are so well known that many people will wonder that Old King Cole had so much trouble in finding a solution.

First of all, it seems, the King called in his Chief Advertiser and put before him the problem of surplus stocks.

‘O wise and worshipful King,’ replied the Chief Advertiser, ‘that is no problem at all for one of my profession. There is evidently the beginning of a “buyers’ strike,” a little “sales resistance”; that is all. Advertising will overcome it. “The Truth Well Told,” — told by someone who understands the psychology of the consumer, — nothing more is needed.

‘Now, for instance,’ continued the Chief Advertiser, ‘it appears that there is an oversupply of acorns. Very well. The Chief of the Royal Chemists must announce that acorns contain the life-giving principle of vitaflakes or santamins, or something else that nobody understands; and we’ll make acorns “The Health Food of the Kingdom.”

In every street car the World’s Champion Typist, and the Highest-Paid Actress, and the Home-Run King will declare, over their own signatures and under their own portraits, that in their opinion the chemical constituents of vitaflakes are indispensable for success in life. The surplus bagpipes we can sell just as easily. We’ll have a Bagpipe Club in every village. Why, with a persistent campaign, we might even sell saxophones!

‘Again, you say the country is producing twice as many neckties as the people are buying. The way out is simplicity itself. We will make it fashionable for every man to wear two neckties. Then any man who wears but one will feel indecently clad. And, by the way, as the Royal Family must set the style, and as there is no time to lose, would it not be well to send at once for the Chief Haberdasher and the Chief Photographer?’

So the King turned his troubles over to the Chief Advertiser. And straightway the magazines and billboards began to cry out: —

EAT MORE ACORNS
BLOW MORE BAGPIPES
WEAR MORE NECKTIES

Nor were the surplus surgeons and lawyers forgotten. Everywhere the people were urged to

TRY MORE OPERATIONS
HAVE MORE DIVORCES

Many equally brilliant advertisements appeared daily, until it seemed as though the King’s problem must be solved.

It turned out, however, that although operations and divorces became fashionable, and all the advertised goods — not to mention ink and paper — were consumed in larger quantities, the problem of surplus stocks still remained; for, as the sales of advertised

goods increased, the sales of other goods fell off in proportion; and since the goods received at warehouses during the year had been greater than the sales, the whole situation was even worse than before.

In growing consternation the King called in the Chief of his Wise Men. To the question, 'What shall we do about it?' the Wise Man replied, 'O great and good King, there is but one thing to do: the country must build more warehouses.'

Accordingly the King called upon his ministers to form the Warehouse Finance Corporation, and to see to it that the necessary buildings were erected at once. Only a few of the new warehouses were finished, however, when the King was astonished to learn that no more would be needed. A strange thing had happened. The people had produced no more for the markets than formerly, but they had bought more. It seems that the laborers on the warehouses had spent their wages to buy some of the surplus stocks; but in the meantime they had created nothing but the warehouses, and these the people had not as yet been asked to pay for.

No more warehouses were built, and for a while all appeared to go well. Everybody found work to do, and everybody was paid the standard wages. But one day the Chief Minister came to the King in distress; it was plain that the warehouses would soon be overflowing again.

So again the King asked the Chief of his Wise Men what to do. 'O great and good King,' he replied, 'there is but one thing to do; we must build more warehouses.'

The King, however, — perhaps because he was a simple-minded King, — thought the Chief Wise Man was losing his wisdom. 'Must we go on at this rate,' he cried, 'until the kingdom is

covered with bulging warehouses, and we are all pushed into the sea? No, there must be a better way out of our troubles.' So he sent the Chief Wise Man to the Royal Psychopathic Hospital for examination.

Then the King said to himself, 'After all, this is a matter of statistics. There is no doubt where I should seek counsel.'

Now when the Chief Statistician had heard about the difficulties, he spread out his charts and said: 'O wise and gracious King, that is a very simple problem for a statistician. At present you have too many goods: soon you will not have enough goods. To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. It is the Law of Nature. These curves prove it. What goes up must come down. First a drought and then a deluge; famine and feast; summer and winter. It is inevitable. Do not interfere with economic laws, and they will work everything out in the long run.'

This, however, sounded to the King like some kind of religious fatalism; so he sent the Chief Statistician the way of the Chief Wise Man.

The King, perhaps because he was unversed in economic laws, was not disposed to ascribe all his troubles to Divine Providence. On the contrary, he began to wonder whether he and his Chiefs of This, That, and The Other Thing had not themselves created their chief troubles. Had they not, on the one hand, piled up the goods and, on the other hand, determined how much money the people received wherewith to buy the goods? Natural law did not seem to have much to do with the case; unless, indeed, it was a natural law for men to blame Nature for everything they did which turned out badly.

'Figures, figures, figures,' thought the King, 'unbalanced figures; that

seems to be the root of the trouble. Surely the Chief Accountant ought to know what to do.'

So the King put the case before his Chief Accountant.

'Your Majesty,' said he, 'that is a very simple problem for an accountant. The figures show that your people are producing about ten per cent too much; so one tenth of them must not be allowed to work until the surplus stocks are used up.'

But this proposal seemed to the King monstrous. In the Royal Library, it is true, were many scholarly treatises which explained exactly why it was necessary, and always would be necessary, to throw a great many people out of work just about so often, because Venus behaved badly in the skies, or because the sun had spots, or women had votes, or because of some equally potent factor. The King, however, not having read these books, did not know that periodic excesses of unemployment were necessary. In fact, he had no idea that such a view was held by many men who were otherwise sane. So, after he had sent the Chief Accountant to the Hospital with the other unbalanced Chiefs, he returned to his unbalanced figures.

Presently he put the problem before the Chief Admiral.

'Your Majesty,' said he, 'that is a very simple problem for an admiral. As I understand it, you want all your people to keep on working because it is good for their souls; but whenever they do keep on working they create too much; and then nobody knows what to do with the surplus. The answer is easy. Your ships are in the harbor, awaiting your command. Dump the surplus into the sea. Then all the shelves will be empty, and all your subjects can return to their work with renewed enthusiasm, knowing that there is plenty of room for all they can produce.'

'Nonsense!' cried the King. 'I should as soon think of jumping into the sea myself.' Then, after a pause, he added, wearily, 'I may yet be driven to that.'

'Do not despair,' pleaded the Admiral. 'There are more ways of killing a surplus than drowning it. A huge fire would do the trick, or an earthquake. Best of all, of course, would be a war.'

This was too much even for the patient King. Having long suspected the Admiral of mental disorder, he knew where to send the Admiral.

Then came before the King the Chief Financier.

'Your Majesty,' said he, 'that is a very simple problem for a financier. There is a country across the sea which will be very glad to relieve you of your surplus, and even to send its ships to take it away.'

'How is this country to pay us?' asked the King.

'Not, of course, with its own products,' answered the Chief Financier, 'since our main trouble is that we already have more goods than we know how to use. Payment can be made to us, however, in part ownership of mills and mines and plantations across the sea.'

'What good will that do us?' objected the King.

'Why that,' answered the Chief Financier, 'will give us dividends and interest, wherewith we can acquire ownership of more mills and mines and plantations across the sea.'

'Will the time, then, never come,' asked the King, 'when my own people will receive something they can enjoy, in return for the wealth which they have sent across the sea?'

'Certainly not,' replied the Chief Financier. 'Our own industries now turn out, and can continue to turn out, more goods than our own people can

buy. That is our very trouble. To import any more goods would only increase the trouble.'

But the King — being, as we have said, only a simple-minded man — could not follow such intricate reasoning. He doubted, in fact, whether anyone could follow it; and so, to be on the safe side, he committed the Chief Financier, along with the other Chiefs, to the watchful care of his Chief Mental Hygienist.

For a long time the perplexed sovereign thought, and thought, and thought; and this is what he thought: —

'Clearly enough, the Island of Plenty is able to create good things much faster than it is using them. There is the wealth, in fact, already created. That is where my troubles begin. Neither is there any doubt that my people want more of this wealth than they are able to acquire. Indeed, if they do not get more, there may be an uprising. Somehow I must keep on encouraging habits of thrift, and yet enable my people to buy all the good things which they want, and are perfectly able and willing to produce; but first I must find a way of selling them the goods which they actually have produced. It is plainly a problem of distribution. I should have consulted my Chief Merchant before.'

The Chief Merchant agreed. 'It is well,' said he, 'that at last you have summoned the right man. I hardly need assure you that your problem is trifling, indeed, for a merchant. All we need to do is to sell everything on the installment plan.

'Not by that name, of course,' he hastened to add, seeing the King's displeasure. 'Let us call it "The Consumers' Budget Plan." That sounds well. Let us teach the people to buy what they want out of income, not out of capital. "Dignified Credit for All"; "Government Finance Applied to the

Home"; "Keep Up with Your Neighbors." A few judicious slogans will put the plan over.

'Take chewing gum, for instance,' continued the Chief Merchant, warming up to his subject. 'Why should anyone be obliged to pay cash in advance for a package of chewing gum? The gum may last a week. "A Penny Down and a Penny a Day." That's the idea. "Chew While You Pay."

'In fact,' said he, 'everyone could enlarge his business in this way — ministers, for example. As it is now, many an ambitious young man has to postpone getting married, merely because the clergy are so far behind the times. Why should a man pay fees in advance, when the marriage may last a lifetime? It is outrageous. Let us form an Amalgamated Marriage Financing Corporation. "A Dollar Down and a Dollar When You Think of It"; "Enjoy Marriage Now, Pay Later"; "Start a Home on the Principles of High Finance." There you are: the unemployment problem among ministers solved for all time. Seductive slogans will save the State.'

Still Old King Cole was not convinced. For generations his people had been taught to pay as they went and save money. Now it was proposed to urge them to spend more money than they had. How far would that take them?

'It sounds to me like another "something for nothing" scheme,' objected the King. 'Suppose you did mortgage the incomes of our people for a year in advance in order to increase sales this year. How would you increase sales next year?'

'By the same method, extended and improved,' replied the Chief Merchant. 'We could mortgage incomes two years in advance.'

'And then?'

'Then three years, of course. The

future is limitless. By the time a father had spent the income of his own life in advance, he could mortgage the future income of his children. By that time we should have a new name for buying on installments, which would make people think that debts were the hand-maids of prudence and thrift.'

'Take him away,' ordered the King, 'and treat him kindly. Do not put him in a strait-jacket unless he becomes violent.'

As a last resort, the King appealed to his Chief Engineer.

'Now as a practical man,' said the King, 'can you not tell me how to get rid of these surplus stocks without throwing any people out of work, or dumping the stocks into the sea, or sending them abroad to people who cannot pay for them, or plunging my people into debt, or into war?'

'Your Majesty,' replied the Chief Engineer, taking out his slide rule, 'your problem is—'

'Spare me that,' broke in the King. 'I have already heard that the problem is a very simple one. In fact, it is so simple that there is already an over-production of cases for the Psychopathic Hospital.'

'Nevertheless,' insisted the Chief Engineer, 'you shall have a simple solution. Now, it so happens that I have just discovered a means of harnessing the waves and setting their power to work. All I need to carry out the project is laborers and money wherewith to pay them. Then these laborers will buy the present surplus without creating a new one, for they will produce nothing to be marketed.

Best of all, at the end of the year the new power will be ready for use.'

'And what then?' asked the King.

'Then,' proudly exclaimed the Engineer, 'the mighty force of the sea will be at the King's command, and one laborer will be able to do the work of ten.'

'Confusion worse confounded!' cried Old King Cole; and a merry old soul was he *not*—at that moment. 'I ask you to solve the problem of disposing of our present output, and you propose to increase the output tenfold. How much worse off we shall be then! Have all the Chiefs of Wisdom gone mad? In order to hear sense, must I summon the Chief Maniac?'

'Nuncle,' cried the Chief Jester, 'send him to a madhouse with the rest of the learned ones. The problem is too simple for wise men. Wouldst have the answer from a fool?'

'Speak, Fool,' cried the King, in despair.

'Well, then,' said the Fool, 'hast heard that ten minus one never equals ten? Wouldst sell to your people all the wealth they make? Then see that they have money enough to buy it.

'When they have the cash to pay,
They 'll quickly take the goods away.'

But the King was too distracted to listen even to his Chief Jester. In fact, he was on the verge of seeking refuge with the other demented ones when he bethought himself of a better balm for hurt minds. Then it was that

He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

THE ANCIENT VIRTUE

BY HARRIETT BRADLEY FITT

I

IN good business years there is general activity throughout all industry. This means an increasing volume of sales, a minimum of unemployment, a spirit of optimism and confidence, a great stir of life throughout the whole economic structure. Prosperity, once under way, is cumulative. The revival of one business is easily transmitted to others, calling as it does for materials, for tools, for transportation and banking services, for labor. The wages spent give an impulse toward prosperity in the retail trade which is reflected back through the sensitive structure of industrial society. The great basic industries which supply raw materials and the railroads are directly affected by the good fortune of any field of industry. The intricate correlations of finance and industry are so sensitive that good business in one locality or in one trade sooner or later tends to promote general prosperity, and eventually every mill is running to capacity, the railroads are jammed with traffic, the unemployed are all at work and working overtime, jobbers and wholesale houses are hardly able to handle their orders, there is a press of confident buying, and retail stores are thronged with purchasers. This is prosperity. The greatly augmented flood of produce, from building brick to lip sticks, is bought by the thousands of purchasers who are now receiving high wages for full-time and overtime employment. They are now able to afford washing

machines, wrist watches, a set of Shakespeare, and a car bigger than the Browns'. Novelties and ephemeral luxuries of every sort are in demand, as are also more durable and conservative commodities like woolen blankets, gas stoves, and bathtubs. Neither does there fail to be a quickening demand for old portraits, antique highboys, 'landscaped' gardens, and other things of beauty.

The authors of 'The Dilemma of Thrift,' in the *Atlantic* for April, would persuade us that these good times need not come to an end were it not for thrift. This is a serious charge against a habit which we have been taught to cultivate as a virtue. Let us examine the evidence with care.

It is argued that the flow of money to consumers is less than the flow of goods, because some money is put aside as a saving instead of all being paid out in the conduct of business or manufacture. If a company making shoes pays out nine thousand dollars in wages, rent, materials, insurance, and so forth, in a given year, it expects to sell the shoes for ten thousand dollars, but it gives consumers nothing with which to buy the extra one thousand dollars' worth of shoes. Individuals, as well, save some of the money they receive, so that not even all that is paid out by the corporations is spent to buy the produce. A man may decide to save five dollars instead of buying a pair of shoes, and the money saved is withdrawn from

the shoe market. But, we object, this money is not saved to be hoarded — it is saved to be invested. The reply is made that money saved by the corporation and the individual is, indeed, usually invested, but that there is an important difference between money spent and money invested, for money invested results in increased production. The thousand dollars saved by the corporation and the five dollars saved by the thrifty man are invested, let us suppose, in such a way as to produce more shoes. The money is spent on wages, and so forth, and thus is dispersed to consumers, so that they now have enough to buy the original output of shoes. But they have received nothing with which to buy the additional shoes. Production must, therefore, be curtailed, and business thrown out of gear; and all of the hardships and wastes of idleness result from the simple fact that people do not spend all the money they make.

In considering this charge against thrift, it must first be made clear that it is general prosperity which is under discussion, and not the prosperity of this or that industry. Differences in the rate of expansion of various industries are conspicuous during a period of general expansion. Although all businesses are interdependent and intricately related, there is no constant ratio in the changes which take place. New inventions, new fashions and tastes, are obviously important in determining the trends of trade. In a period of expansion, when all industries are touched by quickening demand, business is usually especially active in luxury articles, the consumption of which is reduced to a minimum during hard times, and there is demand for goods of better quality and for more expensive things generally — clothing, food, housing, furniture. If the volume of trade from year to year is represented by a series of

circles, it is the relative size of the different circles with which the present discussion is concerned and not that of the different segments which represent the trade in shoes, motor cars, harvesters, perfumeries, and so forth.

This point is emphasized because the first effect of thrift is to change the direction of consumption. Where money is saved and invested, it is spent on one thing rather than on another. The demand for shoes is reduced, but the demand for steel is increased. At the same time the expansion of other trades may cause a greatly increased demand for shoes by ditch diggers and miners, while general prosperity stimulates the market in gilt kid slippers. Thrift is only one of a great number of factors determining the size of the market for shoes or any other particular commodity. The tendency in saving is to decrease the potential demand for certain types of luxuries and to increase the demand for producers' goods. Industries must be adjusted to their own peculiar, changing trade condition, and the influence of thrift in promoting certain industries rather than others must be considered as only one of a number of influences which prevent modern business from attaining a stable equilibrium. In considering whether thrift undermines prosperity, this effect of saving is not what is held to be objectionable. For the purpose of sustaining general business activity one industry must be counted with another in making up the totals, and Messrs. Foster and Catchings do not mean to imply that business as a whole is benefited more when trade is relatively active in caviar, chiffon hose, and orchids, and relatively dull in pig iron and lumber. The different trades all employ labor and the other agencies of production, and by means of all of them money is kept in circulation. If money is spent on machines instead of on shoes it is

yet ultimately in the hands of consumers and is used in buying the product of industry as a whole. General prosperity, then, is stimulated by saving and investing as much as it is by spending money on shoes and motor cars, so far as the first effect is concerned.

II

The dilemma arises, we are told, because the motor cars and shoes wear out without any after effects, while the effect of investment is to produce more goods. It is this surplus of new goods without a corresponding amount of money in the purses of buyers which causes the difficulty. A man saves five dollars; he invests the money; another pair of shoes is the result. The effect of investment on the volume of produce is exaggerated in this illustration. The price of a pair of shoes does not buy the equipment to produce another pair the following year, and it is the effect of this investment on the immediate situation which is being discussed. The influence of saving in the long run is somewhat beside the point, as it is the short-termed business cycle which is under consideration. By the time the investment of five dollars resulted in the manufacture of one additional pair of shoes, the period of prosperity under which the saving took place would long since have seen its end.

Overlooking the unintentional exaggeration, we find that there is, indeed, made possible by saving and investment some addition, year by year, to the product of industry. But it is hard to believe that this increase of production is significant in the rapidly changing conditions which mark business prosperity. We are asked to picture a balanced flow of money and goods, which is upset by draining off some of the money and adding more goods. There is no such balance during pros-

perity. The situation is complicated by a very rapid increase of the volume of produce quite aside from the effect of new investment, by an uneven expansion of all the different industries which make up business as a whole, by a rapid increase in the volume of currency through the extension of credit, and by rising prices which make it impossible to compare the market for any commodity this year with that of the next. In this welter of change, we are asked to consider thrift, with its tendency to increase the productivity of labor through providing men with better machines, as the important factor. It seems, however, that the illustrations used are too simple to fit the case and that certain factors, such as rising prices, are too important to be left entirely out of consideration. The changing price level will be discussed presently.

At this point, however, we may pass over the general complexity of the situation and suppose that the production of new goods due to saving is an important factor in the volume of trade. In 'The Dilemma of Thrift' it is stated that no additional money is given to consumers with which to pay for the extra goods — shoes, motor cars, or whatever they may be. But investors do not give up their savings without promise of reward. They expect and receive interest. This interest represents, in the long run, the value of the produce their capital has made possible. By the time the five dollars saved by the thrifty man results in an extra pair of shoes, he will receive a dividend check with which to buy them. Producers are willing to pay for the use of the tools of production, and must, as a general rule, pay interest which approximates the marginal productivity of these tools. Competition between different industries and different producers for capital ensures to investors

a reward for self-denial and places at their disposal the funds with which to buy the surplus produce made possible by their thrift. Capital will, of course, flow to the industries which are able to make the highest bid for it. Investments will, therefore, not be made in businesses already overstocked, like the shoe trade of the illustration, but will go to industries in a favored position for expansion. Instead of resulting in another pair of undesired shoes, the five dollars saved on shoes will result in radio tubes, clipper-ship models, tractors, or oil burners, and the interest paid the investor will enable him to purchase his share of the new products. It is clear that thrift does not reduce the amount of money offered for the profits of industry in the first instance, and it is now also clear that the interest paid on savings takes care of the additional goods produced as a result of saving.

III

Further, in defense of thrift, we should point out its positive service to society. The material progress of humanity is based upon an increase in the productivity of human labor. This is made possible by improvements in the human stock, by the development of new natural resources, by improvements in knowledge, technique, and business organization, and, finally, by increasing and improving the mechanical equipment which men use in their work. The possibility of improving human stock is problematical and the outlook is not encouraging, but knowledge, technique, and organization are more promising fields for improvement. The exploitation of rich natural resources cannot be continued indefinitely, and there is, therefore, all the more need for the improvement of the tools and machines which supplement human hands. Harvesters, lathes,

spindles, excavators, ships, locomotives, have multiplied the productivity of society a thousandfold, and these things are created out of savings. Without thrift we should not have even the simplest tools which the savage makes for himself instead of spending his time in idleness or pleasure. Without thrift we could not now add to the complex mass of mechanical equipment which is gradually increasing the economic freedom of humanity and releasing society from the bondage of the struggle for mere existence. Decade by decade humanity is adding to its savings and steadily building up the structure of labor-saving capital. The rapid multiplication of the powers of industry which took place during the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century has been followed by a period of more gradual development. In 'The Dilemma of Thrift' figures on the increase of real wages — the net gain when the increase of wages is measured against the increase in the cost of living — in the United States from 1890 to 1919 are quoted. It is stated that the gain did not average one half of one per cent a year. This is slow progress, but it is progress; and the gain for the generation is nearly fifteen per cent — not a negligible amount of material progress, covering, as it does, panic years, years of depression, and war years.

It is worth our while to consider the effects of the war as an illustration of the influence of spending on material progress as compared with that of saving. According to the argument used in 'The Dilemma of Thrift,' economic security is strengthened by spending and endangered by saving. During the war many nations ceased entirely the investment of savings in new tools and machinery, and spent lavishly on poison gas and gunpowder. As long as the war demands continued

there was industrial prosperity, but the end of the war left these nations stricken and crippled. Spending on ephemeral products does ensure industrial activity for a time, and there is nothing to choose, so far as immediate prosperity is concerned, between extravagant spending and wise investment, but there cannot be any permanent progress, any gain which is maintained in the long run, unless money is saved and used for the increase of the capital equipment of society. Anything which undermines the habit of thrift must eventually injure society by endangering the slow material advance now being made.

IV

Although there is a gain from decade to decade in material welfare, we are all agreed that this gain is slow. Again and again industrial society has been swept up in a gust of prosperity, only to be dashed to earth after a brief period. Prosperity culminates in panic and is followed by depression. But if industry could for long maintain the pace which characterizes the best years, or if the periods of depression could be made less severe and less prolonged, material progress would be accelerated and the gains now made would be insignificant by comparison. It is this problem that is attacked in 'The Dilemma of Thrift.' We have shown that thrift is not the cause of the periodic collapse of business prosperity, and we have shown that thrift is indispensable as a basis for permanent economic progress, but we have not explained the failure of industry to maintain the level reached in the height of prosperity. Let us now turn to the consideration of this problem.

Many economists now believe that the fluctuations of industrial prosperity are due to the inherent difficulties

of production under conditions of rapid expansion.¹ When business revival brings into operation machines which have been standing idle and plants which have been closed down these reserves are naturally not so efficient as others already in operation. They lack some advantage or improvement or are on their way to the scrap heap because of old age, but the cost of operating them is the same as for the better, more productive equipment. The dependable, picked laborers who have manned industry in its less active phase are now reënforced by the addition of men and women who are not only new to their work and untrained, but are, for one reason or another, less desirable, less productive workers. Not only do these people lack the ability of the reliable nucleus who are too good to be let go even in slack times, but the psychology of the situation favors indifference. Workers are scarce, jobs are easily obtained, and the average man takes advantage of the chance to hold a job without exerting himself unduly. Yet wages for these less productive workers are as high as for the regular staff. There is also widely current a belief that the work will last longer if the pace is slow. The man who speeds up can be made out to be an enemy of labor by much the same kind of reasoning as that used in 'The Dilemma of Thrift.' Many workmen believe there is only a certain amount of work to go around, and class loyalty, as well as laziness, discourages workmen from increasing their productivity.

There also arise annoying and costly delays and obstructions. The railroads cannot handle the shipments properly, and traffic jams occur which cause tremendous losses. The organization of business becomes more complex and details must be entrusted to subordinates. The orderly flow of materials

¹ W. C. Mitchell, *Business Cycles*.

from the raw state to articles ready for use is interrupted by shortages of supplies, industrial accidents, the delay of repair parts, congestion in the shipping department, or jurisdictional disputes between unions which have decided that now is the time to have things out. In order to meet the increasing demand, much work must be done after hours with the extra costs attendant on bad lighting and fatigue, in addition to the higher rate of wages paid for overtime work.

Thus, mounting costs become a problem in the business revival. As prosperity reaches its height, prices must rise or business will be conducted at a loss. The extra volume of trade cannot be handled at the old prices because these prices will not cover the costs. It is no coincidence that every period of prosperity is marked as much by rising prices as by increase in volume of business. The first industries to raise prices find temporary relief from the mounting costs and are still able to show a margin between cost and price; but a rise in the price of steel adds yet another increased cost in the industries using steel, and their prices must be advanced even more if they are to keep up profits. Wage earners find that the cost of living is increasing, and demand higher wages. Thus throughout the economic structure a cumulative advance of prices takes place, which is temporarily successful as a means of protecting profit margins. The need of covering advancing costs by advancing prices is passed from industry to industry and to the ultimate consumer and back again. But since the rising costs are fundamentally genuine, and not merely money costs, this process cannot go on indefinitely. Labor, managing ability, tools and equipment and land, of inferior sorts have been brought into service to add to the volume of produce, and the costs of

business have been increased per unit of product quite aside from the rise of prices which is taking place at the same time.

In a period of prosperity we have to do with a phenomenal speeding up of industry, in contrast to the gradual increase which is made possible by social saving, better technical knowledge, and better organization. In the business cycle industry is suddenly called upon to double output, and this cannot be done economically. For a time the advancing prices can be maintained, but eventually it becomes apparent that some goods have been produced at a cost which is excessive. If prices are advanced further the goods will not be bought. Unless prices are advanced a loss will be incurred. When industry faces this situation, prosperity is at an end. Credit is withdrawn, factories are shut down, men are thrown out of employment, orders for materials are canceled. Thus a business crisis is produced, and it comes with sudden force, where the growth of prosperity was relatively slow. All the busy wheels are stilled, the streets are thronged with jobless men instead of with buyers, and depression sets in. When prices can no longer be advanced the end of the boom is inevitable. Prosperity cannot last indefinitely because industrial output cannot be increased indefinitely without incurring prohibitive costs. Prosperity carries industrial activity beyond the point where it can be made to pay, and reaction is certain.

Hope lies in the direction of preventing excessive inflation with the corresponding reaction and depression. There have been improvements in the credit system which have tended to stabilize business, and at the same time economic research has cleared up the mystery which previously surrounded the whole problem of business cycles.

There are now available trade barometers which enable business men to forecast the future more accurately and to avoid the excesses formerly inevitable. As business is now organized it seems impossible to prevent the recurrence of depression, but the peaks and hollows will become less marked, and steady, gradual progress will be better assured.

To sum up, business crises are caused, not by 'underconsumption' due to thrift, nor in any other way by thrift, but by increasing production beyond the point where the cost of additional goods is equal to their value. A reduction in the habit of social saving will not stabilize business. Progress is to be expected only through an increasing knowledge of the causes of business crises and more accurate forecasting of the future.

V

There remains but to mention the service rendered by thrift in stabilizing business. Instead of pushing forward new construction in times of prosperity, the work is often deliberately saved to be executed in periods of depression. City and state governments have found it advisable to undertake

improvements in off seasons. Not only is this policy an excellent substitute for bread lines and community wood yards, but the improvements are obtained at low cost. Moreover, it is recognized that the reservation of these expenditures for dull seasons tends to promote the revival of business because of the effect upon related trades. Large corporations are pursuing a similar policy for somewhat the same reasons. The reserves for expansion are accumulated during times of prosperity. If spent then, they would add to the competitive demand for workmen and materials and increase the inflation. But by being carried over to dull times they set people at work who would otherwise be idle. Governments and strong corporations can, and some do, thus employ thrift as a definite aid in restricting overproduction in time of prosperity and stimulating production in times of depression. Thrift, therefore, not only can be defended against the charge of being the cause of the business cycle, but is an indispensable factor in the gradual material progress made by mankind, and can be used to diminish the excesses of prosperity and to promote the revival in times of depression.

THE RUSSIAN EFFORT TO ABOLISH MARRIAGE

BY A WOMAN RESIDENT IN RUSSIA

THE question whether marriage as an institution should be abolished is now being debated all over Russia with a violence and depth of passion unknown since the turbulent early days of the Revolution. Last October a bill eliminating all distinctions between registered and unregistered marriages and giving the unmarried consort the status and property rights of the legal wife was introduced in the Tzik, or Central Executive Committee. So much unforeseen opposition to the proposed law developed that the Tzik decided to postpone its final adoption until the next session, meanwhile initiating a broad popular discussion of the project.

Since that time factories, offices, clubs, and various Soviet organizations and institutions have passed resolutions for and against the bill, and the halls have not been able to hold the eager crowds that thronged to the meetings in city, town, and village. One must live in Russia to-day, amid the atmosphere of torment, disgust, and disillusionment that pervades sex relations, the chaos, uncertainty, and tragedy that hover over the Russian family, to understand the reasons for this heated discussion, for these passionate pros and cons.

When the Bolsheviks came into power in 1917 they regarded the family, like every other 'bourgeois' institution, with fierce hatred, and set out with a will to destroy it. 'To clear the family out of the accumulated dust of the ages we had to give it a good shake-up, and we did,' declared Madame

Smidovich, a leading Communist and active participant in the recent discussion. So one of the first decrees of the Soviet Government abolished the term 'illegitimate children.' This was done simply by equalizing the legal status of all children, whether born in wedlock or out of it, and now the Soviet Government boasts that Russia is the only country where there are no illegitimate children. The father of a child is forced to contribute to its support, usually paying the mother a third of his salary in the event of a separation, provided she has no other means of livelihood.

At the same time a law was passed which made divorce a matter of a few minutes, to be obtained at the request of either partner in a marriage. Chaos was the result. Men took to changing wives with the same zest which they displayed in the consumption of the recently restored forty-per-cent vodka.

'Some men have twenty wives, living a week with one, a month with another,' asserted an indignant woman delegate during the sessions of the Tzik. 'They have children with all of them, and these children are thrown on the street for lack of support.' (There are three hundred thousand *bezprizorni* or shelterless children in Russia to-day, who are literally turned out on the streets. They are one of the greatest social dangers of the present time, because they are developing into professional criminals. More than half of them are drug addicts and sex perverts. It is claimed by many

Communists that the break-up of the family is responsible for a large percentage of these children.)

The peasant villages have perhaps suffered most from this revolution in sex relations. An epidemic of marriages and divorces broke out in the country districts. Peasants with a respectable married life of forty years and more behind them suddenly decided to leave their wives and remarry. Peasant boys looked upon marriage as an exciting game and changed wives with the change of seasons. It was not an unusual occurrence for a boy of twenty to have had three or four wives, or for a girl of the same age to have had three or four abortions. As the peasants of Borisovo-Pokrovskoie bitterly complained: 'Abortions cover our villages with shame. Formerly we did not even hear of them.' But the women, in self-defense, replied: 'It's easy for you to talk. But if you just tried to bear children yourselves you would sing a different song.'

I was once discussing the subject of frequent divorces with the president of a village soviet. 'What makes women get divorces?' I asked him. Just then a girl about eighteen years old entered the room. 'Here is our latest divorcee,' said the president laughingly. 'Ask her.' I turned around, but the girl was no longer there, and from the window I saw her running away as fast as she could. I ran after her and finally caught up with her in the fields outside the village. We sat down on a haystack and I asked the girl to talk to me frankly, as woman to woman.

Tears filled her eyes as she told me that she still loved her nineteen-year-old husband, but that he had forced her to ask for a divorce only two months after they had been married. He now thought he loved another girl in the village and threatened to kill his wife if she did not leave him voluntarily.

I recall another victim of the breakdown of family ties in the villages, a tall, pale, silent Cossack woman. She was divorced by her husband after their first child was born. He then married another woman, had a child by her, deserted both, and returned to his first wife, by whom he had a second child. The woman was deeply religious, and was tormented by the thought that her second child was illegitimate, although her priest assured her that this was not the case, because the Church did not recognize the divorce.

Several peculiar abuses sprang up in the country districts in connection with the shifting marriage regulations. Many women of light behavior found marriage and childbearing a profitable occupation. They formed connections with the sons of well-to-do peasants and then blackmailed the father for the support of the children. In some cases peasants have been obliged to sell their last cow or horse in order to settle such alimony claims. The law has created still more confusion because it is retrospective in its operation, so that women can claim support for children born many years ago.

Other peasants took advantage of the loose divorce regulations to acquire 'summer brides.' As the hiring of labor in Russia is hedged about with difficulties and restrictions for the private employer, the richer peasants in some districts took to the practice of marrying a strong girl for the harvest season and divorcing her as soon as the work in the fields was over.

The new sex relations have also raised certain problems in the cities. During the winter of 1924-1925 some of the older Communists accused the younger generation, especially the students, of indulging in too much dissipation, of squandering health and vitality in loose connections; they blamed the girl students for practising

frequent abortions. 'You must be either a student or a mother; under present-day conditions you can't be both,' declared one mentor to the modern Russian women students. The latter indignantly replied that love was almost the only cheap amusement left to them and demanded that they be given at least the same opportunity for free abortions that factory women enjoy. Moreover, they retorted that not all the older Communists could serve as a model of pure living.

Some members of the League of Communist Youth, an organization which now numbers between a million and a half and two million young men and women, regard the refusal to enter into temporary sex relations as mere bourgeois prejudice, the deadliest sin in the eyes of a Communist. Some of the provincial branches of the League went so far as to organize 'Down with Shame' and 'Down with Innocence' circles; but these were sharply condemned as rowdy aberrations in the official report on the activities of the League at the last Congress of the Communist Party.

Both in the villages and in the cities the problem of the unmarried mother has become very acute and provides a severe and annoying test of Communist theories. In the early stages of the Revolution the Communists held the theory that children should be reared and cared for by the State. But it soon became evident that the State, especially in war-torn and impoverished Russia, was financially quite incapable of assuming such a heavy burden of responsibility. The figure of ten thousand foundlings, reported for thirty-two provinces of the Soviet Union over a period of six months, illustrates the danger that the present large number of vagrant homeless children may be swelled because of the inability or unwillingness of parents to provide for the offspring of temporary connections.

The session of the Tzik which discussed the abolition of marriage as an institution last autumn took place in the famous throneroom of the Tsars, in one of the Kremlin palaces. The gilded walls and ceilings are unchanged, but the throne has been replaced by a simple wooden structure serving as a platform. Here round-faced peasant women with red kerchiefs over their heads, workers in plain dark blouses without tie or collar, commissars in high boots, mingled democratically and argued with equal ardor.

The bill was introduced by the Commissar for Justice, Mr. Kursky, a large man with tremendous blonde moustaches. He pointed out that whereas, according to the old law, the wife had no rights in the case of an unregistered marriage, the proposed law would give her the rights of a legal wife in holding property and in other matters. Another new point was that wife and husband would have an equal right to claim support from the other, if unemployed or incapacitated for work. The woman would have the right to demand support for her child even if she lived with several men during the period of conception; but, in contrast to previous practice, she or the court would choose one man who would be held responsible for the support. Commissar Kursky seemed especially proud of this point because it differed so much from the 'bourgeois customs' of Europe and America. In those countries, he said, the husband can bring a friend who declares that he also lived with the woman, and the latter is then left defenseless. In the villages, where sons continue to live with their parents long after they are married, the whole family is held responsible if a woman claims alimony, according to the original draft of the proposed law.

When Kursky had finished his report and the floor was open for discussion, so

much heated opposition developed that representatives from villages and factories spoke for days at a time, and the list of speakers who wished to be heard seemed to be continually growing larger. The question which chiefly occupied the attention of the debaters was whether giving the unregistered wife all legal rights would prevent men from making many rash and temporary connections, or whether it would simply lead to polygamy and polyandry.

The Commissar for Internal Affairs, Byeloborodov, argued that the State cannot regard marriage as a purely private affair. It was his view that stable marriages would better ensure the education of the children. He asserted that the break-up of the family was responsible for many of the criminal and beggar children now on the streets.

Another speaker objected to the proposed law on the ground that some women would take advantage of its liberal provisions to form connections with wealthy men and then blackmail them for alimony. Krasikov, a high official in the Commissariat for Justice, contended that it would be most difficult to establish whether people had actually lived in marriage, and drew the conclusion that the law against polygamy would become a dead letter. One debater put the question in more picturesque fashion: 'You want to turn Russia into one huge marriage, where everyone will have married everyone else.'

A working woman from Kostroma, with a shawl over her head, added her voice to the general chorus of opposition. 'In our factories,' she said, 'you notice something very unpleasant. As long as a young man does n't participate in public activities he respects his wife. But as soon as he moves up a little, gets a little more education, something comes between them. He

leaves his wife with a child, lives with another woman, and brings poverty and misery to both. I ask the working women to pass a law that will stop the practice of having many husbands and many wives.'

Mrs. Gypova, a peasant woman from Kursk Province, insisted that men and women must not be permitted to live like gypsies, continually changing their mates. The children suffered too much. 'Many husbands who lived peacefully with their wives for twenty years suddenly begin to cry: "We have freedom now. Give me a divorce." Unless some firm limit is placed on frequent marriages and divorces we shall be discussing this question at every session and never get good results.'

The opposition to the proposed law seemed to centre around four points: (1) that it would abolish marriage; (2) that it would destroy the family; (3) that it would legalize polygamy and polyandry; (4) that it would ruin the peasants.

It soon became clear that the bill could not be passed at the autumn session, and a resolution to postpone further action on it until the next session was adopted. About two weeks later a mass meeting was held in Moscow to discuss the proposal. Krilenko, the Soviet public prosecutor, who had a very large share in the framing of the bill and is one of its most passionate advocates, argued that there is neither necessity, importance, nor even utility in the registration of a marriage. 'Why should the State know who marries whom?' he exclaimed. 'Of course, if living together and not registration is taken as the test of a married state, polygamy and polyandry may exist; but the State can't put up any barriers against this. Free love is the ultimate aim of a socialist State; in that State marriage will be free

from any kind of obligation, including economic, and will turn into an absolutely free union of two beings. Meanwhile, though our aim is the free union, we must recognize that marriage involves certain economic responsibilities, and that's why the law takes upon itself the defense of the weaker partner, from the economic standpoint.'

Leon Trotsky also pronounced himself in favor of the proposed new law at a conference of medical workers engaged in maternity welfare work. Trotsky stressed the point that such a law, by giving more protection to women, would make for the benefit of the country's children.

On the other hand, Mr. Soltz, a prominent Communist authority on legal matters and one of the bitterest opponents of the proposed law, took a very different view of its probable consequences. His argument ran somewhat as follows: —

'We now impose the responsibility for the consequences of loose living on men who are guilty of it, while at the same time we know that they can't undertake the burden of these responsibilities. Women don't get a hundredth part of the alimony to which they are entitled by court decisions because the husbands simply cannot pay. The proposed law seems to favor women, but it will really work out to their disadvantage, because even now husbands run away from their wives and wives run vainly after their husbands and their alimony. Women enter into temporary connections because they think the law will protect them. We must tell them that only registered marriage can involve economic obligations; then they will be more careful. You say we can put alimony defaulters in prison, but if we tried to do this we should n't have enough prisons to hold the guilty. Women will defend them-

selves better if they know that they can't rely on our laws for defense.'

Madame Smidovich expressed the opinion that the family is still needed to fulfill the function of bringing up children and carrying out other obligations which the State is not yet able to assume. She favored the law because she thought a woman would be best defended if her rights as a wife were legally upheld, regardless of whether the marriage were registered. 'Many applauded Soltz,' she added, 'because they already rejoice in the idea that, if they are only obliged to assume responsibility for a registered marriage, they can at the same time maintain several other connections without any responsibility at all.'

Madame Kollontai, Russia's foremost feminist leader and first woman ambassador (to Norway), offered an interesting contribution to this discussion. She opposed the bill because she did not think women could collect alimony, especially if their husbands had two families. She was against registration and altogether in favor of free love. As a solution for the vexing problem of children she suggested a scheme of 'marriage insurance,' to be financed by an annual levy of one dollar on every adult citizen of the Soviet Union. This would provide a fund of about sixty million dollars a year, enough to provide for all the babies who might be born as a result of free-love unions. She also remarked that, although the present-day Russian youth is accused of dissipation and loose living, it is often forgotten that prostitution has largely disappeared. (In this connection there is a widespread saying that the amateurs spoil the profession.)

If opinion on the proposed law is divided in the cities, the feeling in the villages, where eighty per cent of the Russians live, is overwhelmingly

against it. Recently the official Soviet newspaper, *Izvestia*, printed a résumé of peasant opinion in regard to it. Perhaps the most characteristic spokesman was A. Platov, a peasant from Vologda Province, who declared:—

‘Marriage among the peasants has not yet become a toy which can be fashioned to-day and broken to-morrow or next week. The new proposal to have many wives and husbands is considered illegal in the villages. Responsibility for the sins of one member should not fall upon the entire family. Every divorce in the villages brings with it family discords, feuds, trials, revenge, murder, and ruin. One must take into consideration the backwardness of the village population, which feels that the new law will bring polygamy, grief, demoralization, and the dying out of the race.’

In Tetushi, a Tatar village, the meeting of the peasants was described as ‘noisy, even stormy.’ It began at two in the afternoon and lasted until the following morning. The meeting registered a unanimous vote for the registration of marriage.

Although discussion is still going on all over Russia, there seems to be little doubt that the bill, with certain modifications, will be passed at the next session of the Tzik, which will be held in the summer. The more important changes in the draft law, to which the Commissariat for Justice has agreed in deference to the widespread popular protests and opposition, are as follows:—

Unregistered marriage will entail legal rights only in cases where the parties concerned mutually acknowledge each other as husband and wife, where it is established before a court that they lived together and had joint property, either by the testimony of a third party or by the evidence of their personal correspondence or other

documents, where there was mutual material support or joint bringing up of children.

A husband or wife may claim support from the other partner only for one year if incapacitated for work, and only for six months if unemployed. (This change was made as a result of numerous suggestions to the effect that some Russian men are so lazy that they would be glad to marry working women and remain permanently unemployed if they were thereby entitled to claim support from their wives.)

Preference will be given to registered marriages in so far as registration will be considered an absolute proof of marriage.

The whole peasant family will be responsible for the support of the child of one of its members, but the amount given must in no case be so great as to lead to the ruin of the family.

The mere technical details of the proposed new marriage law would scarcely have excited such a flood of ardent popular discussion if the whole problem of sex relations had not been in the forefront of public attention. The discussion simply provided an outlet for the expression of long-repressed feelings on this subject.

The course of the discussion indicated pretty clearly two outstanding developments in modern Russia’s attitude toward the problems of marriage, sex, and the family. In the first place, there is an unmistakable reaction, both among the Communists and among the general public, against excessive loose living. Some of the Communists especially stress the point that a comrade who spends too much time in love affairs cannot fulfill his duties to the Party and the proletariat. There is a tendency among Communist writers now to decry excessive preoccupation with sex as a symptom of bourgeois

decadence. Among the general population and especially among the peasants there is a keen realization of the difficulties, material and otherwise, which have come up as a result of a too literal adoption of the 'free love' slogan, and there is a desire for more stable domestic relations.

In the second place, it is now pretty evident that the widespread circulation of revolutionary ideas on the desirability of abolishing the family has not by any means eliminated old-fashioned passions of love and jealousy. The police records are full of cases, some of them very terrible, of murders and assaults and suicides committed by

women under the influence of jealousy. One such case may serve as an example. A peasant left his village wife and began to live with a working woman in the town. The village wife kept coming and making scenes before the second wife, until the latter, irritated beyond endurance, poured benzine over her rival, set her on fire, and burned her to death. Such elemental outbursts of jealousy are condemned by the Communists as 'relics of bourgeois prejudice'; but they continue to occur, nevertheless, and even Communist women have been known to commit suicide because their husbands' attentions were diverted elsewhere.

CROWDS AND CRISES

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

It is probable that no one who was not in England during the amazing days of early May can ever appreciate or understand that adventure of the human spirit, the General Strike. Nevertheless there are some aspects of it which can be described — which, in the interests of living history, must be described before the emotional excitement has subsided from the observers who, like myself, looked on and played no part.

For it is not as an episode in politics or in economic conflict — not, indeed, as a conflict at all — that the General Strike will remain in our memory, but, to use a dangerous phrase, as a new variety of religious experience. There will be political repercussions, there have been economic losses, it is true; but with such material impoverishment

there is the undoubted fact that there has also been an emotional enrichment, that the strike has acted as a cathartic within our minds. And in this aspect let us briefly consider it.

The General Strike is a matter of crowd psychology, and it is therefore to be deplored that so much has been written around that phrase that it has become a *cliché* and its user a prejudged bore. The mutations of Psyche, the youngest and most human of the immortals, have been many, but they have reached perhaps their lowest depths of stupidity and muddiness in that part of psychology known popularly as crowd psychology.

But if we can forget all that unimaginative sociologists and psychologists have told us about it, what a thing is a crowd! And by a crowd I

mean a real one, such as the crowds of the strike week, so different from the crowds of textbooks or of the stage.

A stage crowd can never be natural, for its members know through rehearsal and previous experience what is required of them. How different the crowd in Whitehall and Downing Street on Monday of the fateful week! It was a mass of individuals cemented together by the common fact that they were all thrown off their beat. They were faced with the knowledge that something had happened, something which would soon have tangible and visible results, though as yet it was invisible; and they seemed to be waiting for this thing to reveal itself. Just as everything appeared to the Greek in corporeal form, so these crowds hoped, one might think, by waiting, to see the personified form of chaos or civic strife hover above the street.

They were absolutely silent; for ten minutes no one spoke. Newcomers arrived, taking off their hats as they passed the Cenotaph, pausing like a drop of rain on the window and then, with an almost appreciable jerk, coalescing with the other drops in the crowd. One after another they looked round as if to catch an eye, a wan ghost of a smile ready to break the tension, but they gave up the attempt, and stood, waiting, and watching nothing.

Neither hope nor fear was evident in the Monday crowds, and I believe that if nothing had happened everyone would have been keenly disappointed. The crowd and the coming strike were linked by a bond for which there is only one analogy, the inevitability of childbirth. The pangs could not be stopped, nor would anyone wish them stopped; the crowd felt itself the mother of the strike, incapable of stopping the pain, and not anxious that it should be stopped. And, having nothing to do as yet for the new life, while the old

one was already meaningless, it waited without comment.

Rather less than twelve years ago the same crowd stood in the same place — a larger crowd, but as silent. On August 3, 1914, we waited to hear of war. If the members of that crowd waiting for war could have been honest with an inquirer, they would have had to admit that they wanted war simply because they wanted something new to happen. Their silence was a breathless hope rather than a breathless apprehension, a hope that the monotony of life was going to be broken. It is perhaps important that we should consider this, for those who make war on war are apt to overstress the part played by hatred and pugnacity in the days when the crowds stand waiting. I think that the Germans and hatred of them were for long a rationalization, an excuse, which enabled men to throw themselves into action, which broke the decorous but unsatisfying monotony of life.

And the crowds of Tuesday bear out this suggestion. Look at them as they march down this same Whitehall and the parallel Embankment — an army returning from work; returning from work as they have done every workday for all their working lives. Yet what a difference there is in to-day's return! Not a tram, not a bus, not an underground train; men, shop girls, office girls, everyone walking. Are there signs of resentment? Not at all; everybody is smiling; a broad grin from whosoever may catch your eye. The strike, you would think, has not even brought inconvenience, but rather release from monotony. No happier crowd has ever been seen than the crowd of office workers who walked home on the first day of the General Strike.

There is another important fact which the demeanor of that Tuesday

crowd confirmed: London becomes at moments of crisis, and particularly at moments of industrial crisis, supremely unimportant. It falls into the background, it becomes exceptional rather than typical, its crowds do not understand or feel the significance of what is happening. This is not true, of course, of a war crisis, because then London and the Government are the centre and the crowds the symbol of a national unity; but in a strike it is perfectly true. It would matter little to the conduct of a great strike if every worker in London refused to obey the order to cease work, and a unanimous strike in London, such as occurred in May, can only bring inconvenience, and not great impoverishment of industry. And so the Tuesday crowd in London was more interesting to the observer than a crowd in South Wales, or Lancashire, or Glasgow, simply because it was care-free; it had nothing in the world of daily bread to gain or to lose by the strike, no starvation or poverty to fear, and so the strike brought it merely a boon, the boon of new and unconventional action.

Meanwhile, with those whose nature was antagonistic to the self-annihilation of crowds, affairs began to produce a very deep depression. Partly, this depression was rational and due to a knowledge that things were drifting on to dangerous rocks. But there was more in it than that: if you sink yourself bodily into a crowd and yet keep your thoughts and emotions free from the waves of feeling around you, you will become full of resentment at your own isolation. Such depression is due to feeling that there is something important happening and that you are out of it. If a man finds himself at an uncongenial play which is heartily received by everyone else in the audience, he is not merely bored, but melancholy; and the stimulus for his

black bile comes not across the foot-lights so much as from his neighbors. That is why intelligent people shrink from crises in a democracy and why they abdicate their authority if a crisis comes.

And on Wednesday an act of God, so it seemed, provided the fit environment for such depression; for a thick yellow and black mantle of fog suddenly swooped down on the city at midday and turned it into one of those satanic landscapes which all Americans believe permanent in London, though they occur actually only about five times in a year. It would be difficult to recall the horror and yet the appropriateness of those two hours; it was as if the weather had determined to reflect all moods — the week gave us sun, rain, cold, and wind in succession — and not to forget even the mood of the individualists who had resisted the crowd emotions.

By Thursday the crowds had changed their mood again; the novelty of walking had worn thin sooner than the shoe leather under the unwonted strain, and, moreover, certain realities of the situation had become apparent. Just as crowds wait about in silence long before the crisis begins, so they fail to recognize its existence for long after. But by Thursday another emotional necessity had begun to show itself: people felt they must 'do something.' The vast majority, of course, were answering the Government's call for volunteers, for special constabulary, for drivers; but this was not so much from 'loyalty' as from a determination to play a part.

One business man summed up the feeling of a great many brokers: 'I think both sides are wrong, and I have very little sympathy with either, but if there is anything I can do to help or hinder either side, I am perfectly willing to do it.' Many people volunteered

to help the Government and, finding nothing to do, volunteered to help the Trades Union Council; and viceversa.

And along with new activities came new human associations; yet again we saw a human society which, like all societies, spends most of its time in normal days building up and maintaining conventions, barriers, and divisions between man and man, seizing upon the welcome opportunity to destroy and ignore these very fabrications. Motorists everywhere pasted notices on their windscreens, offering pedestrians lifts to various distant destinations, and girls stood at corners where once they would have caught a bus in order to hail a more cheerful driver in a less costly vehicle.

The visitor to America is early surprised and delighted at the frequency with which he is offered a lift by passing automobiles. Not so in England. Very few are the drivers who willingly raise up a deserving pedestrian. Owing to the appalling number of motor vehicles which litter their continent, Americans have evolved rules, conventions, and courtesies in the motoring sphere which have not yet appeared in England; and one of them is this rule of hospitality which links the new nomadism to the caravans of the Ancient World.

In this matter, then, we may say that the General Strike led to a temporary Americanization of Londoners; but in another direction it accentuated a trait which is thoroughly un-American. Walking down Fifth Avenue, in my capacity of detached observer of human nature, I have noted that the charm of the better-dressed crowds of American girls is diminished by the fact that they never catch your eye as you pass. In Oxford Street it is very different: people smile at one another and even accept invitations to tea from perfect strangers. This is reprehensible, doubtless,

but it is also human nature in Oxford Street. 'Picking-up' is an English virtue practised by many respectable people in normal times and requiring nothing more than a sense of social geography, — for there are sections of London where such genial friendliness might be misconstrued into a request for what the Victorian Age called 'bought kisses,' — but there never has been so remarkable an example of mass picking-up as during the General Strike. And we must add to the credit side of that event the opportunities it gave to shy men to meet and be friendly to new feminine faces.

Moreover, the habit soon became universal. One of the surprises of the strike was the way in which the taxi men joined unanimously in a movement which they as owner-drivers could not be expected to support; but quite early in the first day mass picking-up produced a situation wherein there were more empty taxis than full, despite the complete absence of all other vehicles plying for hire in the streets; and it is hard to imagine that this fact had no part in their apparently cordial support of the strike, for now that they are back again fares are still scarce, so easy has it been to acquire the habit of expecting free transport from strangers.

Friday came with new emotions added to all these: people began to be tired and annoyed. Moreover, rumors of how crowds were pulling girls and others off blackleg buses began to increase the general irritation. Perhaps the most significant new thing was the constancy with which people expressed their sympathy with the miners, and this suggests another factor in the emotional make-up of ordinary men.

Crowds upon whom action has been forced require something against which they can exert themselves; this is the genesis of hatred. In a crowd, sooner or later you must hate; but as human

beings are by nature generous and friendly long before they are hostile and cruel, crowds limit their hatred as far as is possible. Thus, in the war, crowds were sedulously taught to hate Germans; but their hatred extended to Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks only in the most attenuated form. Had there been no General Strike the miners would probably not have become objects of sympathy, but since the General Strike absorbed the emotion of hatred like blotting paper, people were well enough disposed to the other and lesser struggle.

And yet it remains a mystery why so little hatred was aroused. Chief constables in many districts reported that the conduct of the strikers was exemplary; police and strike pickets everywhere helped one another to carry out their difficult work; billiard tournaments were arranged between the special constables and strikers; the crowds were quiet and good-humored. At Hammersmith trouble was reported, but all that it proved to be was the pulling of some volunteer drivers off buses, and the yelling of 'scab' and 'blackleg,' and general booing by strikers and their sympathizers.

Why was this? It was not because the strike was unpopular with the men themselves: very early it became clear that it was a rank and file movement, spontaneous and determined. Unions came out before they were called by their leaders, and we have yet to learn if they are going to answer the call to return without delay.

Some will attribute the general goodwill to the absence of inflammatory newspapers; they will probably be wrong, but the absence of newspapers was undoubtedly one of the most significant new phases of social experience, and the possibilities for the future in this direction are many.

It must not be forgotten that the

General Strike began as a newspaper strike, and it could not have had a more surprising beginning. On Monday one of the most read of the London daily papers did not appear; workers in the printing department, on their own initiative and with instructions from nobody, refused to print an article which they considered unfair and inflammatory. Apart altogether from the question of the justice of such an action, it was at least sensational; but even more sensational was what happened on Monday afternoon. The neighborhood of Leicester Square is occupied by many news vendors, whose chief trade in evening papers is with the betting fraternity and its customers. A van appears, a bundle of papers is thrown out; the air becomes raucous with shouts of '2.30 Winner!' and the street gaudy with placards screaming in yellow and red, '2.30 Winner.'

To-day it was different: the news vendors did not even unfurl their placards or call their wares; if requested, they sold a newspaper furtively, unwillingly; the papers were few and they were keeping them for their regular customers. The evening papers, all three, had been stopped by the printers; direct action was upon us with a vengeance.

From that moment newspapers ceased to exist, seeing that the little sheets produced from day to day carried none of the associations of the usual paper; and for the first time the crowds found themselves without their Greatest Common Measure, the daily press. The hastily improvised official *British Gazette* and the trade-union bulletin, the *British Worker*, in no way filled the gap, and the way was cleared for the final victory of the youngest of man's great inventions. The old lady nodding over her crystal receiver and listening-in to the Savoy Havana Band scarcely realized all the things which

had happened to her. The grandson who put the set up during the Christmas holidays with an enthusiasm for the machine-making which would flag after half an hour's experience of its use—he did not realize either. Nor yet did that happy family of wireless 'aunts' and 'uncles' who succeed night after night in being natural while engaged in the ludicrous task of talking into a little box behind which crouch two million hidden auditors—an act of faith surely unrivaled in the history of religion. None of us realized what had happened until the General Strike.

Yet, in a phrase, wireless has transported us out of the days of imperial obesity into the days of the city-state of the Greeks and the Romans, for the simple reason that once more we are members of a state whose boundaries are narrow enough to permit the gathering of all its citizens within the sound of one voice. We realize that now, for when the caprice of the political arena had shuffled away from us the old cement of crowds, the newspapers, the reality of the new crowd, the radio crowd, impressed itself upon our consciousness with a new force.

And what can we prophesy of this new crowd? It will be less emotional and more thoughtful: for while in the old crowd feelings became accentuated and thoughts were canceled out, in the radio crowd the process may be reversed, since radio is inimical to feeling—witness the sad fate that befalls a broadcast joke. Nobody ever laughs at a joke until he has heard others beginning to laugh, and so a joke which comes to us on the radio is a failure though hundreds of thousands may have heard it, simply because we have not heard them. Surely, in the radio crowd, feeling is at a discount.

This, then, was a new human experience; without warning, without expectation, without hope, millions of

people, unseen, unknown, a crowd whose members were all alone, or nearly so, heard a voice say: 'The following notice is official: "The General Strike is at an end."'

Later news said that the announcement was received calmly, which may be interpreted as meaning thoughtfully rather than emotionally. Is, then, the radio crowd not a crowd at all? Since, apparently, with its feelings are not accentuated and thoughts not canceled out, does it not belong in the least to the devious paths of crowd psychology? Perhaps we can hope for a new and portentous thing from it: a crowd which by reason of its strange combination of multitude and solitude feels like the old crowd, yet keeps that feeling insulated, keeps it from discharging itself meaninglessly into the ground or air, through those curious explosions of useless energy, human laughter and tears, keeps it until it can be used at a future date for good and useful action. This would indeed be a great contribution to social possibilities.

There is one other lasting result of the General Strike which we must mention: it is the adoption as a national hymn of William Blake's poem, 'Jerusalem.' Measured by some quite permissible standards this is the most remarkable thing that could have happened. For some years the verses, cryptic though they be, have found a place in the songbooks of adult schools, Labor choirs, and various places where they sing 'The Red Flag,' the 'Internationale,' and the marching songs of William Morris.

Only a week or so before the strike a Conservative M. P. drew down upon himself the derisive wrath of his Labor opponents by quoting it in the House of Commons. Then, on the first Sunday of the strike, it was sung at the service broadcast from St. Martin's-

in-the-Fields. Together with the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermon, it was heard by hundreds of thousands; and then, when the news of the sudden peace dropped down upon us from the radio, after messages from King and Prime Minister calling upon the nation to build a better world for all, the announcer, in a voice of emotion, recited it to the invisible crowds from Land's End to John o' Groat's; the wireless orchestra struck up the tune, the wireless staff and choir sang it, and, as it came through on loud speakers, waiting groups everywhere joined in.

'And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

'And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

'Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

'I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.'

A stranger application of great poetry has never been; and we may be perfectly certain that the thousands of people who have so suddenly accepted the new hymn have not the remotest idea what Blake meant. For the verses occur in the preface to the long prophetic book, *Milton*, in which he teaches that there is only one good, love and imagination, and one evil, law and realism; and here is the passage which precedes them: 'Rouse up, O young men of the New Age! Set your foreheads against the ignorant hirelings! For we have hirelings in the

camp, the court, and the university, who would, if they could, forever depress mental and prolong corporeal war. Painters! on you I call. Sculptors! Architects! Suffer not the fashionable fools to depress your powers by the prices they pretend to give for contemptible works, or the expensive advertising boasts that they make of such works; believe Christ and His apostles that there is a class of men whose whole delight is in destroying. We do not want either Greek or Roman models if we are but just and true to our own imaginations, those worlds of eternity in which we shall live forever in Jesus our Lord.'

And that is the revolutionary hymn with which we greeted the sudden vanishing of a revolution—a strange thing, perhaps, but one which is in keeping with the emotional immensity of our recent experience. For there is something bizarre about the whole of this affair: a nation of more than forty millions completely paralyzed, civic strife involving everyone, high feeling, passion. And news came through that, on one afternoon of that week, in Paris some royalist demonstrators, sentimental adherents of a lost cause, clashed with the police; and in half an hour more people were injured than in all England during our week of conflict. A few bottles thrown, some tramlines deranged, broken glass and half a dozen broken heads—and yet we know that the shadow of death has passed very near the dream of life in which we live, and that even now we are pausing before the real labor of forging a better dream for the future. Well did Blake append to the verses which have become our new Marseillaise a quotation from the Book of Numbers: 'Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets.'

THE HINDU-MOHAMMEDAN PROBLEM IN INDIA

BY J. COATMAN

A VERY slight acquaintance with Indian affairs will discover the importance of the Hindu-Mohammedan problem. Though there are many different communities in India, with interests and ideals which differ widely from or are even inimical to each other, the Hindu-Mohammedan problem is *the* communal problem. The words 'communal tension' are a sort of technical phrase in India, and mean tension between these two communities. The time is ripe for a close study of this great question, for — as will be seen from this short account, in which I can only hope to indicate its main features — Hindu-Mohammedan rivalry has, during the past few years, shifted its ground from its old base of purely religious fanaticism and unreasoning prejudice to the fields of political and economic struggle.

The scope and gravity of the problem are thus immensely increased, for the old sectarian causes of difference might have yielded to the solvent of education, whereas these new differences can only be multiplied and made more urgent as education spreads among the Indian masses. For it must be remembered that the level of education is far lower among Mohammedans of all classes than among Hindus, and so the wider diffusion of education means the raising up of Mohammedan rivals to the Hindu occupants of places of profit and power in all branches of Indian activity, in many of which the Hindus hold at present a virtual monopoly. Further, — and here its immense gravity is

revealed, — the communal problem is perhaps the chief obstacle in India's path to responsible government, transcending in importance or even including such major problems as that of India's defense against external foes, and the maintenance of law and order in India itself.

Thus, in examining the Hindu-Mohammedan problem as it is to-day, we must not look exclusively to the fierce riots and the savage crimes against individuals which have disfigured communal relations during the last decade or so, for such things have been with us in India for centuries past. Rather must we inquire into and try to understand the importance of certain developments of the last few years which have given organization and direction to the age-old feuds and hatreds.

I

A cynic has observed that in India there are two answers which are found adequate to dispose of any proposal for change or improvement. These are: 'It has never been done so' and 'It has always been done so.' Certainly these are the answers which find favor with critics of all attempts at a solution of the devastating rivalry of the two communities, and it must be admitted that past history is on their side. For a thousand years now, India has known Hindus and Mohammedans, sometimes as bitterly hostile armies, more generally as somewhat uneasy neighbors, but never as a homogeneous social unit.

Succeeding hordes of invading Mohammedans from A.D. 1000 onward brought with them the fierce proselytizing ideas of Islam, but, after a longer or shorter space of time, marked by cruel massacre and destruction on the one side and ruthless revenge on the other whenever occasion offered, even the sword of Islam found itself powerless to make much impression on the ineffable calm of Hinduism, which is to its devotees more than a religion, or, as it has sometimes been described, 'a way of living'; it is all of life — life which has been in the past, is in the present, and will be in the future. To the caste Hindu, life outside Hinduism is not so much wrong as impossible and unthinkable. Practically the only conversions which the Mohammedans made in India were among the depressed classes or pagan tribes. On the great body of the Hindu community of India, with its infinity of castes and divisions, the Mohammedan invasions left no enduring mark save one. That, unfortunately, was one which has had and will still have damaging effects on the whole of Hindu life. I refer to the seclusion of women within the zenana. This has greatly accentuated ideas of the natural inferiority of women, which had already grown up under the Brahmanical system, and it is to this day one of the greatest obstacles to social and religious reforms among the Hindu peoples.

When the first fierce impact of the invading armies had spent its force, Hindus and Mohammedans had to settle down as neighbors, but as neighbors separated from each other in all the intimacies of life by an utterly unbridgeable gulf. Intermarriage and even most of the ordinary amenities of social life, such as dining together and meeting each other's families in friendly intercourse, were impossible. Generally, peace between the two communities was observed

because the people of the one knew better than to raise their heads when their prince belonged to the other religion. But the persecutions of Aurungzeb and the fierce revolt of Shivaji of the Mahrattas reveal the strength of the animosity which existed under this forced restraint.

It has sometimes been said that Hindu-Mohammedan antagonism has become more formidable under the rule of the British than it was before their time. The charge has even been made that the British have encouraged communal rivalry on the principle of 'divide and rule.' This, of course, is demonstrably false, if only for the reason that, as we have seen, the rivalry is so deeply rooted and the numbers of the rivals are so enormous — two hundred and fifty million Hindus and sixty-six million Mohammedans — that any such encouragement by the paramount power would have led to an explosion utterly beyond its ability to control. The truth is that the British principle of not interfering in religious matters has allowed both communities to observe their religious ceremonies in practical immunity, even in the very strongholds of the rival religion. Naturally there have been many breaches of the peace, but, save in a very few cases to be noted later, these affairs have not been worse than many election riots or many of the clashes between Protestants and Catholics in Belfast or Liverpool.

Only in one way has British rule contributed to the exacerbation of Hindu-Moslem feeling, and that contribution was inevitable under any rule which, like that of the British, is based first and last on law. The Mohammedan rural population, by far the greater part of the whole, has undoubtedly suffered from the operation of the law of contract, which, until the legislation of 1900 made it impossible for land to

be alienated to men of nonagricultural classes, even had the effect in some places of expropriating large numbers of Mohammedan cultivators from their ancestral holdings. Very many Mohammedans are by nature of a reckless and spendthrift disposition, and the Hindu money-lending classes took full advantage of this fact to batten on their less sophisticated neighbors. So the annals of crime in British India are marked by many brutal murders of money-lenders and many savage riots, which now and again, as in the South-western Panjab in the early part of 1915, have attained the character of general risings of the Mohammedan peasantry against their Hindu neighbors.

II

This, in broad outline, was the state of Hindu-Mohammedan relations before 1914, the general economic and educational position of the Mohammedans steadily falling relatively to that of the Hindus. From time to time, attempts were made by leading Mohammedans to open the eyes of their fellows to the disabilities of their condition. The great Mohammedan leader of mid-Victorian days, Sir Syed Ahmad, to whose exertions the existence of the Mohammedan University at Aligarh is mainly due, was the most notable of these reformers. Again, during the stir of opinion and feeling in the India of Lord Ripon's viceroyalty, in the early eighties of the last century, the question of Mohammedan education was again raised, and for a time the establishment of a Mohammedan university at Hyderabad was well within the range of practical politics. But the enthusiasm died down without having accomplished anything of note, and it is broadly true to say that the maulvis, the Mohammedan priests, frowned on the extension of secular education as

being likely to turn the students into skeptics or even atheists. The education given at mosque schools and at Deoband, the Maynooth of Mohammedan India, was purely religious and traditional, and aimed at nothing more than the provision of a supply of priests for the villages and country towns.

As the twentieth century advanced and it became increasingly clear, even in India, that the unorganized and the unqualified had to go to the wall, leading Mohammedans once more took up the duty of rousing their coreligionists to an appreciation of the danger of their position. And as before, during Lord Ripon's time, the final urge came from a wave of feeling which had its origin in political grounds. This is not the place to trace the genesis of the great Indian Reforms of 1919, but it will be remembered that the most conspicuous landmark on the road to them is the Morley-Minto Reforms of exactly ten years earlier. Those were preceded by an agitation of unparalleled fierceness in Bengal. This agitation — which arose ostensibly out of the separation of Eastern Bengal from the rest of the province, for the better administration of the backward tracts of the East — had important repercussions in other parts of India, notably in the Panjab, and soon extended its scope far beyond the revocation of the partition of Bengal. The recklessness of the leading agitators and the extent of their pretensions showed to thoughtful Mohammedans, as by a flashlight, the dangers to which they were exposed.

It must be remembered that the Eastern part of Bengal is mainly Mohammedan, that the partition was in accord with Mohammedan sentiment, and that the leading agitators were all Hindus. The extreme claims of the agitators had, of course, no chance of being met, but leading Mohammedans realized that any extension of popular

control in the Government of India would put their community still further behind the Hindus, who, from their education and superior social and economic organization, were much better able to push their claims and to occupy and to hold administrative and other appointments. So, in 1906, the All-India Moslem League came into being, as the result of a spontaneous and widespread determination on the part of all thoughtful Mohammedans to organize for the protection of their communal interests. The Morley-Minto Reforms were even then under discussion, and the question of separate Mohammedan representation in the legislative councils which were to be set up under the reforms proved a bait attracting large numbers of Mohammedans to the League. Its original objects were the promotion of loyalty to the British connection, the protection of the political and other rights of Mohammedans, and the representation to the Government, by strictly constitutional methods, of the desires and claims of the community. Its scope slowly widened.

Disappointment with the Morley-Minto Reforms grew, and in 1913 the League included within its objects the achievement of self-government for India within the British Empire.

Then came the war. India's response to the peril of the Empire was prompt, and, save for certain sections of the population, whole-hearted. As the conflict dragged on, and the contrast between the ideals of the Allies — of which self-determination was one of the most important — and those of the Germanic coalition became more pronounced and more easily comprehensible, it became also increasingly evident that changes of a far-reaching kind in the government of India would be made by the British Parliament. In the years 1916 and 1917, when this was fully understood in India, the Moslem

League was at the height of its power. It challenged comparison in importance with the other great unofficial organization in India, the Indian Congress, an organization which owed its origin to the stir of Indian feeling in Lord Ripon's days. Until three or four years ago the annual meeting of the delegates to the Congress from all over India was one of the most important events of the year, and at it the demands and aspirations of Indian Nationalism were frankly and fearlessly put forward. To the leaders both of the Congress and of the League it was obvious that Hindu-Moslem unity not only was the most important, but was, in fact, an absolutely indispensable preliminary to anything approaching Home Rule for India.

As the prospects of a more liberal constitution for India became more certain, and as the thing itself approached more closely, the clash of interests between Hindus and Mohammedans came nearer home to the members of both communities and showed itself in various ways. The grim events of 1915 in the Southwestern Panjab, followed later by the even more terrible events in Bihar and Orissa, could not be dismissed as petty affairs between ignorant and obscure fanatics. They pointed to a fundamental antagonism of interests — of which religious differences were not the most important part — between Hindus and Mohammedans, interests which neither side could possibly leave to the good feeling or sense of fair play of the other. If there were going to be any extension of Indian control over the Government of India, the Mohammedans, at any rate, meant to see that their interests were safeguarded to the fullest possible extent. So in 1916 the League and the Congress, a mainly Hindu organization, arrived at the so-called 'Lucknow Pact,' in which the proportion of seats to be held by the two communities in the

various legislative bodies was settled.

But was such a pact likely to prove acceptable to the masses, or settle any of the outstanding causes of quarrel? The answer is given by certain happenings in the Southwestern Panjab and in Bihar and Orissa, where the clash of the two communities attained the dimensions of local anarchy — before the Pact, in the case of the Panjab; after it, in the case of Bihar and Orissa. In the Panjab, the unusually ignorant and credulous Mohammedan peasantry had swallowed with even more than the usual Oriental gullibility the wildest stories about the prowess of the Germans. In February 1915, the rumor ran around the Jhang and Mozaffargarh districts that a German force had landed at Karachi, led by the Crown Prince in person, and that it was within two days' march of Multan, the greatest city of that part of the Panjab. At once the ignorant rustics assumed that the British power in India was broken. The Mohammedans immediately — and as by instinct — rose en masse as a sort of *Jacquerie*, and proceeded to ill-treat and pillage the Hindus to their hearts' content. Villages were sacked; small towns were plundered, and, as in the case of Juggiwala in the Mozaffargarh district, put to the flames. The Hindus were dispersed over the countryside, to make their way as best they could to central points where there were police to protect them. For some days this anarchy went briskly forward, until police reserves could be rushed to the storm centres and restore order after some sharp fighting.

The Bihar and Orissa rising, which was a similar bursting into flame of the pent-up hatreds of years, affected a wider area and greater numbers of people, and called, in the end, for military intervention. The main scene of these disturbances was the district of Shahabad, and for six days law and

order disappeared. The Hindus were the vastly stronger party and were the aggressors. In one case the Hindu mob, estimated at twenty-five thousand strong, attacked a village and was driven off only after a hard fight with the police. In a neighboring district over thirty villages were attacked. The mobs were in some cases led by land-owners mounted on elephants and horses, and great amounts of loot were taken. The Pact, then, was obviously not binding on the masses of either side.

III

I have gone into these details in order to show the state of feeling which exists between the majorities on the two sides, and to emphasize the point that any amelioration must be preceded by a vast improvement in the economic position and the chronic state of indebtedness of the Mohammedan peasantry. But the amelioration of such a position, which is the result of historic and deep-seated causes, is clearly a matter for long and arduous legislation and for a determined effort toward improvement on the part of the Mohammedans themselves.

Thus it is possible that the Lucknow Pact would have been stillborn, — for the interest which the Indian peasant, of whatever community, takes in politics is still of the very slightest, — had it not been for two very grave features of the situation in India immediately following the war. These were the Noncoöperation movement and the Khilafat agitation. The first of these made a certain appeal to both Hindus and Mohammedans, but the second was of purely Mohammedan interest. The Noncoöperation movement began as a protest against the Indian Government on the ground that undue force had been used in suppressing the fierce and widespread mob

uprisings in the Panjab in April 1919, while the Khilafat agitation was frankly a Mohammedan move to secure better terms for the Turks. Certain astute Hindu politicians were quick to identify themselves with this scheme, and a temporary Hindu-Mohammedan entente was thus achieved. Throughout 1920 a good deal was made of this entente, and fraternizing even went to the extent of the admission of Hindus to Mohammedan mosques.

But an entente reared on such foundations could not in any case have been permanent. The terms of the Turkish Peace Treaty and, still more, subsequent events in Turkey would have knocked the bottom out of the Khilafat agitation, while the Nonco-operation movement, as events have shown, was a passing emotional phase. Anyhow, the end of the entente virtually came with the bringing into operation in 1921 of the Government of India Act of 1919—the present reformed constitution of India. For this Act brought both communities up against the solid realities of politics, such as separate communal representation in the legislature, allocation of seats between Hindus and Mohammedans, and the share of each community in the powers and privileges of office. Here were no matters of mere social and religious amenities, but things which affected the future and the welfare of both communities. The Mohammedans see their rivals with a strangle hold on economic affairs and with an overwhelming proportion of administrative posts in their grasp. If they are to add political power to their other advantages, then the outlook of Mohammedans is sorry indeed. Thus Mohammedans argue, and in the light of such considerations the entente vanished like mist in the sun. And so begins the dismal tale of present Hindu-Mohammedan dissensions, of which

so many passages are marked in red.

The present stage of intercommunal relations may be said to begin with the fierce Multan riots in September 1922. Followed shortly by riots in Wadhwan, an Indian state on the Bombay side, the old hatred flared up fiercely in the United Provinces over an attempt of the important Hindu proselytizing sect, the Arya Samajists, to reconvert to Hinduism a community known as the Malkana Rajputs, who for centuries now have counted themselves as Mohammedans. Throughout the year 1923 the tide of dissension rose steadily, the Panjab and the United Provinces in particular being kept in ferment, while every other province in India experienced the contagion to some extent. Cities of prime importance, like Amritsar, Panipat, Agra, Allahabad, Lucknow, Saharanpur, Jubbulpur, Ajmere, and Shahjahanpur, were the scenes of riots, some of them of repeated riots.

Throughout 1924 the situation grew steadily worse. The press on both sides seemed to loose all restraints, and gave way to boundless scurrility. In nearly all provinces there were riots or threats of riots. Delhi, Lucknow, Nagpur, Allahabad, and other important places saw severe fighting between Hindus and Mohammedans, and the tale of casualties mounted. The riot at Gulbarga, in the Nizam of Hyderabad's dominions, was one of the worst.

This year has seen less actual rioting, but the tone of the press is bad, and the two communities are manifestly drifting further apart. Not long ago the rival factions at Panipat attempted to stage a clash of the first magnitude, some thousands on either side having gathered, and a bloody fight would have ensued but for the skill and staunchness of the local police.

But all these clashes pale beside the stories of Kohat and the Moplah rising. In Kohat terrible riots broke out at the

beginning of September 1924, during the course of which about a hundred and fifty persons were killed and wounded, and property estimated at about sixty thousand pounds was stolen. In the end the Hindus evacuated the town, and it was some time before they could be induced to return.

The Moplah outbreak of 1921 was a small war, almost on the scale of some of the frontier expeditions. It was a direct result of the Khilafat agitation, working on the fanatical Mohammedan community of the Moplahs in the Madras Presidency, and from the first it took the form of savage attacks on non-Mohammedans. Many Hindus were murdered or forcibly converted to Islam. Railroads were torn up and communications destroyed. Fighting took place between the Moplahs and the military and police, the scale of which can be judged by the casualties suffered by the government forces: fifty policemen and soldiers were killed and over a hundred and thirty were wounded. The Moplah losses are not accurately known, but they ran into some hundreds. The effects of such happenings as these on the minds and feelings of the two communities in India need no description.

It is not necessary to continue this grim catalogue. The latest affray occurred at Sholapur in the Bombay Presidency, and any day might see similar occurrences in any other province in India. The newspapers of both sides fan the flame, and the one or two leaders who still preach Hindu-Moslem unity are merely paying lip-service to an ideal. The antagonism reaches an incredible extent. I was told the other day by a magistrate that a Mohammedan gentleman came to see him recently and in the course of conversation mentioned that his son had thought at one time of going up for his M.A. examination. 'But,' continued the old

gentleman, 'he discovered that the examiners were all Hindus, so, of course, he had to abandon the idea.' Again, last summer a rumor started in one of the greatest cities of Northern India to the effect that gangs of Mohammedans were at work kidnaping Hindu children. Though there was not the faintest cause for the rumor, the wildest stories were believed by the Hindus, and there was every likelihood of a serious collision between the two communities until the local district magistrate and the superintendent of police, by wise and timely mediation, exposed the mistake.

At the present moment a bill before the Bombay Legislative Council, introduced by a Mohammedan member, — to make compulsory the registration of marriages before the District Board authorities, which are units of local self-government, — is being bitterly opposed by all Hindus because, they say, the real object of the bill is to make legal the marriage of kidnaped Hindu women to Mohammedans, which means, of course, their conversion to Islam. Such instances as these could be multiplied indefinitely.

Naturally attempts have been made to reconcile the warring interests, but the history of these attempts is, if possible, more melancholy than that of the riots themselves. Congress met in Delhi in 1923 and appointed a committee to draw up a scheme for a national agreement. The scheme, when produced, proved abortive, for it only dealt in a general way with religious differences and made rather ineffective suggestions for arbitration in cases of conflict. Following this, the late leader of the Swarajist Party, Mr. C. R. Das, together with a few friends, drew up an agreement for Bengal, which sought to fix the amount of representation to which the two communities were entitled. It favored Mohammedans

unduly, however, and so was rejected by the Hindus.

The most resounding failure of an attempt at compromise remains to be chronicled.

At the beginning of 1925 a subcommittee of both Hindus and Mohammedans was appointed by an All-Parties Conference to try to find a solution of the ancient problem. In February the subcommittee adjourned *sine die*, as it had failed hopelessly to reach agreement on the practical problems of communal representation in the public services and the various legislative bodies, and on political affairs generally. Of great significance is the following comment on this fiasco by Mr. Gandhi in the issue of his paper, *Young India*, for March 5: —

‘The atmosphere for reasonable solution is lacking. Each distrusts the other. In such circumstances there can be no common ground of action. . . . *Nor does one notice real anxiety on the part of any of the parties for a solution.*’ (The italics are mine.) The Delhi election riots, which occurred shortly after these words appeared in print, gave point and emphasis to them.

So we see how the very first steps toward Home Rule have carried both communities clear of the common ground which they occupied for a brief time during the days of Noncoöperation, and how the ancient feud has widened its scope. From time to time the new trend of Hindu-Mohammedan rivalry is expressed by questions and resolutions in the Indian Legislative Assembly, directed toward ascertaining and trying to increase the numbers of Mohammedans in government service.

IV

We have seen the rise of the Moslem League and how it was eclipsed during the entente which arose out of the

Khilafat and Noncoöperation movements. The death of the entente and recent events have now led to a revival of the League. In May 1924 it met again at Lahore under the presidency of Mr. M. A. Jinnah, the leader of the Independent Party in the Indian Legislative Assembly and perhaps the most important politician in India at the present time. The Lahore meeting reorganized the scattered branches of the League and fixed the regular annual session for December 1924, at Bombay. There its chief objects of interest were the representation of Mohammedans in all legislative and local bodies and in the services. All the signs point to its exercising an increasingly hostile opposition to Hindu pretensions, and it will divert Mohammedan membership from the National Congress. There is, in fact, no reason why the Moslem League should not be the coördinating and guiding authority of all Mohammedan political associations. It must be confessed, however, that this is mostly in the future, for Mohammedan organization is still in the rudimentary stage. Even in the United Provinces and the Panjab, the two provinces where tension is worst, there is little definite Mohammedan organization.

The *tanzim* — that is, the uplift — movement among the Moslems of the Panjab, which was started nearly two years ago by the well-known Panjab politician, Dr. Saif-ud-Din Kitchlew, was meant to be a movement to organize the whole Mohammedan community. Actually, it has hardly extended beyond the Panjab, and even there it is a somewhat nebulous and incoherent affair. It is difficult to trace any definite organization. Meetings are held and speeches made, but proof that these give rise to any permanent effects is still to seek. But the object of the *tanzim* movement, as declared by its founder, is clear enough. It is primarily

the organization of Mohammedans for economic purposes, for the education of Moslems in industrial, mercantile, and banking operations, so as to break the economic strangle hold of the Hindus on their communal life.

In the United Provinces the tanzim movement has hardly begun, but there are a few nebulous and disjunct Mohammedan organizations there, whose objective is somewhat different from that of the tanzim. A multitude of local societies exist under some such general title as *Jamiat-i-tabligh-i-Islam*. Their main object is to fight the strong Hindu *shuddhi* or purification movement, which is directed toward the reconversion to Hinduism of certain more or less recent converts to Islam. In other provinces no recognizable general Mohammedan movements can be perceived; but there are signs that Bengal at any rate will not lack one for long, and the Moslem element in the local Legislative Council is strong and well led.

Turning to the Hindus, we see a very different state of affairs. To begin with, their caste system, while it no doubt makes for division between different classes of Hindus, does at any rate provide the community with a number of strong and natural associations. Then, too, their vastly superior education, their greater subtlety of intellect, and their age-old practice of commercial and financial pursuits have put the Hindus into an immeasurably stronger material position than that occupied by the Mohammedans.

Again, the recent developments have called into being certain organized Hindu movements that are much more definite and effective than the tanzim and other movements of their rivals. Of these the best known is the *shuddhi* movement, already mentioned, which has its chief centres in the United Provinces. This is really a revival of an

old movement for the reconversion to Hinduism of certain tribes who went over to Islam as far back as the reign of Aurungzeb. From 1923 onward, — from the year, that is, when communal antagonism touched its highest point in the United Provinces, — the *shuddhi* movement has taken on a militant aspect, and has solidified Hindu efforts for communal advantage.

Elsewhere in India, Hindu organization has taken the form of the *sangathan* or unity movement. *Sangs* or associations are formed, whose objects are to prevent the conversion of Hindus to Christianity or Islam, and to close the ranks of Hinduism itself by healing the differences between Arya and orthodox Hindus, Brahmins and non-Brahmins, and the like. But the *sangathan* movement has wider aims than the purely religious. It seeks to safeguard Hindu material interests, and is a counterblast to the tanzim movement.

One very significant feature of these recent Hindu movements is the importance attached to physical culture. Some societies make provision for gymnasiums, instruction in wrestling, the use of the singlestick, and so on. There have even been cases of associations laying down as one of the compulsory conditions of membership the possession of a *lathi* (stave) and the ability to use it efficiently.

All these Hindu associations are meant to culminate in the *Mahasabha*, the great central meeting of delegates of associations, the last annual conference of which was held in Calcutta last April. It will be interesting to consider its activities for a moment. The outstanding figures were the two well-known Hindu leaders, Pandit Madan Malaviya from the United Provinces, and Lala Lajpat Rai from the Panjab. In the speeches made in the *Mahasabha*, abundant lip-service

was paid to its national, as opposed to its purely communal, character. But nothing can alter the fact that it was a conference of Hindu organizations which have been formed for militant communal purposes, and that communal interests and advancement formed the real business of the session.

The following points from the programme for the Hindu Mahasabha, as laid down in the Mahasabha itself, show conclusively its communal character. The objects of the Mahasabha are:—

1. To organize Hindu Sabhas throughout India.
2. To provide relief to Hindus impoverished on account of communal disturbances.
3. To organize gymnasiums and gymnastic clubs.
4. To represent the communal interests of Hindus in all political controversies.
5. To encourage Hindu boys to take to industrial pursuits.
6. To improve the condition of Hindu women by abolishing purdah, providing educational facilities, and so forth.
7. To reconvert Hindus who have been forcibly converted to Islam.
8. To further the spread of the Hindu tongue.
9. To promote better relations between Hindu agriculturalists and nonagriculturalists.

This, then, is the Hindu counterpart to the Moslem League; and it now remains to consider the effects of all these recent developments, both Hindu and Mohammedan, on Indian politics.

These effects will be important and far-reaching. As one moves from province to province, the same fact is forced upon one's attention, and that is that everywhere the purely communal organizations — the Hindu Mahasabha and the Moslem League — are taking the place of the Congress. The Mohammedans have already forsaken it; that is clear enough from the proceedings at Belgaum in December 1924; and the Hindus in increasing numbers are

beginning to suspect the Congress policy, which they believe has been concerned too much with the placating of Mohammedan jealousies rather than with the safeguarding of Hindu welfare. The signs everywhere are that their hopes and activities will centre more and more in the Hindu Mahasabha.

Nothing could give clearer expression to the completeness of Hindu-Mohammedan alienation in politics than the recent publication of a plan for an Indian Commonwealth which has been devised by Mrs. Besant with the help of a committee. The members of the committee were nearly all Hindus. The result of their labors has evoked no Mohammedan interest, and only the academic interest of the Hindus themselves.

The approaching meetings of Congress and of the Moslem League should provide adequate commentary on the present unfortunate state of communal relations in India.

V

From what has been said in this article it is clear that there is no obvious or easy solution of this great problem. It ranks with the problem of North versus South in Ireland and with the Negro problem in America. Many difficulties and an infinite number of empirical adjustments and mutual concessions will mark its future history. But a student of the problem can at any rate say with confidence that its solution does not lie along the way of pacts between the communal leaders, real or *soi-disant*, nor will it be found in the issue of manifestoes and pious injunctions to harmony. The nature of the present problem has been stated, and it has been shown that for the present and for some time to come education is likely to be a disruptive rather than a consolidating element in the situation.

Where, then, are we to look for the solution?

The problem will have to be approached from several sides. Perhaps the most fruitful line of approach will be by way of the rural side; in particular, any amelioration of the present state of rural Mohammedan indebtedness will greatly soften the asperity of the situation as it affects the most ignorant and excitable part of the Mohammedan community. There are not wanting signs that this side of the problem is about to be tackled in earnest.

Mohammedans, again, must cease to rely entirely on official protection of their interests in the services, and must see that their sons get the education that is necessary to enable them to compete on even terms with Hindus. A good deal of the bitterness of the present situation arises from the consciousness of educational inferiority in the minds of Mohammedans, and, looking only at the thing itself, they overlook its causes, many of which are removable by their own efforts. The decrease of rural indebtedness will greatly help the cause of Mohammedan education by making it possible for parents to afford both elementary and higher education for their children. As we have seen, this will accentuate rivalry, but it is a necessary preliminary to a permanent improvement of the present state of affairs.

And, lastly, some common and absorbing interest must be developed in which both communities can work for a common and worthy end. Such an interest must transcend the partial and hostile interests of each sect, and can be found only in the rise of true political parties in India. So, paradoxically enough, the Reformed Constitution, whose introduction gave rise to the present Hindu-Mohammedan situation, holds also its solution — and a solu-

tion, be it noted, such as would have been impossible under any native rule or under the pre-1919 British rule.

Hindu peasants as well as Mohammedans are loaded with debt; there are certain Hindu classes that lack education and material advantages; there is a vast field of social and other legislation for which members of both communities might work whole-heartedly. Exploring all lines of common interest, leading men of both sides should try to show their electorates how the new constitution has put power into their hands, and should try to induce them to join forces to gain specific objects of common desire. As long as action proceeds on purely communal lines, so long will the gulf between Hindus and Mohammedans widen under the conditions of the present day, and the coming of Swaraj be delayed indefinitely.

This is not an easy or a complete solution of the problem. The ignorant and fanatical on both sides will not let religious animosities die easily, but the growth of true political parties in which Hindus and Mohammedans can work together whole-heartedly for common aims will be a great and increasing force against fanatical ebullitions. It is in this direction, I am convinced, that the solution of the problem must be sought; and once again I emphasize the vast importance of the rural problem in this respect. The improvement of agricultural methods, the diminution of indebtedness, and the raising of the standard of living in the villages are indispensable preliminaries to the formation of political parties and the establishment of true and abiding Hindu-Mohammedan unity. Here is a tremendous field of work for the leaders and the educated members of both sides, whose active help and sympathy would magnify the effects of government action a hundredfold.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE RETURN

I stood on the doorstone of the Hôtel Du Lac and poked holes in the dust with my walking stick. Should I go and look at the place where the camp had been, or should I pack my bag and go away without seeing it? My friends had assured me, with more enthusiasm than tact, that I was crazy. They need n't have bothered. I knew it. It is always a mistake to return to a place that has been idealized by memory. Yet here I was, wandering over the French countryside where I had lived so vividly during my years of war nursing.

So far the experiment had been worse than I had expected. Paris-Plage, which I remembered as swarming with handsome English officers, was now filled with sedate English mammas and their offspring. Étapes was commercializing her ruins. Camiers was dead. Even the Hôtel Du Lac had passed away, for, although the familiar name was still painted over the door, the interior was that of any pension. The room that had been the Tommies' bar, and which I had never seen except through a fog of cigarette smoke, had become a quiet, sunny dining-room. My bedroom was the very one in which I had had so many dinners, and its window the one through which — but no matter.

I ached with the loneliness of awakened memories as I stood there on the step, hesitating. The camp itself was the only place I had not yet visited, and I was not sure that I had the strength of mind to go — to look at what had been the home of the Harvard

Unit, and see the huts tumbling down, and bare spaces where the tents had been. I had a moment of panic. I could n't do it. I would go away at once. And yet, there were my hills. I had loved them so, and they would be the same — smooth and grassy and flecked with cloud-shadows, with the wind from the Channel whispering among the grasses. It was summer now, too, and they would be red with poppies. Perhaps, if I walked through the camp without looking at it, and climbed to the top of the range —

I moved slowly down the street, swinging my stick. How still the village seemed when there were no army boots clumping over the cobbles! There were girls standing in the doorways of the little thatched cottages, but no Tommies passed to look at them with admiring eyes. A whiff of peat smoke came to me on a little breeze and went away, leaving a lump in my throat.

There was the railroad track and the sentry box beside it, empty. And there — I stood still. The canteen was gone! Razed clean. I huddled my memories together and shoved them into a deep, dark hole in the back of my mind. I would n't look any more. I must keep my mind on the hills. In a moment I could see them from the turn in the road, and they would be shimmering a little in the heat.

My eyes betrayed me, however. They strayed, and I caught a glimpse of the remains of the officers' hospital before I had the will power to look elsewhere.

I walked rapidly after that, my attention on the road before me. But I

was compelled to look up at last to see which road led into my own camp, and I stopped again, startled. Someone was living in our officers' quarters. 'French families,' I thought bitterly.

Here was the sign: GENERAL HOSPITAL 22. B.E.F. Evidently the French had not yet decided to make kindling wood of signs. I turned in, and suddenly, at my very feet, there appeared a small, sunburned urchin dressed astonishingly like an American Boy Scout. He stared and so did I. Then I really looked at the camp. It was alive! Not a tent had been taken down, and through the open doors I saw rows of beds. Smoke was coming out of the chimneys of the cookhouse and the operating theatre. And in every direction I saw khaki-clad little boys running in and out of doorways, playing in the road, dashing after each other with shouts. I stood silent, looking from the camp to the youngster before me, and back again. Something cold and heavy was lifting from my heart.

'What —' I began, and was interrupted by the clear notes of a bugle call. A bugle there in camp, echoing among the huts as in the old days!

The small boy at my side forgot me instantly, and, turning, fled up the road in the direction of the football field. Every child in sight followed him, and more appeared every second. They scampered out of tents and huts. They leaped from the windows of the theatre. They rose up out of gutters. Camp swarmed with capering, yelling boys, not one of whom could have been older than twelve.

I ran after them, my feet, trained to those paths, carrying me safely over forgotten ditches. At the corner of the mess I halted, and gasped. I had never seen so many children at one time in my life.

They were forming a solid square on the football field, and their voices had

the sound of surf on a pebbly shore. A grandstand had been erected at one end of the field, and on it stood a man in running trunks and jersey. Just as I looked, he raised a bugle to his lips and blew — a single note. The voices ceased at once, and the brown square spread out, two paces to the right, arms extended, finger tips touching. The man on the grandstand shouted something through a megaphone, and a wave of movement swept over the ranks. Hundreds upon hundreds of bare little arms shot out and up.

'Well!' I said aloud. 'Setting-up exercises!'

'Yes, of course,' a voice remarked from behind me. I turned, and behold! another man in running trunks and jersey. He was tall, fair-haired, and American to his very shoestrings. And he was looking at me with an amused glint in his eyes.

'What is all this?' I begged. 'This is my camp, you know. I was a nurse here during the war.'

'Oh,' he said, 'I see.' And then he told me all the astonishing story, while I leaned against the weather-beaten side of the mess and listened, my eyes wandering now and then to the football field, and beyond to the smooth flanks of my hills.

He explained that these were Belgian children, who had lived in the area occupied by the Germans during the war, and whose growth had been retarded by malnutrition. There were six thousand of them here for three months, being fed, exercised, and toned up generally. Six thousand little girls had come first. Now it was the boys' turn. They were all doing well. He himself was one of the physical instructors. There was a woman teacher to every twenty children, so that they got individual attention. The whole arrangement was being financed by a wealthy American whose son had been

killed in the war. Yes, they had a good time. Went swimming every day at the beach, three thousand at a time. Certainly, I was to go anywhere I liked. Glad to have me.

So I stayed and rambled over the camp, poking into corners, looking into rooms, remembering. But I did n't mind remembering now. Beyond the football field the hills lay warm and silent, the cornflowers at their feet rippling in the summer wind. Behind Matron's hut a lark sprang from among the poppies and circled upward, singing.

It was long after lunch time when I went away, down the road to the village, and paused at the bend in the road for a last look at the hills. And then I heard it — the sound that was woven through my memories of every moment I had spent in this place — the sound of many feet, marching. It was ghostly. For a second I felt cold. Then I saw them, coming on steadily: three thousand little boys, going to the beach for a swim. They marched four abreast, bare legs moving in joyous unison. At the head of each company marched a woman, her eyes alert for mischief-makers. As they drew near me, the front ranks began to sing and the melody swept all down the lines. I heard my own voice taking up the loved refrain: —

'Quand Madelon vient nous servir à boire —'

They passed me, still singing, and their fresh young voices came back to me on the Channel breeze long after the last little straggler had disappeared into the grove beyond the village.

I stood looking after them. It may have been that there were tears in my eyes, for a peasant, passing, looked at me curiously. But I did not care. The camp still lived. The spirit of Number 22 was carrying on. It was all that mattered.

SUMMER TIME-TABLES

SUMMER time-tables — and some are not; most of them are not. They are time losers; and I do not refer to the hour that is lost or gained, according to the point of view of the milkman or the T. B. M., but to the valuable minutes lost by the earnest seeker after trains who turns to the railway guide for information as to the best means of reaching a given point.

A friend asks me to spend the day with her at Seamarge, a small way station on a branch road.

'It is very easy to get here,' she writes, 'if you make good connections. I have lost my general time-table, but I'm sure you can easily get hold of one. Take any train that reaches Swampville Junction in time to get the train leaving for Seamarge at 11.09. Then you will be here in time for lunch. I shall expect you Thursday.'

That sounds very simple, but why, oh why, should my friend think that it is easy to get hold of a time-table? It is one of the commodities that neither love nor money can procure — nothing but stern necessity, and the first step in that harsh school involves a special trip to the distant railway station. Too late do I repent not having thrown myself on the mercy of that omniscient one who answers to the name of 'Information,' as if he were in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and whose mission consists in aiding the progress of other pilgrims, telling them not only where to get off but when to get on. Foolishly I decide that it would be a sign of feeble-mindedness to ask a question to which a little research work on my own account would provide an answer; so I procure a summer time-table.

Oh, here we are — perfectly simple! Trains for Swampville Junction: 7.07, 8.02, and 10.06. Perfect! The 10.06

should connect admirably with the 11.09 to Seamarge; but — wait a minute — what does that little star mean? 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are.' Let's see. 'Does not run Tuesdays or Thursdays.' How provoking that I should have planned to go on a day when trains stop running! Well, I shall have to take the 8.02 and arm myself with an interesting book to read at the junction. But — is this a dagger that I see before me? It is, and a similar dagger in a footnote stabs me with the information, 'Runs only on Saturdays and holidays.' That is pretty bad; it leaves only the 7.07, and that means that if I oversleep I shall miss the train and upset my friend's entire day. (It also means that I shall have to buy a reliable alarm clock, because when I borrowed the cook's it went off with a false alarm at three in the morning and I did n't dare to go to sleep again.) Ah! Here seems to be a train at 10.27. This is excellent. Perhaps that is what the letter *x* means. No, that merely signifies 'Carries no baggage.'

Well, now for return trains. I am already feeling homesick at the thought of going away. Why is one day in the country with a friend so much longer than two days? Hello! This is funny. Here's a misprint, a palpable misprint; and in a time-table such a thing is inexcusable. No amount of errata on an inserted slip can make up for such carelessness. It appears that the trains arrive at the junction *before* they have left Seamarge, just as if they were in *Through the Looking-Glass* — but what is this little footnote? I fetch a magnifying glass and decipher the words: 'Read *up* in this column instead of *down*.' Ah, that accounts for it! I finally dig out a return train (coming *up* and not *down*) at 3.30. That will be the hottest part of the day and will spoil the afternoon at both ends, but

never mind, I shall be headed toward my own beloved home. Horrors! I suddenly find that I have been consulting the return trains in the 'Sunday only' column! This is shattering, but as I correct my mistake by turning to Table LXXVIII (if there is such a number) I console myself with the thought that I have at any rate shown extraordinary sagacity in never for one moment forgetting to add (or should I subtract?) one hour for daylight saving.

Finally I have my programme neatly arranged. I am to leave very comfortably at 10.27 (which is really 11.27 — that is, it is n't really, but we all pretend it is), reaching Swampville Junction at 11.01. This will give me plenty of time to change cars, with a dignity and deliberation becoming to my years, and to take the 11.09 to Seamarge, as my friend directed.

Thursday comes; the 10.27 leaves according to schedule; my dignity is there, my years are all there — only the little branch train is *not* there when, after waiting eight minutes, I cross the tracks at the junction to board it.

'Where is the 11.09 train for Seamarge?' I ask a baggage boy sitting on a truck and chewing gum.

'Ain't none,' is his concise reply.

'You must be mistaken,' I gently correct him; 'I have my friend's letter here' — and I fumble for it in my knitting bag.

'Last train left at 10.09; next goes at 2.17,' he snaps out. Then suddenly he takes pity on my age and sex. 'If it was a lady friend that wrote to you she was probably givin' you the trains in daylight savin' time. They always do,' he generalized.

'Oh, these summer time-tables!' I wail despairingly, and I sink on the truck beside the gum-chewer, realizing that my day at the seaside is to be spent at the junction where Daylight Saving and Standard Time never meet.

THE WATER WIZARD

THE man I bought this farm from frequently strolls over to see how we are getting on. He is now a retired farmer; that is to say, he has no business of his own and so has plenty of time to attend to the business of others. Our hired men, though disagreeing in all else, agree in disliking these visitations. They call him Snuffy, which is n't a bad name for a little old man with so large a bump of curiosity. Only one of them, however, has ever had the courage to tell Snuffy to go home when he appeared with his interminable advices, a display of spirit for which I apologized in due course for the sake of peace, though recognizing that it was not without merit. Everyone in the village stands a little in awe of Snuffy, without quite knowing why. For my part I recognize that he has some right on the place, in morals if not in law, for he was born here and lived here more than sixty-five years. And though he left these acres poorer than he found them, being no great shakes as a husbandman, whatever his life has meant to the world is here recorded and can be reviewed better here than elsewhere.

I have another and more selfish reason for maintaining the truce with Snuffy. Occasionally his advice is good. He told us exactly where to place the new barn, alleging that the barnyard would always be damp in the location we had chosen. 'There's a vein of water close to the surface there,' he said. 'You'll tap it when you dig for your foundations. Better put your barn above the lane — just there. That's as I would do if she was mine. Of course, it's none of my business; you can do as you please, but I thought it right to tell you.' On this note, compounded of duty and condescending wisdom, end all of Snuffy's advices; perhaps that is

why we resent them so, even when we profit by them. As for the barn, he was exactly right; we put it just where he said and have never regretted it. Moreover, in piping water to the barn we found the water vein he mentioned.

There is no doubt that Snuffy knows more about this particular farm than anyone else does, and so I sit at his feet when he is in a talkative mood. The best way to thaw him out, I have discovered, is to build a bonfire. At sight of smoke up our way, Snuffy will leave his warm house and his radio, even though the temperature be zero, and come hither. Perhaps there is more than curiosity in this; it may be the persistence of the fire-watching habit on this property for a lifetime. Then, the windy side of an open fire makes an excellent forum for conversation. After he tells us how the logs should be arranged, and we have adjusted them to his satisfaction, he may throw off hints worth treasuring.

It was under such circumstances that he confessed that he had a way with water. 'I've never advertised the fact, but it's God's truth that I can take a forked peach stick and walk around slow with the two ends in my hands and the fork will turn down when I'm over running water. I don't understand it, and between trials I somehow don't exactly believe in it; but all three of the wells on this place I found that way. If I had faith enough maybe I could be a "water wizard," like some around here, and get five dollars for every good well I brought in. This is a tricky country on water; there's plenty of it, but it flows in channels underground and it ain't no manner of use to set up a drill just anywhere and start to work. I know one stubborn feller in this neighborhood who's spent more drilling for water than his land is worth; lucky he's got plenty of money. You nor I

could n't stand it. — Now if you was to upend that pine butt and h'ist it this way — so — you'd have a fire.'

After we had obeyed instructions, he resumed: 'Yes, it's queer about me and water. Just to see what'd happen, I've held those peach twigs tight and had 'em twist the bark off right in my hands, such was the pull of that running water. But you, or anyone else standing around, could take the sticks out of my hand and there would n't be any pull at all. Them sticks would straighten out the minute you laid hold of them, and stay straight all the time you held 'em, unless you happened to have the power — like me. I say "power," but maybe that's the wrong word. I've been tinkering with radio enough to see that what pulls them peach forks down to running water is n't any power o' mine. I suppose it's electricity and I'm just part of the conductor — me and the peach twig both. It gives a man a queer feeling, thinking of it afterward, but at the time I don't feel anything out of the way.'

'First time I saw it done I was a small boy, visiting in the next county. The wizard was old as Methusalem, with a long white beard. While I watched him, the thought came over me that I could do it, too. After he'd finished, I told him so and everyone laughed except him. He took my hand and, after holding it a minute, said: "I reckon you can, some day. But not yet. Don't start for another ten years and then don't overdo it. 'Witchin' water' is a chancy business and there ain't nothin' in it any more, anyway."

'Well, I came home and said nothing. Then, when I was past twenty, we needed another well and I tried it. None of the family had any faith in it except my father. Right where the peach fork pulled hardest we dug a twenty-foot well — dry as a bone. Some were for digging another, but we

decided to wall it up and let it stand. That's the well your stock gets water from to-day. It filled at the first rain and has never gone dry since. The other two wells I found the same way. They're both good yet. But if you think you need another well I'd be willing to try again, though it may be I ain't what I used to be in that line. They do say that a water wizard is at his best in the prime o' life.'

'No,' I said, 'we don't need another well; but I'd like to see it done — just for an experiment.'

'No,' he answered, 'that ain't the kind of thing a man ought to be doing unless he's in earnest about it. When I was younger, I thought some of showing off that way, but I never did. There's some kind of a mystery in it. Water's a gift and this knack of finding water is likewise a gift — and an old man like me ought not to be tampering and playing with the gifts of God. Not that I'm what you'd call a religious man, as things go round here. Still, it don't seem right to me to hunt water that way unless you need it. — Well, I guess your fire'll be all right now, but I'd damp it down come night. Bye.'

With that the man who sold this farm to me walked away, not with the heavy tramp of the countryman, but lightly, like an aged dancing master. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the soil they trod so many years. There is, undeniably, something queer, quaint, and eerie about him. But having discovered that he is a man of scruples, of almost exquisite scruples, in his confidential relations with the Deity, I resolve never again to think of him as 'Snuffy.'

JANE, CRITIC

EVER since babyhood Jane has shown just enough of that sanitary acid quality that gives critical tone to a character.

When she was eight months old, round and sweet, with a 'liquefactious' gurgle, she would sit in her carriage and look out upon the world with an occasional hint of irony in the depths of eyes that were not quite blue. Once, when she was beating on her tray with her feeding spoon, I was made to think, by a sudden mental shift, of a prominent leader of women striking her desk with her gavel.

At the age of three her qualities gave her a sort of position among the older children. A tumultuous baby fumbling at life, she often displayed in the face of a crisis a touch of dignity, a hint of inner poise, that was more protective than a strong fist or a summoning howl. Now, at eight and in full swing as a citizen of her world, she is not infrequently called in to arbitrate in the affairs of children older than herself.

'You yelled names at him first, Billy. I heard you,' she tells her ten-year-old brother, emerging slightly battered from a conflict with an older boy.

Jane is not a prig, for she can apply the acid to herself with detachment, and toward the faults of others she frequently exhibits the tenderness that goes with a finer irony. Drawn up before the mirror and scrutinizing her gnomelike face, with its wide frontal gap, she said without passion or pity, 'I'm homely as anything, and I won't be any prettier when I get big.'

Toward her ten-year-old brother Billy, a golden-hearted child with a lameness of tongue that makes him facile prey for the sprightly, she has assumed the rôle of interpreter, and seldom is she at loss for the right word at the right moment. They come fresh-minted into her mind when she has need of them, and the stamp of childishness detracts but little from their dramatic fervor.

'You're a swiveling sneak,' she hurled at a persecutor, the sinister hiss

of the s's touching off the epithet like the fuse of a bomb.

Jane's humor is akin to irony. She laughs, to be sure, when the clown falls down and the motor carries on in spite of the loss of its aft quarter, but other and subtler phases fascinate her. I have never seen her so whole of heart in mirth as over a certain situation in *Robinson Crusoe*. Robinson had been telling Friday of the nature of God and the Devil, and Friday, with his fresh intelligence, asks, 'If God much strong, why God not kill Devil, so make him no more wicked?'

Robinson is strangely surprised at his question and, 'rising up hastily as upon some sudden occasion of going out,' sends Friday for something a great way off. Jane threw herself upon the ground in a whirl of mirth. She had no words, being a child, for the tumult that was being created within her, but could only say over and over, 'It was funny though, was n't it, Mommy, when Robinson sent Friday for something a long way off?' Was it only Robinson's discomfort that amused her, or did she detect the irony in a pretty arrangement of ideas toppled over by one light blow of intelligence?

The children are playing school.

'Jane, you be teacher!' Jane adjusts her slender body to the spirit of the rôle with a slight straightening of the spine and a grave down-curve of the upper lip. She will break down and laugh when Billy plays at being the very bad boy. She will not, as Anne would, assume the manner of a Caliban in managing her unruly brood. She carries with her even into the wildest play a hint of reserve, a delicate command, a quiet supremacy. Jane was born with a gavel in her hand. Even now one may hear a faint tap-tapping amid the tumult and babble that accompany the dynamic fashioning of one human child.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS

A CORRESPONDENT of the Club sends the Toastmaster this letter written upward of a century ago from Montpelier, Vermont, by a young man not unrepresentative of his generation:—

Dec. 7, 1814

DEAR SIR, —

I hope you will pardon my intrusion when without the formality of an introduction I proceed to inquire if it is your design to accommodate the coming year, any number of young gentlemen with board and tuition? Mr. Wheeler of this town informs me that he thinks this to be your intention. If it be, I should be very happy to be thus accommodated, and would thank you to give me information if it would be agreeable to you — I wish to engage for about thirty-six weeks; — The branches I propose to attend to are Mathematics, Geography, composition and perhaps some History. —

If you comply with my request I wish you to send me the price you shall ask per week for board and instruction. — I should have foreborn to make this last request had not fortune dealt niggardly with me at my birth and doomed me to strive for a much desired object without any pecuniary assistance, or only that to be acquired by dint of industry and œconomy, — especially knowing as I do that no price is exorbitant for an able instructor to demand for his services. Being confident that a youth of my age is constantly liable to depart from the path of Christian rectitude and stands in need of being constantly

overlooked, I desire if you conclude to receive me into your family, to consider *you* as my Father and your *Lady* as my Mother and to have you both as occasion may require, give me parental instruction, advice, admonition, exhortation, and reproof —

I wish to commence study about the middle of March.

Receive as an apology for the many errors in this scrip, the haste in which it has been written

With sentiments of respect

I am yours etc.

TH. REED. JR.

REV. JOHN FITCH

P. S. I choose to pay you in advance.

The reply was of a practical nature, honorable to school-mastering: —

DANVILLE, Dec. 31, 1814

DEAR SIR, —

Not long since I received a letter from you, in which you request admission into my family and instructions. — It is my present calculation to accommodate a few young gentlemen and know of nothing but that I can receive you. I think it, however, necessary to observe that I have not been much in the habit of instructing in those branches to which you are calculating to attend, and perhaps you may find it for your advantage to place yourself under some other instructor. — As to my terms, considering the high price of provisions, I think I cannot afford to board and instruct under \$1.75 per week. —

Yours etc.

JOHN FITCH

MR. THOMAS REED JUNR.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

OUR national debate on the Volstead Act has sunk to an interchange of abuse. From a discussion of moral principles, it has degenerated to acrimony, and from acrimony to vituperation. It is the aim of the *Atlantic* papers, of which **George W. Martin's** is a conspicuous illustration, to bring back the debate on a subject of almost unparalleled importance to a high level of sincerity and sobriety and sense. Squabbling about drinks is one thing, discussion of rights quite another. In the defense of his principles and his profession Mr. Martin, a New York lawyer and the son of E. S. Martin, familiar for his editorials in *Life*, has, as he says, 'rewritten Mill's *Essay on Liberty*.' ¶ In this month several thousand college graduates are tackling their first jobs. What they may expect of business and what business will expect of them are foretold by **Anne W. Armstrong**, who holds an honorable record as an employment manager for a concern numbering some seventy-five hundred workers. ¶ 'A paper of the highest importance' does not belie the characterization given it by Mr. Winston Churchill in his brilliant *World Crisis*. Our older readers will remember the great political interest which followed the printing in the *Atlantic* of the unpublished correspondence between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George that led to the replacement of the former by the latter. We now publish another chapter yet unknown to history, but which history must reckon with in its final estimate of Mr. Lloyd George. The *Atlantic* publishes the plan in Mr. Lloyd George's own words. **A. Edward Newton** has built a handsome new library in his Philadelphia home where he may sit in the stimulating company of his books and plan his next pilgrimage to London. ¶ In and out of school **Leslie Hotson** is a literary detective who finds hot adventure on a cold scent. His discovery of Christopher Marlowe's murderer was described in the *Atlantic* for June 1925.

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That Lord Dunsany pursues dragons in the flesh as well as in imagination may be seen in the letter which he has recently written us:—

I have been on three hunting trips . . . two to the Sahara and one to Central Africa, and I have nearly doubled my collection of heads since the war. . . . Last year I shot a python nineteen feet long. You'll never be able to see a snake like that in a dry country.

Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, who in 1915 was made Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff, and who therefore ought to know, declares that there was a 'similarity, in their broad lines, of the problems of the American Civil War and of the Great War.' **Humbert Wolfe**, an English poet whose renown has reached our shores, is Principal Assistant Secretary in the Ministry of Labor. ¶ Ever since her war work with the C. R. B., **Charlotte Kellogg**, wife of Dr. Vernon Kellogg, has been intimately concerned with Belgium. Her account of Gheel more than corroborates an *Atlantic* paper of a decade ago. **Helen Dore Boylston**, a young Bostonian whose war diary lately appeared in the *Atlantic*, is now living — and we trust writing — in the Albanian mountains.

* * *

Don Knowlton, a publicity expert of Cleveland, declares that the constant observation of trees has become an almost involuntary part of his daily habits. ¶ Seasonably, **Theodore Morrison** taught English at Harvard and migrated to Europe before becoming a member of the *Atlantic* staff. **Isabel Cooper**, who paints what Mr. Beebe catches, was the official artist on the Arcturus adventure. ¶ To the April *Atlantic* **William T. Foster** and **Waddill Catchings** contributed a critical paper on 'The Dilemma of Thrift,' containing the essence of their book, *Profits*, recently published by the Pollak Foundation. In this issue these economists supplement their theory, which,

since it is both novel and 'heretical,' has drawn general fire from the orthodox camp and particularly from **Harriett Bradley Fitt**. Mrs. Fitt received her doctorate in economics from Columbia University.

* * *

From **A Woman Resident in Russia** we have received a clear and unalluring picture of free marriage and freer divorce. From England **John Langdon-Davies** sends us his own observation of a modern and national crisis. **J. Coatman** has been appointed Director of Public Information to the Government of India.

* * *

This precious daguerreotype of an American mother is best expressive of the many welcome letters that have come to us in praise of Lucien Price's 'Olympians in Homespun.'

BELFAST, IRELAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just finished reading 'Olympians in Homespun' in your April number, with tears in my eyes, as hundreds of other Americans may be reading it to-day. It is a complete answer to the article called 'The Weaker Sex,' but that is not what has brought the tears. My own father and mother were married in 1871. My father had served throughout the war under General Lee. My mother was brought up on one of the great old plantations, attended a fashionable finishing school, read a graduation essay called 'The Minutiae of Life Are Its Jewels,' made a proper debut, and was married two years after the opening of the Suez Canal, of which Walt Whitman sang in his 'Passage to India.'

Now, with grown children of my own, I have come to live in a country only a few hours' journey from the beautiful home of my great-grandmothers. I like to feel that I am the only descendant on this side of the ocean who invokes their watchful care.

To-day I am reminded of how that dainty and accomplished mother followed my father to California with three of us, as the wife of a country doctor. In the later seventies ours was a village of ten thousand people, with five churches and, it was said, forty saloons. During the time we were there, my mother became the ideal of all the young people of the community, and as they married and had children they named their little girls for her. She established a library club and sent back to the old plantation library for encyclopædias, dictionaries, books of reference, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, and Gibbon. These

books were installed in a room behind the chemist's shop. There my mother went daily to give out the books to the young people eager to read, and there she gave advice, encouragement, and conversation with a gayety and charm I have never seen equaled in any person. She established a musical society and trained the young people who performed at the concerts, and it was the exquisite picture in the last paragraph of the 'Olympians' which drew tears to my eyes.

One evening, gowned in a Nile-green silk for which there had been few occasions during those long and incredibly hard years, with a white rose in her lovely fair hair 'piled high in a corona of plaited braids, and golden lights on her radiant face,' she took me and my five-year-old brother to a concert. I had watched her dressing with infinite joy, and we hurried away, leaving my father in charge of the three-year-old brother and the baby, both asleep.

My father had jokingly promised that he would be faithful and keep watch, but I think he must have said good-bye unwillingly when he saw his wife going off, young and radiant and smiling, to sing before the audience crowding into the 'Opera House.' We had seats in front, and were not the only children there in a community where every mother took care of her own brood.

How lovely she was to us as she stood above us singing those splendid arias, and I watched for the high notes with ecstasy. In the midst of the encore I saw a startled flash come into her eyes, and the gay song, 'Il Bacio,' was hurried to its conclusion with intent purpose. There was a stir at the back of the hall, and, turning to see what was attracting my mother's attention and causing her such trepidation, I saw the small three-year-old brother standing in the midst of the aisle in his little crumpled white nightgown, gazing at this vision of a mother, quite rapt. Amid the applause she hurried down to him, receiving warm smiles and amused sympathy from every side, but my father, conscience-stricken and apologetic, met her there. The evening was so warm, the two small boys were so sound asleep, and the hall was so near, that he had ventured forth and was standing at the other door, also rapt, I am sure, when my little brother, who had followed him down the dusty road, had found his way into the hall. My mother was not dismayed, but lifted the small son up, wrapping her silk overskirt about him. I wore that Nile-green silk as my first party frock and it was still fresh and beautiful when 'made over' for a girl of seventeen.

These are our American mothers.

. Yours sincerely,

MARY MORWOOD

In the midst of evidence and disputation for and against Prohibition, this parable must command attention.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA
April 27, 1926

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As we entered the Santa Clara Valley, motor-ing northward from Southern California last February, the distant visions of sea mists en-tangled in tree tops on nearer approach were transformed into pink and white sprays of exquisite blossoms. All nature smiled a welcome, and we concluded we had reached our Beulah Land. A plantation in San Jose was acquired, and we began intensive cultivation and improve-ment.

Then it was that the small black ants came to the fore en masse. They operated in squads and companies, in platoons and battalions, in regi-ments and armies, millions and millions of them, going up and down our fruit trees in close forma-tion, in skirmish formation, single file and by fours, absorbed in the task in hand — to destroy the trees, root and branch, to pick the roses, and to herd their aphides on the green pastures of all living vegetation, milking their cows, making butter and cheese, and engaging in divers other pastoral pursuits. Girdling the tree with tangle-foot (tree gum) but whetted their voracious appe-tites, and they smacked their mandibles, stroked their antennæ, and waded into it to the bridle rein, eating their way to the pastures beyond.

And now the recommendation of a friend that we feed them Argentine Ant Poison (arsenic and soothing syrup) has presented an effect which is a commentary on the difficulty of enforcing the Prohibition laws, disclosing that the staid, sober, dependable ant wants only the opportunity, access to the Argentine Red Eye, to stray from the paths of rectitude. The precept, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard,' implies that it is incor-ruptible, industrious, useful, a shining example to the festive grasshopper. And yet every ant of the myriads which call this place home has been demoralized, perverted, led astray, and has degenerated into an habitual imbibor of the demon rum or its equivalent, Argentine Ant Poison, with which we have saturated sponges, placing them in covered cans, each can having several holes poked near its bottom. These portable saloons are deposited in the haunts of the impeccable, the incorruptible superman of the insect world, and, presto, he will not do another tap of work, but henceforth leans his elbow on the bar, his foot on the rail, and ex-changes ribald stories as he sips his cocktail and nectar with glazing eyes and thickening voice until he is well 'jagged,' when he staggers home to beat his family and slaves, to abuse his cattle,

to break the eggs and mix the pupæ so their own mother can't identify them, upsetting all calcula-tions and spilling the beans generally.

And then next day, if he survives, he swears off and goes about holding his aching temples between trembling antennæ, never again to fall for the flowing bowl or to look on the wine when it is red. But, alas for his resolutions, on his return to the field to cultivate his crops and tend his flocks and herds, he is lured by the open saloon, the barkeeper waving to him from its cool portal, until he succumbs and dies with his boots on upon the second bibulous experience. And however we, the unregenerate, rejoice at this consummation, the end is not yet — his amazing powers of recuperation and reproduc-tion make his elimination a slow process, and we can only hope for the best.

Yours for the extermination of the ant,

GEORGE W. PATTERSON

* * *

Disillusioning is this pretty tale of one who followed in Modestine's footprints.

PARIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I too have followed the tracks of Modestine's shoes from Florac to Pont de Montvert, and like Mr. Ford, in the April *Atlantic*, I have seen the Spanish chestnuts like herded elephants on the slopes above the Tarn; like him I have slaked my thirst at the village inn and conversed with the indigenous, but unlike him I collected no Steven-soniana. Not a vestige, not a memory, much less fragments of Modestine's personal wardrobe. To be sure, I talked not with the blacksmith but with the publican, and perhaps the latter, notwith-standing the reputation of his profession for a liberal attitude toward the truth, felt that Mr. Ford's smith had already attained heights that lay beyond him.

I was at Florac, and I engaged a small and in-expensive car, of a make not unknown to fame. We set out along Stevenson's rattling stony river, though owing to certain peculiarities of our vehicle the rattling of the stream had to be taken on trust. But it looked rattling. The driver seemed to have reasons of his own for getting the job over as quickly as possible, and once out of Florac we shot into the bays of shadow and out again into the promontories of light, heedless of the possibility that death might be lurking just around any of the numerous corners. I men-tioned this to him, but he replied that at that hour and that season no other vehicle might, would, could, or should be seen on the road from Florac to Pont de Montvert. In spite of this as-surance I would gladly have exchanged the car for Modestine, whose lack of speed, her most

distinguishing characteristic, seemed to me just then a very desirable quality in a conveyance. But we reached the village without a wreck.

We stopped in the tiny *place*, where the Archpriest was dragged to receive his fifty stabs from the Camisards, and where a few days later *Esprit Séguier* was burned for the deed. I stayed our progress here while I looked about me. 'Du Chayla's house,' says Stevenson, 'still stands, with a new roof, beside one of the bridges of the town; and if you are curious you may see the terrace-garden into which he dropped.' I was and I did. There was no mistaking the house, though the roof is not now so new as it was in 1878. I came back to my chauffeur, and together we sought the inn for refreshment. At the iron table on the terrace we were hospitably joined by our host.

'That, doubtless,' I asked my driver, pointing to the house by the bridge, 'is the house of Du Chayla?'

But the metropolitan from Florac denied all knowledge of the dwellers in so insignificant a spot as Pont de Montvert.

I turned to the publican. According to Stevenson the spirit of *Séguier* goes marching on, and the very children of the Cévennes are nourished on the story of the Camisards.

'That, doubtless, is the house of Du Chayla?'

There was a brief colloquy in Provençal, which I was unable to follow. Then our host looked at me, hesitating:—

'This Monsieur Du — this gentleman of whom you speak, has he been living long in Pont de Montvert?'

WALTER PEIRCE

* * *

It is appropriate to receive from the edge of the desert this early manifestation of Colonel Lawrence's genius.

MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE
SINAI PENINSULA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It was in the desert behind Tor that I read the March *Atlantic* containing the splendid article by my friend Edmund Candler about my friend Lawrence of the Hejaz. Can one adequately describe the pleasure of reading the *Atlantic* amid such surroundings? It is useless to try.

In one phrase it seems to me Candler is unfair to Lawrence and to his own highly enlightening account. He speaks of an 'entirely unexpected genius for handling men' which bobbed up in Lawrence the guerilla. But in Lawrence the archaeologist, at Carchemish, where I first knew him in 1913, there was evident a decided genius for handling his freedom-loving Kurds and Arabs. Both Lawrence and C. Leonard Woolley,

late of Ur of the Chaldees, showed such uncanny skill in organizing and directing desert men as threw the methods of the Bagdad Railway builders into unfavorable contrast. Lawrence could handle men then, and however unexpected his genius may have been to those who did not realize how essential his 'touch with the Bedou' was, it could never have been unexpected to those who saw him bringing Hittite art to light beside the Euphrates.

MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

* * *

This stalwart declaration of how one woman faces life must encourage others, both strong and weak.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*,
DEAR SIR, —

I read with deep interest 'Leaves from a Secret Journal,' 'Good-night, All,' and the letters that followed in the March number. I agree with E. E. C. Valuations of life change and compensation follows. I cannot walk; I cannot sit up; I must remain on my right side in order to breathe. To turn over is an adventure. I have been in this condition for over eight years, and I too have seen many doctors, including specialists in heart and lung troubles. They hold out no hope for my recovery. I must face life. Death may be far in the future. To meet this situation is my concern. So far I have been helped by two things — work and prayer. Fortunately I have the free use of my hands and my eyesight is fairly good; and I was taught to pray at my mother's knee. Prayer is a mind-saving habit with me. I do not ponder or speculate or question why. I know in Whom I have believed.

Very truly yours,

B. M. K.

* * *

Here, and for the benefit of Mr. Calkins and all advertisers, is an elemental principle which is practised, alas, on every American roadside.

WASSAIC, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wonder if Mr. E. E. Calkins ever heard this ditty:—

The man who has something good to sell
And goes and whispers it down a well
Is n't half so likely to collar the dollars
As he who climbs a tree and *Hollers!*

I s'pose he has — but maybe he has n't! You might ask him!

Yours truly,
ONE WHO ENJOYS YE ATLANTIC

A Short Course for Prospective Grandmothers.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I finished Mr. Leuba's article on 'The Weaker Sex,' shut the April *Atlantic*, and went to bed. His closing words, 'Though childbearing should fall completely under the ban of polite fashion, to the admirable enrichment of women's leisure, this article would still stand,' tickled me with their just and delicate satire. Is that why I dreamed this dream?

I seemed to have gone over to the university where my daughter was doing graduate work (as she really is) and found myself waiting for her in a large hall, beside a table strewn with pamphlets. A lively little old lady who saw me glancing at them explained: 'They are synopses of the Short Courses; there is a good one on Housekeeping for Women over Sixty.' Apparently she had sized me up.

'Perhaps that is the course you are taking yourself?' I ventured.

'Oh no,' she laughed, 'mine is on Fitting In Nicely and Not Being a Nuisance. It is an interesting course,' she assured me with great sprightliness. 'And useful,' she added with a little sigh.

I had been watching a young man at the far end of the long hall. He looked like one of my daughter's classmates whom I had seen with her frequently of late. He was a tall, athletic-looking chap, but he had just put the finishing touches to an elaborate structure of building blocks and was now hanging on the wall behind it long strips of white with verses on them in bright pink lettering. 'What in the world is that young man doing?' I asked her.

'He is placing his exhibits,' she informed me. 'They form part of his examination in the Short Course he is taking. Those are original Mother Goose rhymes, composed by himself. They say they are very clever.'

'But is n't he to receive his Ph.D. in Modern Political Science this June?' I objected.

'Oh yes,' she admitted eagerly, 'he is a brilliant student. They predict great things of him. But this is an extra — a Short Course on Baby Tending. A great many of the young men take that now, especially if they have any idea of getting married, you see.'

I saw. Suddenly I seemed to remember, as if it had been perfectly familiar to me, but had temporarily slipped out of my mind, the compromise that had been effected several years ago, in an attempt to keep up the human race. It was a sort of 'gentlemen's agreement' (and ladies')

entered into by the men and women of all civilized countries, that if women would bear a certain number of children and nourish them by the proper mammalian method during the first year of their existence they were thereafter to be entirely free from any responsibility in regard to them. This was called 'Dividing the Handicap.' At least, that is all I could remember when I waked up, but in my dream the term used was more sonorous and more scientific, I am sure.

Again I looked at the young man, with still greater interest. I hoped my surmises were correct. All at once I felt that I must look up a certain Short Course for myself, and I began to rummage hastily among the pamphlets; but already the surroundings were getting blurry and resolving themselves into bedclothes and windows. I never shall read the synopsis of a Short Course for Prospective Grandmothers.

The above is a real dream, told as well as I can put it into words.

MRS. J. H. ARNOLD

* * *

More than once in these columns we have printed communications regarding the axiomatic immunity from male attention which any young lady may secure by carrying an *Atlantic* under her arm. We are sorry to say that the practice is not universally successful. A lady from Philadelphia writes us: —

May I say that the U. S. Navy is not even afraid of your magazine, as I was accosted twice by sailors when I was strolling around City Hall in Philadelphia recently, even though I had the latest copy of the *Atlantic* tucked firmly under my arm. I was merely admiring the statuary and inscriptions while waiting for a train, but it is so unusual to observe anything of that sort in Philadelphia that I soon had a small crowd at my heels, trying to discover what I was looking at.

* * *

The most modest of measures.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Dinner was over in the boarding house, and as the diners left the room one woman said to another, 'Come on, let's get the *Atlantic* and hang our skirts.' That had to be explained, and these astonishing young women said that if they made their skirts come just to the top of the *Atlantic* when up on end they were just the right distance from the floor! So doth your usefulness increase!

F. O. N.